LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY MOVIE MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

February
10
CENTS

35

FEB - 6 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Earl Christy

Margaret Sullavan

HOW THE STARS KEEP YOUTH AND BEAUTY

New Kind of Dry Rouge

actually stays on all day . . . or ALL NIGHT



Created in 4 rapturous shades . . . the most paganly alluring colors ever seen.



TANGERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

How often you have noticed that most dry rouge seems to lose the intensity of its color within an hour or so of its application. That is because the usual rouge particles are so coarse or uneven in texture, that they simply fall away from your skin.

SAVAGE Rouge, as your sense of touch will instantly tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere much more closely to the skin than rouge has ever clung before. In fact, SAVAGE Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself . . . refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickening color might easily invite. The price is 20c and the shades, to keep your lips and cheeks in thrilling harmony, match perfecty those of

SAVAGE LIPSTICK

. . . known as the one transparent-colored indelible lipstick that actually keeps lips seductively soft instead of drying them as indelible lipstick usually does. Apply it . . . rub it in, and delight in finding your lips lusciously, lastingly tinted, yet utterly greaseless. Only 20c and each of the four hues is as vibrantly alluring, as completely intoxicating as a jungle night. Everyone has found them so. To go with SAVAGE Lipstick and SAVAGE Rouge, there is the astonishingly new

SAVAGE FACE POWDER

. . . a finer grained, softer powder that clings as savagely as SAVAGE Rouge. Instead of roughly coating the surface as most powders do, SAVAGE, because of its extreme fineness, blends right in with the skin, achieving the skin's instant magical transformation to soft, smooth loveliness! Four lovely shades . . . the generous box is 20c.

SAVAGE, CHICAGO

NATURAL
(Flesh)
BEIGE
RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

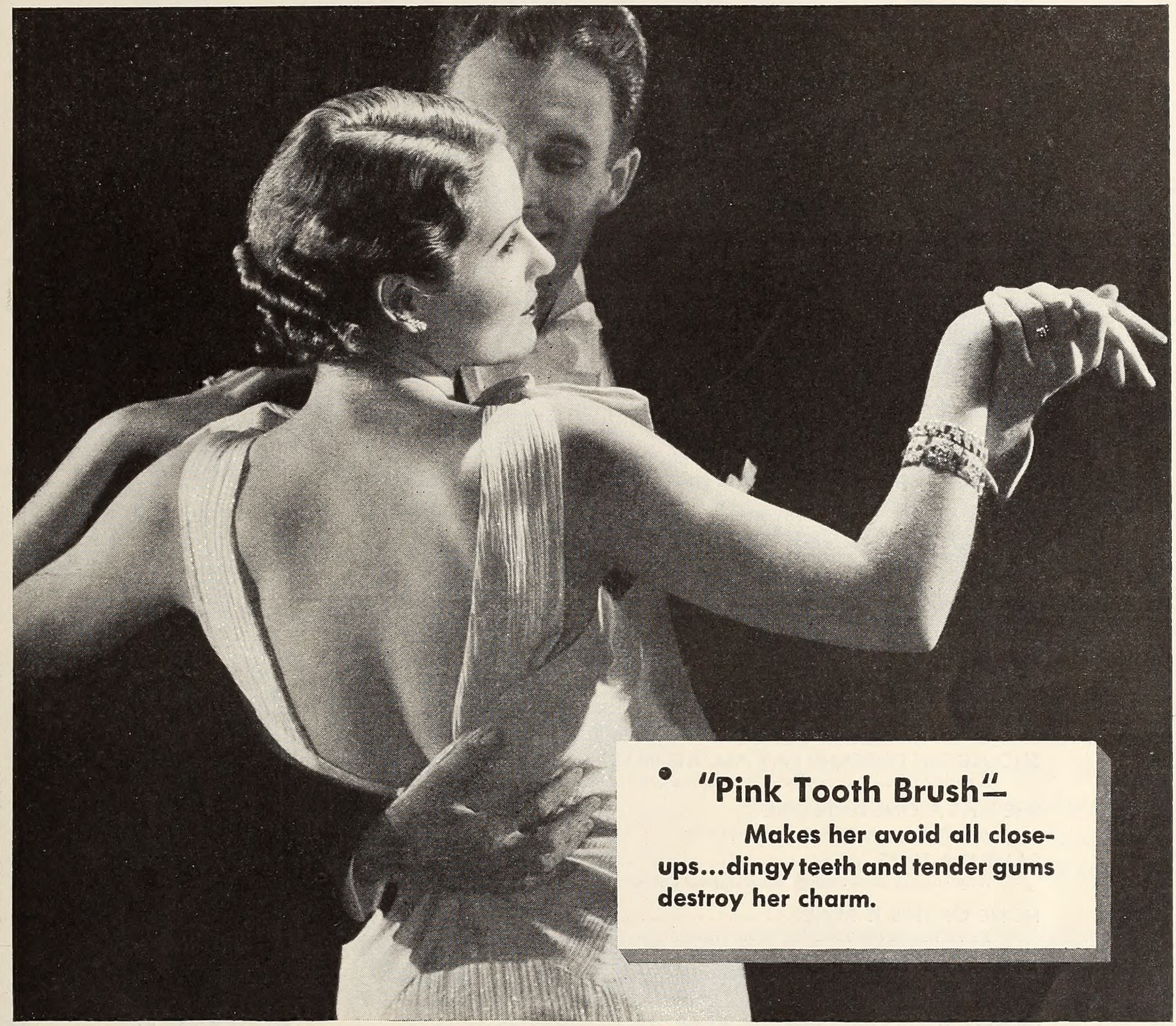
TANGERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

An ever-so-smooth indelible cream rouge for lips and cheeks. Prepared in the same four shades as Savage Lipstick.

SAVAGE

20 CENTS AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!



IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-25
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

NRA CODE

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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DEC 31 1934

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Modern Screen

THE MOST ROMANTIC STORY EVER TOLD (Part 3) Katherine Albert 8
Another chapter in the movies' own thrilling biography

WHY I STAY MARRIED Gladys Hall 26
There's wisdom for you in Clark Gable's marriage story

MARLENE ANSWERS ALL YOUR QUESTIONS Ben Maddox 28
Direct, honest answers to everything you have been wondering

HOW THE STARS KEEP YOUTH AND BEAUTY Katherine Albert 30
Tips from such famous beauties as Crawford, Colbert, etc.

MEN Adele Whitely Fletcher 32
More feminine stars talk about their favorite topic

I CHAPERONE THE CROWD Franc Dillon 34
A week-end party with Hollywood's younger set

SO SHE WON'T TALK, HUH! Regina Cannon 35
Marion Davies does a Garbo on her private thoughts

I HATE! Martha Kerr 36
Some amazing hates you never guessed the stars had

AVERAGE BUT WONDERFUL Gladys Hall 37
A grand story about a great actor, Walter Connolly

SHOULD THE HUSBAND PAY ALL THE BILLS? Lynde Denig 38
A debated question answered by two stars, one a recent bride

SHE WAS A ONE-DATE GIRL James M. Fidler 43
Jean Muir, ex-wallflower, tells you why

FAME IS A THIEF Faith Service 44
Why success rests heavily upon Ronald Colman

NONE OF THIS IS REAL Cyril Vandour 46
You'll not be disillusioned by this thrilling story of how sets are made

LINES TO A LITTLE LADY Robert Eichberg 48
Help us open and read La Belle Temple's fan mail

DRESSES YOU COULD REALLY WEAR Adelia Bird 56
Screen clothes that have practical thoughts for your wardrobe

The Modern Hostess 10
Beauty Advice 12
Airmail—Special Delivery 14
Good News 16
Exclusive Portraits 19 and 49
Picture News 40
Our English Cousins 42
Reviews 54
Modern Screen Patterns 61
Modern Screen's Dramatic School 62
The Information Desk 70
Report Card 108
All Joking Aside 116

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2 YEARS *of waiting*

and now the motion picture that wins

SCREEN FAME!



Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

Pronounced "SEE-QUO-YAH"

SEQUOIA

A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN

with

JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" *by* Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

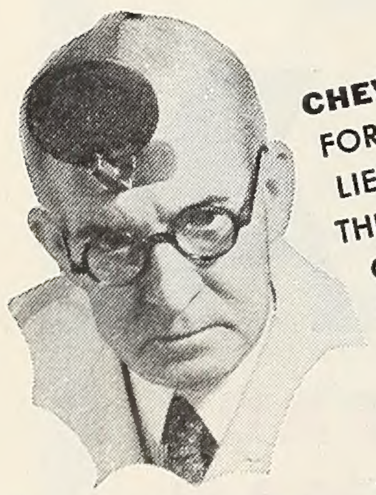
I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more *thorough relief* without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM ...THAT'S WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** IS SO THOROUGH.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



We Announce A Contest . . !

Read the details—and get ready for the gala opening in our next issue!

A Song Contest!

No, you don't have to sing to be in it.

No, you don't have to be able to play the piano to get into it!

You can be tone deaf if you want to—see if we care—and still enter this contest and maybe win some of the $500 prize money.

Here's a hint of what it's all about:

Warner Brothers, who have produced so many grand musicals, and this magazine have had their heads together and decided that it might be an awful lot of fun to ask people an awful lot of questions about an awful lot of songs. And that's part of what we're going to do. You have to answer some questions—just how many and what kind, we'll tell you later.

But before the big rush starts, let us ask you a question: have you ever had a feeling that you'd like to try your hand at writing the words to a song? Have you ever felt almost sure that you could? And then—figured—oh, what's the use? Nobody would ever publish your efforts—one has to have pull to get any attention. And so on and so forth. Have you felt that way? Well, here's a chance to try your luck at writing the words for a song! It isn't (*Continued on page 111*)



P A U L

MUNI

the fighting fury of the screen meets his match at last in

BETTE DAVIS

—a hellcat with murder on her conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things that will burn themselves into your memory of a drama which combines the best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and "Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.'

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette delivering the other standout performances in a tremendous cast, superbly directed by Archie Mayo.



Gloria Swanson in the Sennett days.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

PART 3

by Katherine Albert

The fascinating history of movieland, with all its glamour

WHEN one thinks that the word "Hollywood" is almost a synonym for "movies," it is rather amazing that two complete installments of this story have been concerned with the progress of the motion picture industry before its arrival in Hollywood. Like the invention of moving pictures, making Hollywood its capital was an accident.

By 1913 the industry teemed with activity but it teemed in New York, Chicago, Oakland, Philadelphia. There were a few studios in Los Angeles but people who lived in the tiny suburb called—because of a large growth of holly there—Hollywood had seen cameras only very occasionally when members of the Los Angeles plants used the recently laid out streets for "location." Hollywood was a real estate project, nothing more. And those who had conceived the idea that it would make a nice residential district found themselves millionaires.

Robert Brunton is the name of the man most directly responsible for the vast and glamorous city you know so well today. Brunton was a Scotch set designer, scene painter and general theatre craftsman. He had come to America as part of Sir Henry Irving's staff and might have returned with the actor had he not become interested in the rapidly growing film industry. But he was a gruff sort of fellow and the hail-fellow-well-met attitude of those early mountebanks made him even more gruff. So he found himself without work a great deal of the time.

One Sunday morning he took a stroll along Sunset Boulevard. The casual gesture was history-making, for his eye fell upon a large, rather ramshackle barn. As he meditated upon this site he remembered having read in the papers that a newly formed film concern was moving to Los Angeles. The young men who had pooled their savings to get into the industry (*Continued on page 113*)

Mary Pickford, the first "star" name.



Fatty Arbuckle, the laugh-getter.



Ruth Roland, an early favorite.



Viola Dana, in a silent film.



NAPOLEON'S MASTER
with the troops with the ladies

Arliss surpasses himself!

•

Wellington, the Iron Duke, who out-maneuvered Napoleon on the battle-fields and in the ball-rooms of France!

Thrillingly portrayed by the electrifying genius of George Arliss!



GEORGE ARLISS
IN
The IRON DUKE

Directed by Victor Saville



COMING
TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE . . .

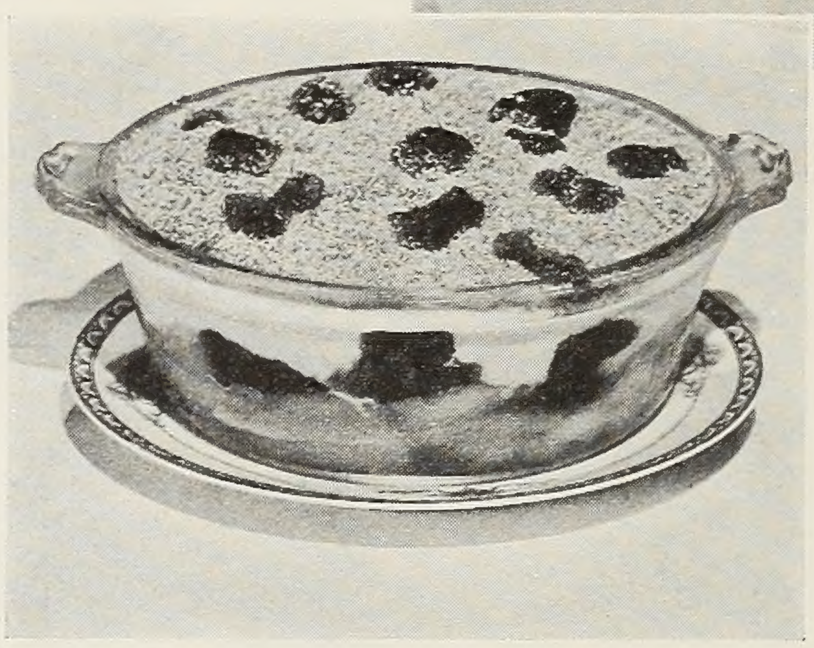
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NOVA PILBEAM, *in* LITTLE FRIEND;
CHU CHIN CHOW; POWER;
EVELYN LAYE *in* EVENSONG;
JACK HULBERT *in* JACK AHOY;
JESSIE MATTHEWS *in* EVERGREEN;
EVELYN LAYE, HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .

GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS

The Modern Hostess





(Above) Carl Brisson, the singing Dane, enjoys his pet dish, Danish Apple Cake. (Left) And here's the Danish Apple Cake itself. Doesn't it make your mouth water?

By Marjorie Deen

Here's something new! A genuine Danish dinner!

SOME one of these fine days you are going to say to yourself, "What on earth are we going to eat tonight?" When that day arrives and you realize that your food ideas have fallen into a rut and that you and your family (and your guests, if any) long for something new and different, then try a real Danish dinner—tantalizing, appetite-provoking and filling.

I learned all about such a meal recently from Carl Brisson, Continental singing favorite, imported from Denmark by Paramount to star in their pictures. And the important culinary details that Carl himself was unable to supply were given me by his brisk, attractive and efficient wife Fru Cleo.



Just hearing about their dinners is enough to make one long to set out immediately on a trip to the land of good Christian X, King of Denmark and Iceland. Fortunately, however, the description of what constitutes such a dinner, and recipes for the foods it features were given me by the Brissons with such a wealth of detail that from now on it will be possible for Modern Hostess readers to make and serve many delicious and typical Danish dishes.

The Brissons were most enthusiastic about furthering this feeling of international goodwill along culinary lines, particularly Fru Brisson who is first and always a good Danish housewife, priding herself on the competent direction of her kitchen with its staff of four helpers. So domestically minded is she, that she welcomes the hours spent in meal planning and preparation and loves the soft, springy feeling of dough in her capable, pastry-making hands.

Entertaining frequently, with places often laid for as many as sixteen or twenty guests at a mammoth dining table, the Brissons have done much to remove the blight of boredom from film city formal dinner parties and since their arrival in March have stepped into the top rank of popular Hollywood hosts.

"What, in your opinion, is the secret of the success of your dinner parties?" I asked Mr. Brisson.

"I thank you for the compliment, but there is no secret," answered that big, broad-shouldered, curly-haired Dane. "However, there are some rules we observe. For instance, we do not ask anyone for dinner unless we think he will be an agreeable and harmonious guest. The table, we feel, is the place for enjoy- (*Continued on page 72*)



Keeps colors fresh and bright, too

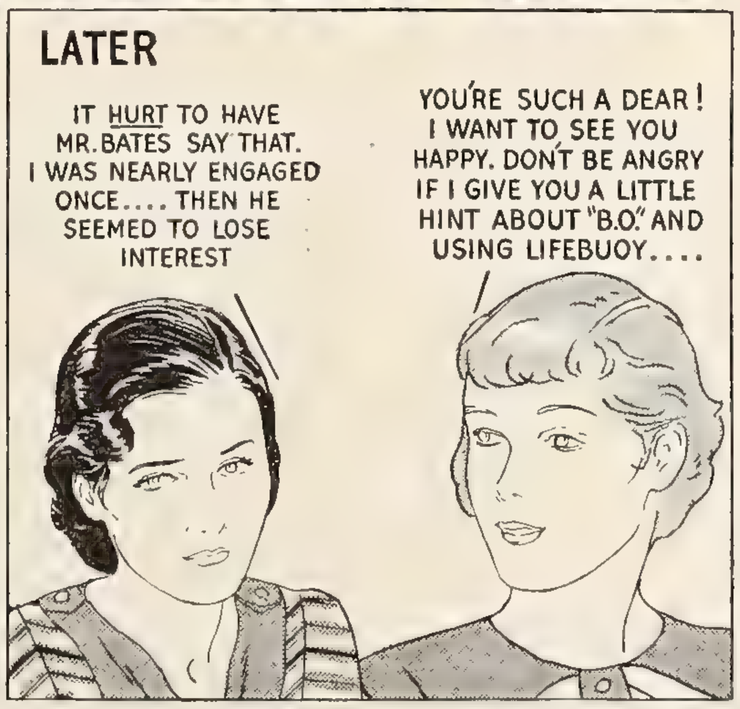
RINSO is great in washers, too—makers of 34 famed washers recommend it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Gives lots of rich, lively suds—*even in hardest water*. No matter how long you soak your wash in Rinso suds—for 15 minutes, an hour, overnight—or as long as you think necessary—you can be sure everything will be *safe* Easy on hands. Makes all cleaning easier.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

AT LAST—A WEDDING GIFT FOR HER!

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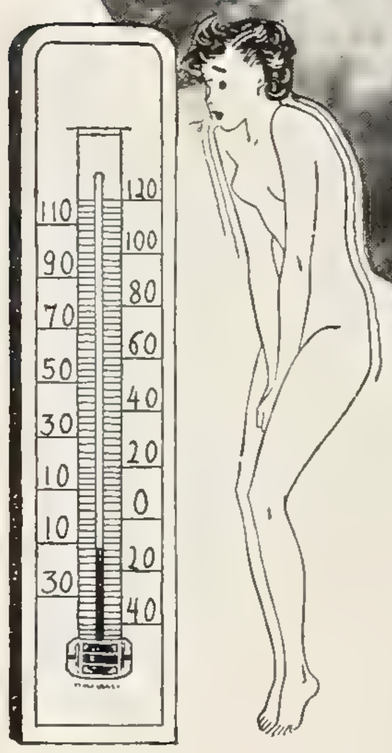
A grand complexion soap—Lifebuoy! Its creamy, penetrating lather is super-mild yet extra-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull skins to glowing health.

"B.O." (*body-odor*) is a year-'round problem. Cold days or hot—*play safe!* Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely; purifies and *deodorizes* pores. Its quickly-vanishing, *extra clean* scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. *Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau*



Beauty Advice





Brrr! Just for contrast—Ann Dvorak warm in furs, and sketched, you and I any cold morning! Ann has the natural brows I mention, below.

"The Zer-r-ro Hour of Beauty" —Mary Biddle's leaflet on how to keep up your beauty when the temperature's down—is yours for the asking and a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll be glad to answer any of your personal beauty problems, too.

By Mary Biddle

WHAT kind of a "circulation manager" do you make for yourself these days? Is your skin rough and subject to "gooseflesh?" Do you quiver and quake at all weather reports that say "Colder tomorrow?" Do you walk to work almost doubled over in order to prevent the cold from striking at your "innards?" Do your legs feel like sandpaper, and ruin many a pair of hard-earned chiffon hose because they "catch" the silk threads? Then this article is for you . . . and I'm hoping it will lead you to stir up your circulation to the sizzling point, for all these things are signs of poor circulation.

It's going to take will power and a lot of plain ordinary gumption, you know, but good circulation is just as important from the beauty angle as it is from the health angle. A good circulation means a clear, smooth skin in about nine cases out of ten, and you'll agree that's a high percentage. Making the blood race through the blood vessels of the skin is a valuable beauty trick. So we're going to talk about such circulation stimulators as exercise and good old-fashioned scrubbing, as well as a lot of other beauty pointers for winter-r-r-r and the zer-r-r-ro hour.

First, we're going to talk about getting out of bed on a cold winter morning. Groans (I can hear a chorus of them) are permitted for the moment; but get them over with, because you're going to be as Spartan-like as possible from now on. I wish I could suggest a painless method by which to tear oneself away from a warm downy bed and into a rosy glow of circulation by means of some automatic machine, but I can't. There isn't any, unless it's to have someone announce to you that an aeroplane or a stream-lined train is waiting outside to take you to Hollywood to have breakfast with Robert Montgomery . . . or whom-have-you-for-a-hero?

However, I do have a sugar-coated method on tap which is the best I've found after some years of painful experiment on the subject. When the trusty old alarm clock has waked you from peaceful slumber and you have

Need circulation increase?

Cold weather beauty hints

managed to get one eye open successfully, just lie where you are (that's easy enough, isn't it?) and breathe deeply. Breathe so deeply that your inflated lungs almost pull your stomach up under your ribs. Now breathe out, deflating your lungs and inflating your stomach. Do this from fifteen to twenty times. Your room, of course, will be filled with the cold fresh air that your wide-open windows have been sending in all through the night, so you'll be breathing in pure ozone that hasn't been gathering impurities and general stuffiness for hours. Now have a grand stretch . . . it's a good pick-me-up in itself. Stretch your neck, your arms, your legs, even your fingers and toes.

After all your deep breathing and long stretching, you should be able to drag yourself up to sitting posture by this time. Your neck may still feel full of kinks, especially if you've been sleeping all huddled up in your blankets, hiding your nose from the nippy air. Roll your head around your neck, for all the world like one of those funny "golliwog" dolls that used to be so popular. Roll it in a circle from shoulder to shoulder, slowly feeling the pull of the muscles as you do so. You're apt to get dizzy if you don't do it very slowly, and you don't want to start out with a "merry-go-round" feeling the first thing in the morning. Incidentally, this exercise is very efficient in warding off any tendency to a double chin.

The second method is really the better one, but it calls for much more heroic will power. You start off with a big kick, a kick that sends the bedclothes flying, and leaves you shivering without benefit of cover. The only thing left for you to do then is to go through a lot of vigorous arm and leg exercises in order to keep from freezing on the spot. (I've some good exercises which are yours for the asking.) Or still better yet, jump up, pop yourself into a wooly robe, and take your deep breathing exercises in front of the window.

Then down with the window . . . and a scurry to the bathroom or some other warmer quarters.

A SHOWER is so nice in the morning . . . easier and quicker than the tub, and more of a circulation "stirrer-upper." We're inclined to be lazy and dawdle over the tubbing business. However, some of us don't have showers; nor is hot water always on tap, especially if you live in the country, or have the kind of a gas heater that takes so long to heat the water that you can't wait for its "circulation" to get going in the morning. So a warm sponge bath will do very nicely if you haven't a shower available . . . or hot water on tap. It's really speedier and hence more desirable than a tub bath in the morning, anyway. Hot baths of all kinds are to be avoided in the winter especially, when we have to face the other extreme of severe cold outdoors. As a matter of fact, mildly warm baths are always the happy medium to strike, regardless of the weather. If you can stand a cold shower or cold sponge as a rinse, after a good soaping and scrubbing with warm water, we take off our hats (or shower bathing caps) to you. We salute you as a brave Spartan, even if you squeal and shriek all the while the cold water is having its innings. However, Spartan or no Spartan, the cold water rinse is definitely out if you don't get a warm reaction immediately after your rub-down. It's really harmful unless the warm reaction sets in at once. Whatever temperature be the rinse, give yourself a thorough and energetic drying, a regular circulation treatment with the bath towel.

(*Continued on page 71*)

To the Lovely Lady
IN THIS PICTURE



LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.

And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way!

Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so important! . . . Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And That "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MM 25 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

.....

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

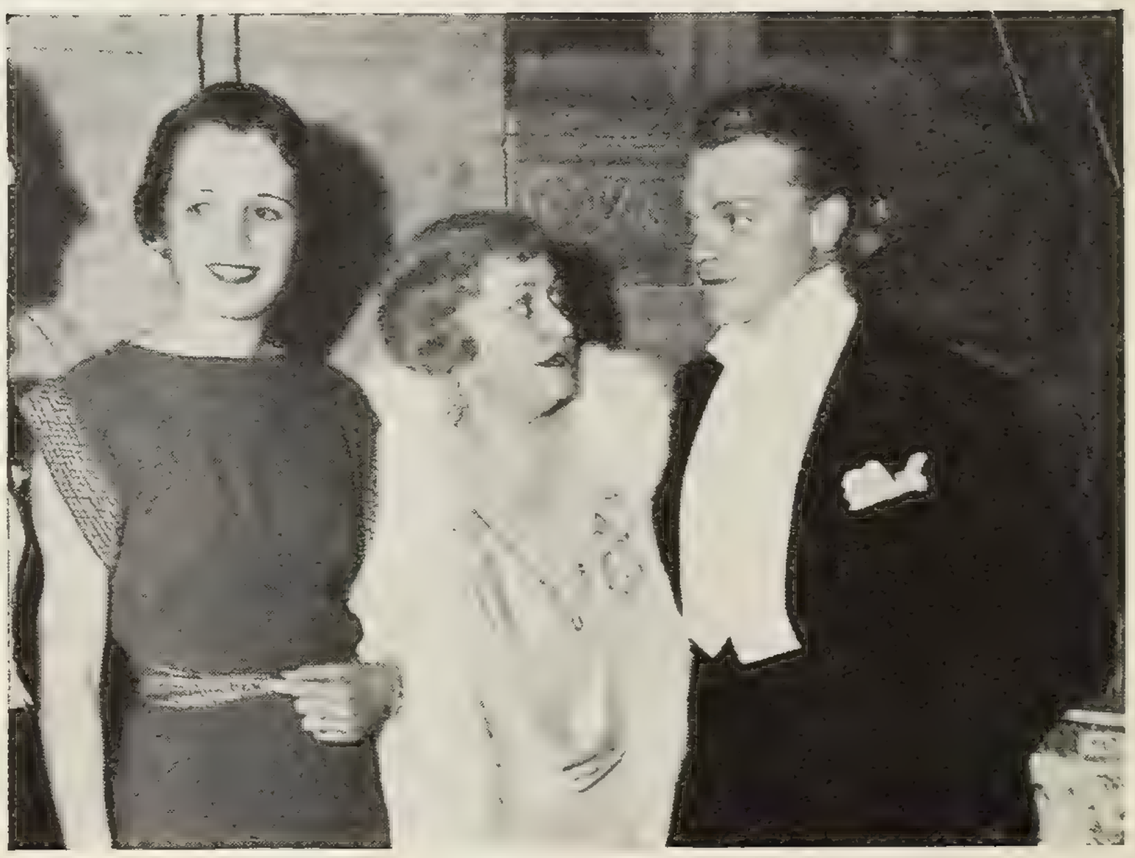
AIR MAIL



Special Delivery



By fast plane came these pictures of the Second Annual Screen Guild Ball, rushed to us by our spies on the Coast. (Above) Florence and Fredric March and Ralph Bellamy. Mrs. Bellamy said she didn't look nice enough to pose. (Below) First appearance in public of Joan Blondell since her son's birth. Husband George Barnes and sister Gloria with her. Looking grand, isn't she?



(Above) Mary Astor, having a good time with Lucille Gleason and James Cagney. (Below) The happiest married couple in Hollywood—and we're not even crossing our fingers when we say that about Stuart Erwin and his beautiful wife, June Collyer. The Airmail Letter on the next page tells you the lowdown on the goings-on at the Screen Guild Ball at the Hollywood Bowl.





Airmail Letter

Dear Editor:

The Second Annual Screen Guild Ball found Hollywood's upper-crust tripping gaily to the Biltmore Bowl. Everyone wore their best bibs and bent over backwards, being little ladies and gentlemen. As a result, the affair was pretty dull with most of the stars leaving early to stifle their boredom elsewhere at the Russian Eagle, Brown Derby, or Sardi's.

The Screen Guild, you know, is the group which broke away from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences last year. They organized primarily to protect "the little fellow" on matters of jobs, salary, etc. Eddie Cantor is president, Bob Montgomery, vice-president.

Lyle Talbot was one of the high points of the evening, making a swell master of ceremonies. He revealed crooning talents that should cause Master Crosby to bite his nails privately!

Half the fun of the evening was watching the little feuds between the camera crowd and the stars—what memories those boys have! They ganged on Adolphe Menjou, each politely refusing to snap his fancy dressing. Adolphe, who made such a fuss last year as to cause the boycott, hung about wistfully.

Lee Tracy did a prima donna by refusing to pose with Mary Brian. Why, no one could find out—even Isabel Jewell appeared baffled...

Joan Bennett tilted her pretty nose at the boys, too. So they busily overlooked her. A few stars with a change of heart tried to ingratiate themselves with the camera gang later on. To no avail, however.

Joan Crawford, beautiful as ever, was beaued by Franchot Tone.

Helen Hayes appeared with Joan's party. The Eddie Robinsons, Otto Krugers and Rosamond Pinchot in another.

Genevieve Tobin, quite recovered from her recent automobile accident, was squired by a new heart from Santa Barbara.

Brilliance of gowns and jewels made up for what the party lacked otherwise.

Guess that's all.

Best wishes,
REGINA CANNON

"I hate tattle-tales!..



...and here's how I chased them out of my house"



"'You're a hard worker, Bess,' my sister said one day, 'but your clothes are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone they aren't really clean!'... I was furious, but I took her hint. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."



"And what a lucky day! In a second, I chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine and get the grandest suds. I never dreamed *golden soap is so much richer.* And Fels-Naptha is *full of clean-smelling naptha!* Even grimy, greasy dirt *floats* right out."



"Everybody says nice things about my washes now—no more *tattle-tale gray* in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see." Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

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Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



Hollywood goes on a romantic binge! While our news,

There's nothing as exciting as a wedding, unless of course it's two weddings, and the one in which Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres figured was truly something to behold.

Ginger was dressed in pale green lace and her bridesmaids, Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor, wore blue and beige respectively. Lew boasted the slim Ben Alexander and the plump Andy Devine as attendants.

The Church of the Flowers in Glendale was a bower of posies and after the minister had united the pair, birds began to sing. If it had been planned to have the canaries come in on the chorus, it couldn't have worked out more perfectly.

The groom wondered if he should kiss the bride after the ceremony and, as she looked doubtful, too, they abruptly turned from each other and started down the aisle and on out into the limousine which was there to whisk them to the Ambassador Hotel for the reception. This car had a slight edge, pictorially speaking, on the sedan in which Lew drove to the church. When he alighted from that little number, his high silk topper bit the dust, much to his confusion and the amusement of interested onlookers.

The reception was punctuated with champagne and celebrities to quaff it, and, let it be said, for the good taste of the town, no one quaffed to the point of forgetting that he or she was a Beverly Hills blueblood or, at least, of the prominent Glendale gentry.

Lois Wilson caught the bride's bouquet. She said she was going to, and, b'gosh, she did. That's Lois, as good as her word, and a good gal anyway.

As the new Mrs. Ayres cut the huge, frosted cake, someone asked her, "How does it feel to be a bride?"

To which she answered blithely, "I don't know. I've never been a bride before."

Ginger! Tch, tch. Jack Pepper. Remember?

■ ■ ■

Here is a story as touching as it is tragic, for it at once shows the heart of Hollywood and how a budding career may be nipped before it has had a chance to blossom.

Little Mary Blackford, Fox player, was returning from the studio one day last fall when her car crashed into a pole. She was severely injured and is even today under doctor's care, for she's paralyzed from her neck to her waist.

And that is why the younger players got together recently and staged the Mary Blackford Benefit, held at the famous Cocoanut Grove, and toward which hundreds appeared and other hundreds, who could not be accommodated, contributed. Thus Mary, who in health was an unknown, suddenly became the town's most talked-of, in illness. The event, which Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Helen Mack, Patricia Ellis and Trent Durkin were responsible for, proved an overwhelming success. Will Rogers, who had Mary in his stage play, "Ah, Wilderness," took care of the child's hospital bills up until the Benefit and Joan Crawford has assumed them since. The huge affair was given to raise money for Mary's family, should the youngster be confined to her bed indefinitely.

Pretty nice, this Hollywood, isn't it?

■ ■ ■

Our Scotty and his ever-alert camera approached Ann Harding recently and asked her to pose. The pretty patrician star declined, saying that she didn't expect to be in movies much longer anyway, so what was the use?

But our guess is that her refusal was due to the fact that Harry Bannister, her erstwhile hubby, was with her and there are those who say a re-marriage isn't an impossibility. Miss Harding evidently wasn't in the mood to confirm rumors, you see.

■ ■ ■

Newly-wedded Ayres cut themselves a piece of cake—and what a cake!

Bridesmaid Janet Gaynor poses with her mother and Margaret Lindsay.

Will Rogers, shy benefactor, at the Mary Blackford Benefit.









as related by Regina Cannon, sizzles with human interest

We predict that Mary Brian will be our next movie bride. We realize, too, that she's been crying "wolf" for years, but you mark our prowess as a prophet. Dick Powell doubtless is slated to be the lucky lad.

Incidentally, Dick's brand new home at Toluca Lake is almost completed. In fact, when the little matter of gas is set, it will be ready for occupancy. You see, when the house was finished, it was discovered that it boasted everything from a grand piano to a private-panelled entrance; that is, everything but gas. The architect blamed it on the plumber and the plumber passed the buck to Dick. It took a few days to rectify this so-called minor deficiency, but now there's gas in the new Powell homestead.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of girls who cry "wolf," how about Garbo? Those reputed to be in the know claim she will wed George Brent. Now, don't jump at us! We, too, realize that "The Painted Veil" is about to be released, that the Great One was supposed to care for Mamoulian when "Christina" was issued and that she was said to be helping Jack Gilbert (also in the picture) at that time for a reason. But, nevertheless, Greta has taken a snappy little hide-out hut at Palm Springs and every evening, when he has finished his chores at Warners, Georgie hops a plane to see his "frand."

Incidentally, he has built a six-foot wall around his own home, so that when the lady visits him there she may be assured of complete privacy. Well, be philosophical (George is). Even if nothing comes of it, Mr. B. hasn't lost out by the publicity.

■ ■ ■

Walk-out night was unofficially staged at the Vendome recently. It wasn't on the program, but was featured just the same. The Gene Markeys (she is Joan Bennett, you know) were having a little tête-à-tête, which suddenly became a discussion and then developed into a rousing row. Joan put on her coat and left a by-then-tearful husband.

Later, not to be outdone by its competitor, the Brown Derby staged a miniature bout of its own. This time Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell were featured. Miss J. also applied for her walking papers.

Well, the course of true love, etc., etc.

■ ■ ■

Someone once said that many assistant directors are studying to be morons. Just listen to this.

Aileen Pringle, recently engaged to make an independent picture, phoned the assistant director.

"I haven't seen the script," she said. "What type of role am I to play?"

"It's an afternoon dress," he returned glibly. "Y'see, you meet the leading man and have a talk with him and then go out. Yeah, that's right, it's an afternoon dress."

"Someone" may be right after all.

■ ■ ■

Clark Gable and Gilbert Roland are off on a hunting trip together. Can it be that they're gunning for the dove of peace? Remember the little battle the boys put on recently, during which one applied a swift left to the other's chin? Well, all is palsy-walsy now, as indeed it should be between two such attractive young men.

■ ■ ■

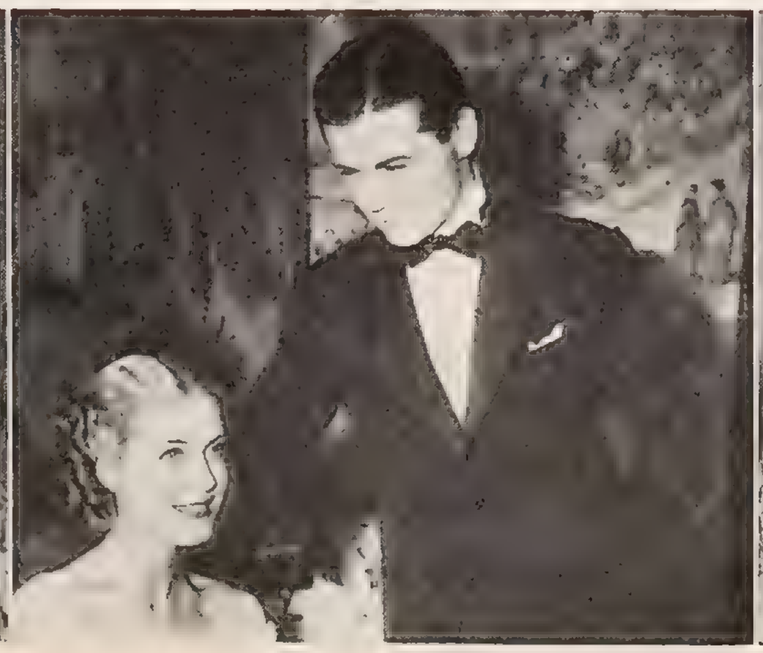
Speaking of Clark, that gen'man sent Aimee Semple MacPherson a box of red roses right straight to the Temple. And did she announce the fact between sermons over the radio? Oh, g'wan, ask us? So you know Aimee, too, eh? *(Con't on page 64)*

Our reporter prophesies that the Brian-Powell wedding will be next!

Anita Louise and Tom Brown helped arrange the Blackford Benefit.

Pat Paterson and Mary Blackford. Taken before Mary's accident.







You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in *Bright Eyes*

with

JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER



Lovers

It looks like the raven-haired Chester Morris is all set for a gr-rand romance with the gorgeous Carole Lombard—for the benefit of the cameras, anyway, in a scene from "The Gay Bride," for M-G-M. Carole, you know, can also be seen in "Lady By Choice" and "Now and Forever," Columbia and Paramount pictures, respectively. And Mr. Morris has been kept busy on his home lot, Universal, where he made "I've Been Around." His next will be "Princess O'Hara."



Salt of the Earth

Steady and regular has been Fay Wray's climb to success. She is the type too often taken for granted, because she is so dependable. Therefore we would like to remind you that her smooth work in "The Affairs of Cellini" and "The Richest Girl in the World" deserved much fancier adjectives than "dependable." Her recent pictures are "Woman in the Dark," an RKO release, Universal's "Cheating Cheaters," and Columbia's "White Lies." A busy lady, indeed.



Such Dancing

Terpsichorean devotees list all dances as "B.A." or "A.A.," meaning "before" and "after" Fred Astaire. And well deserved is this recognition of authority. For where is there another such exponent of the modern dance? Having seen him perform in "Flying Down to Rio," the RKO musical, you surely won't miss seeing him, again coupled with Ginger Rogers, in "The Gay Divorcee," and after that with Ginger and Irene Dunne in "Roberta."



Divine

The prima donna about whom the whole world is talking—Grace Moore. Her divine singing, intelligent acting, graceful figure and general delightfulness in "One Night of Love" will linger in our memories forever. As Tullio Carminati, who played the role of her maestro in the picture, so aptly expressed it, "It's grand to see a Carmen who weighs less than the bull." She will do some concert and operatic work in the East before she starts her next picture for Columbia.



Good Work!

John Gilbert deserves a nice pat on the back for coming through with such a swell performance as the newspaperman in "The Captain Hates the Sea," for Columbia. It's a different sort of rôle for Jack, and we were tickled to see him play it with the sureness and finesse of a real trouper. Although he isn't under contract to any studio at the moment, we're sure that some smart producer will sign him up after seeing him in his latest picture. We'd like to see Gilbert back to stay.

Romance

The very essence of romance is Irene Dunne in "Sweet Adeline," a Warner Bros. musical for which she was borrowed from RKO. It is a film that suits her well because it provides equal opportunity for her twin talents, singing and acting. Another costume picture, Irene? Yes—but let's not complain while she looks so divine in feathers and furbelows and bustled skirts. In her latest picture for RKO, "The Age of Innocence," she co-starred with John Boles. The same studio also has her scheduled for "Roberta," the N. Y. stage hit, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.



Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels



He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles —Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings." Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American doughboy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.









Mrs. Gable never visits the set to check up on Clark's big clinches such as this one (above) with Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others." She is neither jealous nor suspicious and is content to remain in the background of his public life, serene in the knowledge that she is first in his private one.

Why I Stay Married

Are you wives on the spot? Jealous of your husbands?

A famous husband named Gable tells his side of the story

IF you have an attractive husband—or contemplate annexing one—you have the same problems that beset Ria Gable. She has the constant worry of predatory women—so have you. She has to fear flattery that turns a man's head, ego that breeds superiority—so do you. Her husband's reactions must be your husband's reactions, so I sought out Clark. His answer is revealing, helpful to us all.

I said to Clark, over the luncheon table, "What kind of a woman do you think an actor should marry? In order to make marriage successful, I mean?"

Clark said, without an instant's hesitation, "The kind of a woman I am married to—my wife."

We had been talking about Hollywood marriages and their failures and the why of their failures—Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, Gloria Swanson and her exes, Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, the sadly swelling list of them.

Clark said, "It's all predicated, I believe, on the basic law of things—where the husband, or in our business the 'star,' is the breadwinner, the marriage has a seventy-five

By Gladys Hall



The Gables in a party mood (left). She likes social life—he likes hunting, yet they never reach an impasse.

per cent chance of success. You can look about and make, off hand, a list of vital statistics proving this contention.' For instance, the Jean Hersholts, the Clive Brooks, the Leslie Howards, the John Boles, the Warner Baxters, the Morgans, Frank and Ralph—in every one of these marriages the husband is the one in the arena and the wife is just the wife. And in every one of these marriages, too, the marriage has stood and appears to be standing on the firm bedrock of many years. Also, in every one of these marriages the husbands and wives are of approximately the same respective ages and the wives are intelligent, self-sufficient women who have been around and know what it is all about. They are real people, neither jealous rivals nor paper-doll appendages.

"On the other hand, and in such cases as Ann Harding's, Gloria Swanson's, and so on, the wives were the stars. The men were known as 'the husbands of . . .' To be 'a husband of' means the divorce court even as you stand at the altar. You can't get away from the fundamental laws separating and governing men and women. Grease paint on the face does not alter immutable laws. Man is born with a dominant ego—offend that ego or compete with it in the same field and, if you are a woman, you will soon be a divorcée."

I said, "You've never talked, specifically, about your own marriage, Clark, or your own wife. Do you mind?"

Clark said, "Not at all. You've asked me what kind of a woman an actor should marry and the only way I *can* answer that question is to describe my own wife.

TO begin, then, I am the 'star,' Ria is my wife. But she is a wife, who though not in my profession *is* in it—for me, not for herself. She is interested in it and she is thoroughly informed about every phase of it. She is ambitious about it for me. She is interested in it as she would be interested in medicine, in law, or in banking if any one of these were my life work.

"She is, also, a very self-sufficient woman, which is very important in the making of a successful 'movie marriage.' She has her own interests, her own friends, she has her bridge clubs and parties and children and our home. She doesn't seize hold of my life with idle, and therefore morbidly curious, (*Continued on page 76*)

Marlene Answers all Your Questions

Von Sternberg? Husband? Child? Career? Future?

by
Ben Maddox



I HAVE just had twenty minutes with Marlene Dietrich.

It took me three months to get them. But when I finally got to La Dietrich she talked as she has never talked before. So this, really, will have to be an unusual sort of story. Because the woman herself is so extraordinarily different.

An appointment with Marlene can only be made after the greatest maneuvering. Her agent sorts the sheep. So few are chosen that half a year has elapsed since she was last interviewed. I felt complimented when her agent telephoned me that he would be glad to have me interview her.

Then came one broken date after another, for three months. Finally I was told to appear at the studio. I was walked out to her dressing-room. She hadn't yet come off the set. In two minutes a large, gray Rolls-Royce drew up and out stepped a maid who expressed disappointment at her mistress' absence. A few more minutes and Marlene came walking around the corner from the sound stage.

We were left alone in her dressing-room.

She was attired in a striking black satin Spanish gown of elaborate design and over one ear she wore a red flower. But I didn't pay much attention to her costuming. I came to see Dietrich.

Sitting on a small straight chair beside her desk, she turned toward me. She was gorgeous. She has the biggest blue eyes, in which lurk a constant twinkle. There was a slight curve of merriment on her wide, lovely mouth. I suspected that she classes interviews as amusing.

Marlene isn't a terribly curious person herself. She is polite and kind. But she distinctly has enough in her own life to keep her occupied.

"You have been subjected to such a lot of criticism," I began, "that I thought you might like to give me a story on what your four years in Hollywood have meant to you. We've had everyone's opinion but yours."

She smiled a little. Just as she does on the screen. To myself I stated that they can protest all they wish about beauty being no longer a woman's major asset. See Dietrich and succumb!

Perhaps her remarkable charm is due in part to her serenity. She is still, not silent. And friendly, though not fluttery. Her voice is slow, caressingly rich in tone.

"I should not like to do the story in the first person, as if I were writing it. Somehow, that sounds conceited to me," she said.

The 'phone rang. Excusing herself, she answered it. It was a good old-fashioned instrument, not a coy French hand-piece. She uttered one word—"No." With no attempt to explain something which didn't concern me, she faced me again, waiting for me to speak.

"In what ways do you feel that you have been changed by Hollywood?"

"I do not believe I have changed, except to grow older, of course. And I have more responsibilities. There is a realization that a whole production rests on one's shoulders. But Hollywood? It doesn't do anything drastic to people. Certainly not to those who have strong

personalities and firm minds of their own."

"They say that you were dowdy when you arrived. And the Trilby legend has hung on."

Marlene smiled anew. A smile of hers can reveal so much. It makes questions suddenly seem trivial banter.

"That theory that I was dowdy, a dumb German housewife-kind-of-actress is absurd. I came from metropolitan Berlin. And I brought trunks full of Parisian



gowns. If you will compare photographs of me then and today, I do look better, now. But that isn't any Hollywood polish. That is the effect of time. You examine old photographs of yourself. They, too, will be quaint."

That was a long speech for Marlene. She hesitated, then continued:

"As for this Von Sternberg-Trilby chatter, it is humorous to me. Anyone with intelligence can see that I'm not hypnotized. Obviously I have something of my own behind this face. You can't put a brain into a woman's head if it isn't there already."

I wondered about her approaching split with Von Sternberg. He has announced that she will not do her next film under his direction. Apparently, she will switch to Ernst Lubitsch. This report crops up every once in a while. It has come up again at this writing. Marlene stated, "People will make much of nothing. This is the situation: I do only one picture a year. Sometimes it has taken Mr. Von Sternberg nearly a year to find a proper vehicle. He will be a long time cutting and completing this one we are finishing now. He thinks I should not wait around when he hasn't a story for me. I did the one picture away from him, with Mamoulian, only because he telephoned me from abroad and advised me to. We are not separating now. If, until he is ready for me, I find something I like I will do it for another director."

All of which blasts beforehand the mystery that is apt to arise when she works in 1935 with a different man at the helm.

"How has Hollywood changed your mode of living?" I queried.

"Not at all. My parents had money. I live as I did in Germany, except that I have to have guards here."

She has been residing in the pretentious Colleen Moore place in Bel-Air and I had heard that she had leased it for two years, indicating permanency. So I inquired about it.

"But I just rent it from month to month," she retorted. "I never tie myself down. How do I know what will happen? Where I shall want to go?"

"But you do like Hollywood?"

"Oh, yes indeed. And this is strange. I am not bothered here as so many stars claim to be. Why, I am not even recognized on the streets. (*Continued on page 90*)

How the Stars Keep Youth and Beauty

We're willing to wager Claudette Colbert will be as beautiful at 40 as she is today. Her most important beauty treatment costs her nothing.



Loretta Young is only 22, to be sure, but she leads a star's nerve-wracking existence. Yet—there's not a sign of nerves.

They invariably look younger than they are. This story tells you about—not the expensive treatments and cosmetics—but the simple, daily routines which keep them so.

Joan Crawford has worked furiously and has undergone severe emotional crises besides. And—look!



Joan Bennett—married, divorced, remarried. Two children. A few years ago, she suffered a severe accident. Yet she played a 12-year-old in "Little Women."

by Katherine Albert

THOSE Hollywood girls are a source of constant amazement to me. They invariably look younger than they are. I'm not talking about the stars who, everyone knows, are "getting on" and who, by dint of constant and expensive devotional exercises before the Goddess of Beauty, manage to win that faint-praise tribute, "wonderfully well preserved." I'm not even talking about those stars, who are also "getting on," who cause us to lift our palms upward and sigh, "How does she do it!" No. I'm talking about certain of your favorite Hollywood actresses who are so genuinely lovely—with not a particle of fake or face-lifting about it—who look younger than they are and who will continue to do so for many years to come.

Some of these girls are, actually, in their early twenties. All right—so what? How many young girls do *you* know who are sallow, tired-looking, unhealthy of complexion and drab of hair? Some of the girls are in their late twenties—just edging thirty, perhaps, or just past that foolishly feared deadline. At twenty-five they look younger than they did at eighteen. And at thirty they look the same as they did at twenty-five.

They work all day and far into the night, sometimes. They are compelled, for policy's sake, to keep up a certain amount of social activity. They go through considerable emotional stress and strain. Yet they are healthy, slim, and fresh-looking in spite of it, when we might reasonably expect them to be old before their time.

THINKING about this one day, I reasoned that if the stars of Hollywood can achieve this, surely you and I can do the same thing. I asked five of the youngest looking and most beautiful stars in Hollywood to come clean and tell us how they do it.

I asked Claudette Colbert. Joan Crawford. Loretta Young. Joan Bennett. And Evelyn Venable.

These girls gave me sensible and workable hints for you all to follow. Not one of them mentioned expensive treatments or costly creams and cosmetics.

Here's what I found out from Claudette. She gives you some excellent, practical tips. It isn't a high powered beauty doctor who keeps Claudette looking so young. It's good common sense. She believes that the body is like a motor. If it is run down it (*Continued on page 78*)









(From top to bottom) Myrna Loy, Miriam Hopkins, Ann Sothern and Sylvia Sidney, four glamorous stars, who continue to disclose certain secret love incidents in their lives. One is the Girl with the Flyaway Hair. Another is the Girl with Lovely Eyes. The third is the Girl with the Strange Beauty. And the fourth is the Girl of the Orchids.

THE Girl with the Strange Beauty told me this story:

The company was working on the back lot.

The back lot of a motion picture studio consists of acres which are transformed into slivers of whatever locale the pictures in production call for. A back lot may be a demure little New England village, with elms growing on the Green, and a staid brick church. It can be transformed, by the sheer wizardry of scenic designers, masons, and carpenters, into Limehouse, evil and old, mouldy and decayed, with buildings the color of the fog that so often obliterates London's waterfront, and ruts of wagon wheels sunk deep into the crooked, cobbled streets.

At the time this story took place, the studio's back lot was a European barnyard. There were thatched outhouses, with a creaking well under a gnarled tree, and chickens and geese pecking and waddling and cackling. Behind this set mountains made of laths, canvas and plaster rose three times the height of a tall man. Photographed skillfully, allowance being made for perspective, they would screen like the mountains which tower around the fertile farmlands of Hungary.

The company began arriving. They drove the mile or more from their dressing-rooms and parked their cars under the false-front mountains, where they'd be out of camera range.

The director, a European, sat making brief notes on the margin of his 'script. He wrote: "Intensify love scenes between gypsy and son. Gypsy girl should be the aggressor."

He liked the Girl with the Strange Beauty who was playing the gypsy. She was very young and fairly inexperienced. But she had that indefinable thing which makes a good actress. Furthermore, unlike most girls making headway on the screen, she didn't want to be the heroine always. In this picture, for instance, while she might have glamor as the gypsy, her rôle was entirely unsympathetic. It was, in fact, her unschooled passions and tempers that imperilled the happiness of the good family who had befriended and protected her—in the story.

As the director sat thinking about this girl, she came on the set with a young man in tow. He was, the director judged, *the* young man. He was tall and lean with broad shoulders, crisp hair and keen brown eyes. A fitting contrast to her, so small and round, with strange eyes, not blue, not quite green.

The director watched them as they came closer. Even under her greasepaint you sensed that indescribable radiance, that love light, in her beautiful young face.

"Hello," she said. "I want you to meet Mr. Blank, John Blank. John . . . My boss!"

An excitement went beating through her words. He was *the* young man, without a doubt.

"John's never seen a movie made," she explained. "So I invited him to sit on the set this morning."

The first scene to be shot showed the Girl with the Strange Beauty, as the gypsy, and the young actor who played the son of the house, together in the barnyard. She was supposed to be vamping him. With a toss of her head, a flip of her skirts, the lowering of her eyes, the pursing of her mouth, and the daring, seemingly accidental, baring of her smooth shoulder.

THAT scene showed a girl set on conquest, exerting her wiles.

Of course, it wasn't the boy in the scene the girl was alluring. It was the boy on the sidelines. She was showing off before John for all she was worth.

But all is grist that comes to the mill. The director sat chuckling. He had a marvelous scene and he knew it. They took it only once. No need to build up the feeling that scene should possess. It was there. In all its young, unadulterated glory.

On the sidelines John glowered. Little thunderclouds gathered in his eyes. The director, watching him, was amused and reminded of the first time he ever had been in love, years ago.

First love . . . with no experience, no philosophy, no humor to alleviate its sweet pain. So intense, so serious, so perspective-stealing.

When the scene was finished the girl came over. John tried hard not to let her see that he had been put out. He told himself he was stupid and awkward for feeling as he did. However, it's no easy matter for a man to fool the woman who loves him. The girl saw immediately that he was displeased. Her eyes went beseeching him. Her voice went caressing him. And before long everything was fine again.

The director sat stroking his chin. "In this next scene," he told the girl, "I want you even more predatory than the action suggests. I want you

virtually to seduce the son of the house. Understand? You're a gypsy. You're untamed. You make that poor boy forget his simple little sweetheart. You sweep him right off his feet."

As soon as he spoke she was all attention. Her absorption in her work was one of the many things he admired in her.

"I understand," she said quietly. "Shall I go on now? Are you ready?"

"Please," he said.

She left John with a gay little wave of her hand.

The end of the previous scene had found the gypsy and the son headed toward the old farm wagon overflowing with fragrant hay. This scene picked them up seated on top of it. Close.

The first rehearsal went beautifully. The Girl with the Strange Beauty ran her hands along the cheeks of the youth who played the son. She entangled her small brown hands in his fair hair. With her lips close to his lips she made feverish demands.

"Love me!" she urged. "Love me!"

The director bent forward in his chair. They began wheeling the camera close to get their angles. There was every indication this scene wouldn't be long in rehearsal.

She turned her body from the boy and one small brown hand flew under her heart, as if to still its mad pounding. She threw back her head and tossed her hair out of her eyes. It was all over. The spell was gone.

In that split second she caught a flash of the boy, John. Even if he had told himself that this was acting, that this was merely the girl's job, that it had no true meaning, it had done no good. His acute masculine displeasure showed in his face.

THE girl wanted to jump from that load of hay and run to him, throw her arms about him, tell him what only troupers ever really understand, that all this meant nothing, really, that it sprang out of some secret part of her that had nothing to do with him or anyone else. Perhaps it would have been better if she had done this. Perhaps this would have straightened things out. But, instead, she remained where she was and ran through the action again.

This time, however, her hands moving against the young actor's face were wooden. "Love me!" She said the words but they didn't come quick and breathless, as if her very heart had pounded them out of her, the way they had the first time she spoke.

John's face relaxed. This tepid, routine love-making didn't disturb him in the slightest. He could quite accept this as part of a job. That, in truth, was exactly what was the matter. It had no spirit. Photographed, it wouldn't have been at all convincing or have motivated the rest of the plot. No audience would have believed that gypsy had swayed the boy, or excused him for being untrue to the sweet, pretty girl who was his real sweetheart.

A frown appeared between the director's eyes. Members of the company crew leaned back, lit their pipes and cigarettes. They knew now they wouldn't be needed for some time. This, obviously, was one of those stymies. It might be the rest of the morning before they got what they wanted.

It was.

The harder the Girl with the Strange Beauty tried to recapture the quality she had brought to that scene the first time, the more nervous and strained she grew. She was embarrassed, too, obviously, at having such difficulty in front of *the* young man.

She was, you must remember, only a beginner. In pictures longer, she wouldn't have permitted herself any such self-consciousness. It was part of her novitiate, part of her youth.

"We'll rest for a few minutes," the director said. He knew that under circumstances like these, driving methods would get him nowhere.

He turned to John. "I wonder if you'd do something for me?"

"Glad to, sir," John answered. He was a nice kid.

"Go over to my office. It's number seven in the directors' building. Right near the commissary. In the upper left hand drawer of my desk you'll find my pipe. Fetch it here for me, like a good fellow."

"I'll get it," offered an assistant. "I'm going down that . . ."

But the director hushed him with a look. It wasn't his pipe he wanted. It was more emotion *on* the set and less *off* the set. And the only way to achieve that, he realized, was to get rid of John, give the girl a chance to forget her own emotions and submerge herself in the character.

OKEH, we'll try once more," the director announced as John Disappeared down the road. "Forget everything. Don't see or think about any of us. You two are alone in the world. You know nothing but that blind desire to draw closer to each other."

They rehearsed it again.

"We'll take it," he said. He counted on the emotion and abandon the girl had shown before.

"Quiet!" shouted an assistant. "This is the take! Quiet!"

The eternal hammering ceased.

They waited while an airplane flew overhead. Until the drone of its motors could not be heard any more.

Other assistants turned guard to keep anyone who might approach from coming too near, from making even the slightest sound.

The camera started turning. The microphone was lowered.

The girl ran her hands along the young actor's cheeks. They became ensnarled in his hair. Her body moving closer and closer to him seemed almost to drift.

It was as if she was relieved to escape from the restraint which had imprisoned her emotions. It was as if she was intoxicated with her newly found abandon.

"Love me! Love me! Love me!" she told the boy sitting there beside her in the sweet hay. And now it was a cry. Unfettered and untamed.

Again the director strained forward in his chair. The little frown disappeared from between his eyes.

The girl turned her body from the boy and one small brown hand flew under her heart, as if to still its mad pounding. And now those who were watching believed in its mad pounding. That was the important thing.

She threw back her strangely beautiful head and tossed her hair out of her eyes. And the boy flung his arms around her and caught her to him. Now he was tempestuous and unleashed in his passion, too. And you felt he had caught her fire.

"That's swell, wonderful, perfect!" the director cried out. "That will turn the trick and (*Continued on page 92*)

When women gather, what trend does their conversation follow? Do they talk about politics—finance—science? Seldom. Clothes—careers—their homes? Sometimes. But always—men! A quartette of beautiful stars conclude herein their experiences

By Adele Whitely Fletcher



James Ellison, Gertrude and Grace Durkin, Henry Willson, Miss Dillon, Pat Ellis, Tom Brown, Anita Louise and Trent Durkin—all set for lotsa fun.

By Franc Dillon

"I chaperone the crowd"

NATURALLY, when eight of the most popular of Hollywood's younger set planned a week-end party and asked me to chaperone them, I felt quite elated. While I suspected that I had been singled out for the honor because word had got around that I get sleepy around nine o'clock, I nevertheless grasped at the opportunity to study them at close range—to find out for myself if they really are different from ordinary boys and girls of the same age.

"The crowd" comprised James Ellison (new M-G-M player), Henry Willson, youthful agent, Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Junior Durkin (now called Trent) and his sisters, Gertrude and Grace. They had been invited as guests of honor to a dinner dance at the Casa de Mañana at La Jolla, a beautiful seaside resort some distance from Hollywood. It all sounded very interesting. But my enthusiasm for the trip waned when mothers began calling me on the telephone.

"I wouldn't have allowed Pat to go if you weren't going with them," said Patricia Ellis' mother. "You'll take good care of them, won't you?"

And I felt about as peppy as a plate of wilted lettuce when Mrs. Fremault called me about her child, Anita Louise. "You know, I don't often allow Anita to stay away all night," she said.

At least their mothers think they are still children, I thought to myself.

There were Tom Brown and Anita Louise, who is Tommy's everything; the two Durkin girls, Grace and Gertrude, and their brother, Trent (Junior); James Ellison, a handsome six-footer, who is under contract to M-G-M and looks like a potential rival for all the he-men heroes at that studio; Patricia Ellis and Henry Willson. Henry writes for the fan magazines and has nearly all of the younger players in town under his management.

The 100-mile trip to La Jolla (*Continued on page 88*)



So she won't talk, huh!

Marion Davies evaded all our questions. So we asked other people about her. That'll teach her!

By Regina Cannon

MANY people are "doing time" these days who might be at large making whoopee if they hadn't spoken out of turn—not to mention the bright boys who have talked themselves in and right out of big jobs. Yes, indeed, indiscreet gossip has caused more trouble than stocks, blondes, Hitler, hay fever—well, almost anything you can name that results in a first-class headache.

And so it would seem that he who has learned to hold his tongue is scheduled to make friends and money—to win the popularity contest *and* a bankroll.

Marion Davies is one of these. No one has ever heard Marion pull a verbal nifty on anyone. No one has ever heard her talk about herself. Thus we were more or less reliably informed upon setting out to interview Miss Davies.

However, not to be easily discouraged, we figured someone would be able to induce Marion to speak her piece—and it might as well be us. Just how we came out on the deal, you are respectfully requested to judge for yourself. Leniency will be appreciated.

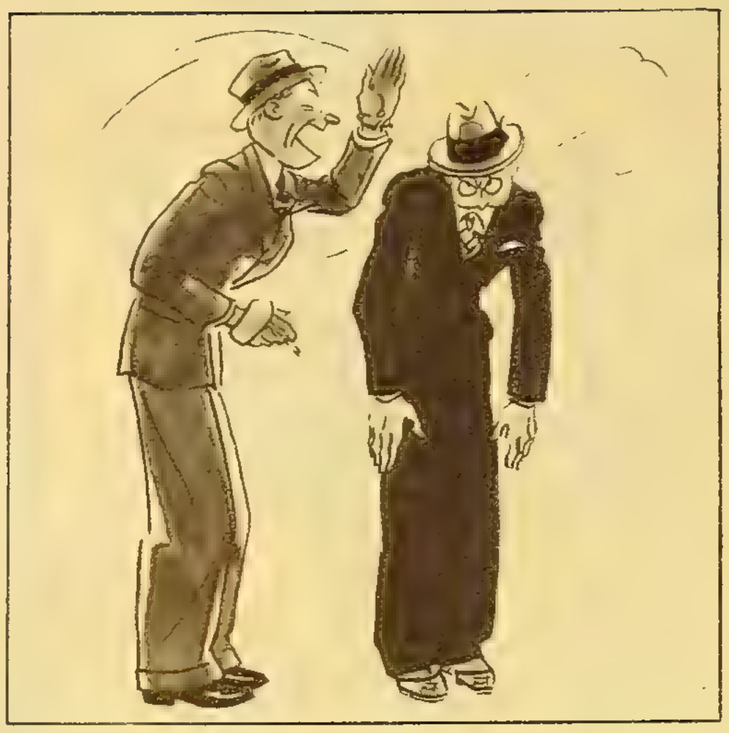
Miss Davies had just returned from Europe. She had had a grand time travelling. She had encountered Douglas Fairbanks in the lobby of the Savoy in London. Mr. Fairbanks was awaiting the arrival of the King of Siam.

"Which reminds me," giggled Marion, "of the time I met the King at Pickfair. I thought he was the butler—dressed up as elegantly as he was—and flung him my wrap."

There are rumors afloat that the beauteous blonde never actually made that mistake. But it's a good story anyway and is indicative of her character. She is not only able, but makes opportunities to tell a good one on herself. How many people are capable of that?

And whatever we asked the girl, she changed the subject. We told her she was looking grand. Hadn't she lost a few pounds? And *she* said, "Oh, you ought to see What's-Her-Name these days. Remember her?"

WE said, "That's a duck of a hat you have on," and started to add a question or two about the clothes she had purchased abroad, if any, when Marion interrupted with the news that another old-time movie favorite had become deeply interested in—of all things—embryology. And was really making quite a name for herself, my dear, in scientific circles, my dear, and didn't we think it was wonderful? All of which was very interesting, no doubt, and indicative of Marion's friendly spirit and lack of absorption in her own personal affairs. But it wasn't what the doctor (*Continued on page 85*)



Franchot Tone simply cannot stand back-slappers.

By Martha Kerr

How do the stars' pet hates check with your own?



Don't ever mention "cockroach" to Jeanette MacDonald.



THE other day a friend of mine and I were talking about our various likes and dislikes. We discovered that our likes were pretty conventional —good food, clean linen sheets and eight-week-old puppies.

But it was when we got to our hates that we discovered vital bonds. And we decided that nothing draws people together so closely as rousing mutual hates. Just because we both simply loathe men who call us "dear lady," our rather mild friendship took on a vigorous palship and mutual understanding we had never had before.

Have you ever noticed that when someone says, "I like . . ." you just go on sipping your cocktail. But when a person cracks out with a good "I hate . . ." you give your undivided attention. And invariably by their hates ye shall know them. So it occurred to me that it would be fun to find out the pet hates of the Hollywood boys and girls. If their hates coincide with yours, you'll like them better, I'll bet. If not, they might as well give up your friendship. So see how your hates stack up against Hollywood hates.

There's Franchot Tone, for instance. He simply can't stand back-slappers. You know those guys who meet you on the street and start beating you on the back with a "Well, well, old fellow, how *are* you?" Franchot's antipathy began at college when one of his classmates slapped him on the back and looked over his shoulder while he was preparing for next day's classes. Later he discovered that the guy was copying all his work.

WHEN Tone came to Hollywood he was introduced to a publicity man who slapped him on the back and told him what a great actor he was. And from that day on . . . well, maybe you have a little pet hate in your home and know how Franchot feels about that press agent.

Then there's Ricardo Cortez. Gosh, how sore he gets when somebody mauls him. Recently a fellow actor came up to him and, after admiring his suit, tried to read the label inside the coat. Ric wanted to hit him. But Ric has a lot of hates, among them coffee with cream (he uses milk instead), people with dirty finger nails and women with too much make-up on. Ric craves natural feminine beauty and his wife uses little make-up.

Bill Powell despises chewing gum and you can't blame him when I tell you what happened when he was three years old. There were three packages of chewing gum on the living-room table. Young Willie mistook them for ordinary candy, chewed the sticks vigorously and swallowed the gum. It's an experience he hasn't forgotten, so don't offer Bill any chewing gum. Until recently he couldn't even use a toothpaste with a mint flavor, but he's getting over his antipathy. How? By consuming mint juleps. And that, it seems to me, is a swell cure for any antipathy.

When Jeanette MacDonald was a little girl she stepped on a cockroach in her bare feet. Of course, everyone dislikes cockroaches, but with Jeanette it amounts to a phobia. If you want to get in bad with Jeanette just mention the word "cockroach." She'll show you what a first-class spasm is (*Continued on page 79*)



A Little Lord Fauntleroy suit caused Jack Oakie's pet hate.



Crawford loathes telephoners who say, "Guess who this is?"

Average — but wonderful



Walter Connolly, the man who makes bad pictures good and good ones better

By Gladys Hall

THERE are thousands of men in the world who look like Walter Connolly.

There are thousands of men who were not born with the what-it-takes of Gable, the poetic beauty of Novarro, the muscular magnetism of Weissmuller.

Thousands and thousands of plain, slightly middle-aged men with thickening waist-lines and thinning hair and patient, tired eyes.

Thousands of such men who are chained to their desks year in and year out, who "get off," if at all, for a two weeks' vacation every summer, who are called "Hi, Dad!" by their children and "Yes, dear," by their wives. Taken-for-granted men who bring home the groceries on the 5:15, mow the lawns, put up the screens in summer and pay their insurance premiums while the insolent years gallop by.

And these thousands of men must wonder, with the especial wistfulness of plain, average men what it might be like to step out of the gray routine, to lead exciting, stimulating, emotional lives, colored with travel and exciting contacts and beautiful women and applause.

Many of them must think, as their secret dreams stir inside them, "Of course, if I had been born looking like Gable or Montgomery, it would have been easy then. . . ."

Many of them must gaze at average-looking Walter Connolly and wonder. For Walter Connolly does look like Any Nice Man. Like your Dad or mine. Like your husband or mine. He looks as though he might belong in a bank, a broker's office, or be the head of a string of chain grocery stores. He looks as though his wife might say, a little absently, "Yes, dear"; as though a troop of jolly children might hail him confidently as "Hi, Dad!"

He is certainly no Clark Gable. He is in his middle forties. He is five-feet-nine-inches in height. He weighs 190 pounds, knows he is too heavy and will do nothing about it save abstain from potatoes. His eyes are brown and very kindly. He is a plain man and he makes your blood pound and your tears flow and your pulses hum as even a Gable can't do.

And Max Reinhardt called him "The greatest dramatic actor in America."

How? Why? He is a very great artist, obviously. But what was it that sent this son of the late Walter James Connolly, head of the Western Union Relay Office in Cincinnati, Ohio, into the arena where the world's most beautiful women and handsomest men play, don grease paint and tangle their skilled hands in the heartstrings of the world?

Why is he not still sitting behind his desk as Third Assistant Cashier of the First National Bank of Cincinnati where, after St. Xavier's College and a polishing-off at the University of Dublin (the Connollys are Irish, in case you haven't guessed), he began the business of life. Because he did begin the business of life in business.

I asked him. It always fascinates me when one of these average, un-actorish-looking men — a Walter Connolly or an Edward Arnold—spur the public imagination and ride to stardom on these spurs. It is easier for a Gable, you know.

I spent the evening with Mr. Connolly. His wife, Netta Harrigan, and their ten-year-old daughter, Ann, had just gone back to New York. Mr. Connolly was to join them at their apartment there within the week, after the completion of Paramount's "Father Brown, Detective," for which he had been loaned by Columbia Pictures. In New York Mr. Connolly will do a play.

He said smiling, "My grandfathers are probably responsible. One of them was a whaling man and the other a railroad builder. They lived adventurously. They were not content with ledgers and filing cabinets and four walls. They wrestled with sandstone and steel, with monsters of the deep, flinging the tracks of travel over the untravelled face of the earth. They dealt with the raw material of life and death and change. It was not in them to sit at home and let the years limp by them, leaden-gaited.

"It was not in me. I really knew it from the beginning. I knew it when I was at St. Xavier's. But my family had all of the normal family's aversion to a son of theirs going on the stage. What, a Connolly! An Irishman! Nor did I look like the commonly accepted theatrical type even then. I wasn't a 'pretty boy.' Not by any means. Girls did not yearn over my romantic profile.

"What right had I to be an actor? Why didn't I stay in the bank and marry one of the (*Continued on page 94*)

Should the Husband

NO!



..says Ginger

● Marriage is a partnership. Expenses should be shared equally



Lew Ayres, at the right, and his bride, Ginger Rogers, above. Can they successfully follow Ginger's theory?

By Lynde Denig

I AM all for equality in domestic affairs."

With this defiant thrust Ginger Rogers, the tawny-tressed star, who first visioned the light of day in the appropriately named city of Independence, Missouri, began voicing her inner feelings on the much debated question of who should rule in the home: He or She.

A definite personality, with highly defined likes and prejudices, her answers never wavered. It was as though she had thought at length and deeply upon each ventured query; as though it was bred in her very being this expression of independence, of equality.

"I do not consider myself excessively modern," she continued. "But I do feel that marriage is a partnership from first to last, and whoever heard of a partnership where only one is responsible for expenses?

(I pause a moment to wonder whether Ginger, newly wed to Lew Ayres, will apply her theories to their marriage and find the arrangement a happy one. I wouldn't be surprised—Ginger being a woman of her word.)

"I have known more family quarrels to occur over money matters than anything else," said she. "I have seen young friends of mine start out with the best intentions and then get all messed up over bills. First they are mildly irritated; then there is an argument; then there are quarrels. Finally love flies out the well known window.

"I am sure this is not only true of Hollywood marriages. In every walk of life women are occupying important positions. Many wives are earning salaries that equal or surpass their husbands'. Certainly the fair-minded among them must feel it only just that they share expenses with their mates.

"If the equality of women (*Continued on page 86*)

ray all the Bills ?



YES!

..says Glenda

● There is only one head man in marriage. He pays all the bills

Above: A portrait of Glenda Farrell, who believes man should rule the home. Below: Glenda and Warren William in a scene from "Concealment," a Warner Bros. picture.



THERE must be one head of a house, and the visible sign of his authority is his hold on the purse strings."

Thus was I greeted when I questioned Glenda Farrell, attractive blonde star, on her opinion of a husband's status in the home.

Although thoroughly modern in every respect Glenda still clings to the age-old idea that man should be boss of the home.

"Please don't think me old-fashioned," she implored, seeing my expression of surprise. "I am judging by observations. It is my strong personal conviction that marriages following the old economic method, affording the wife just an allowance for housekeeping expenses, succeed, while other marriages, in which bills are paid by either or both, usually end in separation or divorce."

This was refreshingly interesting in a day when all is chaos concerning marriage, and I asked for further details. She gave them unhesitatingly.

"My philosophy of marriage is simple. Although I do not concern myself with other people's affairs, I have little sympathy for those who marry and play around as though they were single.

"I believe, as I said before, that there is only one head of the house and he, as head man, pays the bills. Whether a man realizes it or not, he inwardly resents the loss of dominance that has been conferred upon him through the ages. A gentleman may smile and say nothing, but behind that smile there are thoughts that a sensitive woman intuitively feels.

"When a man ceases to pay the bills he feels that the home ceases to be his home. Then there is danger ahead."

Perhaps Glenda comes to a portion of her conclusions because of her early marriage, (*Continued on page 98*)



PICTURE NEWS



(Above) Look who's twosoming—Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern. (Below) At the Trocadero, Connie Bennett, Clark and Mrs. Gable beam on Gilbert Roland.

Hollywood's social season is commencing. Take a look at who's who and what's doing



(Below) Russian Eagle party for our Regina Cannon. Left to right, Gladys Hall, Gene Raymond, Regina, Ann Sothern and Mildred Lloyd.



She Was a One Date Girl

By James M. Fidler

PEOPLE called her "the one-date girl" because the men who took her out once never came back again.

You have read about such girls in magazine advertisements—you know, the girls in the ads who lament, "He kissed me once, but he never called to see me again." Those advertisements, you may recall, are often situated just across the page from the chap who boasts, "They laughed when I sat down at the piano, but when I began to play . . ."

Jean Muir, unlike the ladies of the advertisements, does not suffer from that insidious malady called halitosis. However, she does suffer, according to her own self-damning testimony, from the following faults.

She is not pretty in the accepted sense of the word.

She has no sex appeal.

She is much taller than the average Hollywood girl.

She lacks the ability to flatter men.

She cannot dance well.

She cannot play cards.

She cannot swim, play golf or tennis.

She has too much ego to please men, who like their own vanity appeased.

She will not inconvenience herself to be nice to men.

"And there are more reasons why I am unpopular with men," Jean confessed to me. "Men like to accompany girls who will cause other men to be jealous. They like to go out with pretty, vivacious girls—girls who dress well and dance divinely. I do neither.

"All of my life I have been a wall-flower. Until I was sixteen years old, I never had a date. No childhood sweetheart ever carried my books to school. As for fighting for me—well, no boy ever did. Fortunately, I was a big girl, and I was able to fight my own battles.

I HAD my first date when I was sixteen. Up to then no boy had ever attempted to kiss me. I made the first date myself. I was invited to attend a dance, and I was told to bring my own escort. I asked a neighborhood boy to take me. This happened back in the days when "cutting in" on dances was the fad; stags tagged boys who were more fortunate, and danced until they in turn were cut.

"I'll never forget that night! I'll never erase from my memory my growing dread as my escort danced, time and again, past the stag line and nobody cut in. After circling the ballroom a few times, I tried smiling at a few boys I knew at school, but none smiled back.

"Ashamed and barely able to suppress my tears, I finally pled the wall-flower's oldest, most pathetic excuse—I told my escort that I was tired. I asked him to take me to a chair, where I sat for the rest of the evening. I didn't see my boy friend again until the dance ended, when he apologetically arrived to escort me home. He need not have apologized; I understood.

"Perhaps that first experience is the reason why I hate dancing today. I have *(Continued on page 84)*

Jean Muir in a striking pose.

Jean Muir discusses the problems of unpopular girls

Fame is a Thief

Ronald Colman tells why. Do you agree?

by Faith Service



Ronnie with Loretta Young in the forthcoming "Clive of India" for 20th Century. Do you think Ronnie is as handsome without his moustache?

RONALD Colman can call his soul his own —but very little else.

Loretta Young once said to me, "Ronald Colman is like a man out of a book. He seems so subtle and sort of mysterious. He is like a character in a book you can't quite make out. You feel that maybe the author means one thing and maybe another . . ."

Loretta is right. Ronnie is like a man out of one of the very best English novels. He talks like a man in a book. And he is more exactly like his screen self in real life, than any other actor I know. He has that same remote smile, that look of one who remembers something lost, and rather sad, a long while ago, and who regrets that loss but is resigned to it.

He is utterly without pose. He hasn't one single mannerism or affectation. He never dramatizes himself. He never makes sensational statements. When, several years ago, he was called a woman hater in print I asked him about it, in the interest of all women. And he showed me his "little red book" wherein are inscribed the names and telephone numbers of Hollywood's most famed and fair. Whether he uses the telephone numbers or not he didn't say.

When I asked him for this interview he said, "Can't we just meet and talk, socially, and never mind the interview?" He sounded very reticent and English.

I said that I really couldn't be so piggy. I felt in honor bound to share him with the public. He conceded the point, graciously. He had finished his "Clive of India" scenes for the day and he changed into British looking tweeds, a bit worn, and took me to tea. He was smoking a pipe, he was tanned and very charming.

And once again I was impressed with the feeling one gets about him—that when he steps out of his life to meet you, or you, or me, he closes the door behind him.

What he really does in the house of his life, with whom he shares it, what hopes and dreams are closeted



there, what memories haunt it, we have never known and probably never shall know.

I said on an impulse, "You really hate the things of fame, don't you? You hate to be famous?"

He said, "I'm afraid that I do."

"But why?" I asked. "What has fame done to you? What has fame taken away from you?"

And then Ronnie made the most sensational statement I have ever heard from him, made it with more passion, more of a show of emotion than I have ever heard him display in all the years I have known him.

"Fame has taken my life away, my life as I want to live it," he said. "Fame has taken away my privacy, which is infinitely precious to me, which happens to be more precious to me than money or any amount of publicity.

"Fame has robbed me of my confidence in my fellow men and women. It has robbed me of my old friends and prevented me from making new ones. It has robbed me of my right to harmless adventures, experiences, flirtations, if you will, and the general fun which should be a part of every man's earlier life.

"Fame has robbed me of my freedom and shut me up in prison and, because the prison walls are gilded, and the key that locks me in is gold, it isn't any less monotonous. I don't mean to be ungrateful, for I do send up praise that I've made more or less of a success in pictures, and do appreciate the plaudits of my admirers."

"But surely," I said, "surely there are compensations?"

"Yes, there is one decided compensation," Ronnie said, "and that is my work; I love the work, itself. But it is not of my work that I am speaking, now. It is of the smoke-screen that surrounds my work.

"There are no returns for me because I happen to be the unfortunate and no doubt stupid sort of person who does not care for the returns fame brings. They are not valuable to me. I don't want them. If you give a man a rare and costly gift and he has no use for it, then no matter how rare and costly the gift may be, it is not precious to him.

"There are only two gifts to be had from fame, (*Continued on page 96*)

"Fame has taken my life away," says Colman. "I love my work and I'm not complaining on that score, but . . ."



It's more wonderful than reality! Read about the miracles of Hollywood's



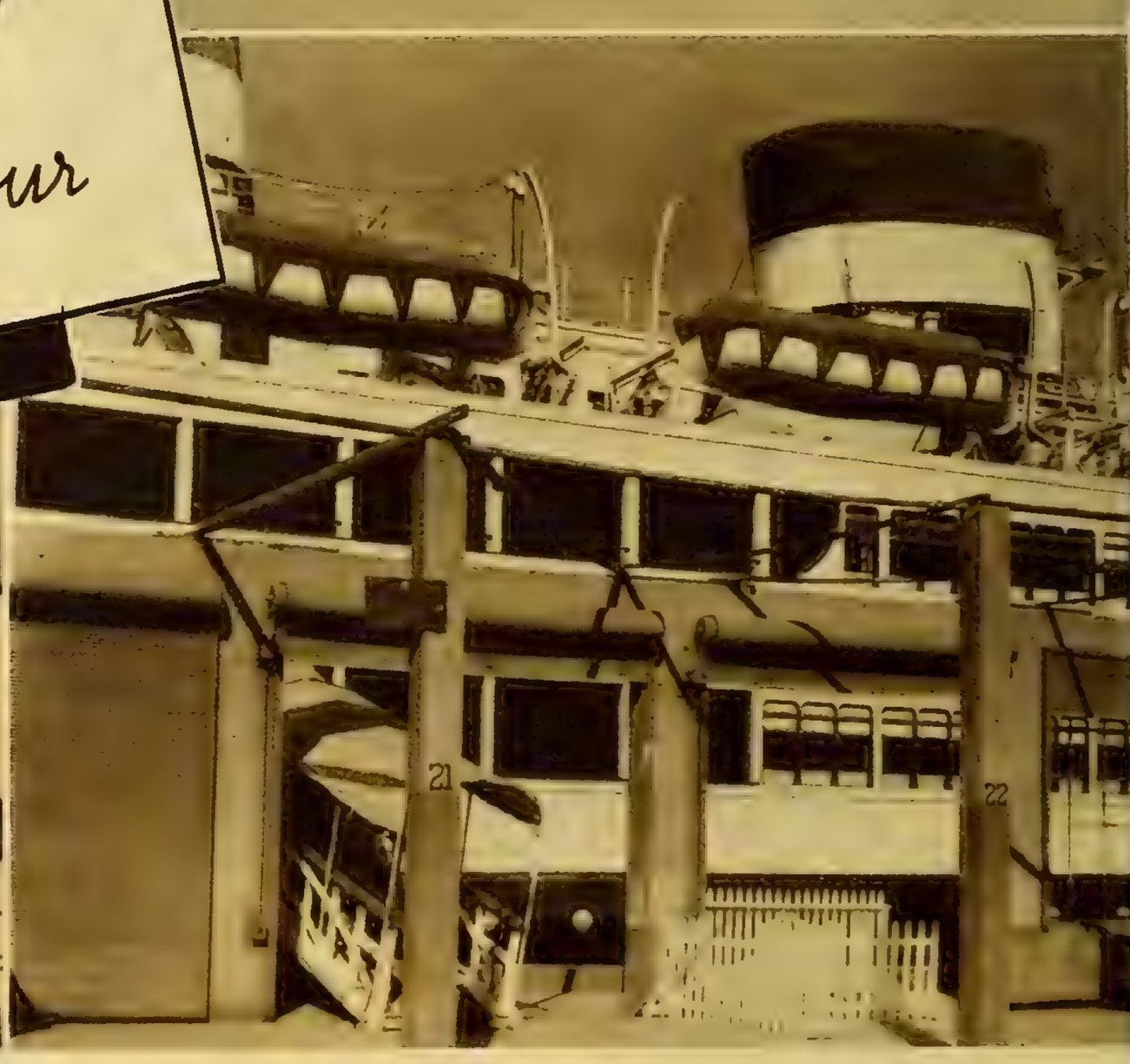


They're movie sets, every one of 'em! (Above, left) A section of lower London, and, right, part of a foreign village. (Below, left and right) An exact replica of a huge ocean liner built on top of a studio roof.

None of this is real

By Cyril Vandour





JUST as "all that glitters is not gold," so in pictures all that seems to be is not. The scenes you see, the sounds you hear, are, as often as not, achieved through trick devices handled skillfully by a group of technicians, who play a major part in the perfect production of a picture, yet who do not receive even an iota of the appreciation that is their due.

No fan or scribe ever sings the technician's praises. When the reviewers hand out their bouquets of choice adjectives, they never remember him, although he is the guy who transfers the bright ideas of writers and directors to the screen. The limitations of mortal man do not exist for him. He can pull from his bag of tricks almost anything you can name.

Take "One Night of Love," for instance. It has been lauded as one of the screen's finest musicals and is the

craftsmen, who verily bring the wonders of the world into your theatre



(Above) A New York street, complete to street cars, tracks and elevated railroad. Wouldn't you swear it was the real thing? (Below) A village square, monument and all, in a New England town. It was used in Will Rogers' "Dr. Bull."



(Above) A Chinese waterfront locale. (Below) A street in a Bavarian village. All of these pictures are of sets to be found in Fox Movietone City. The Bavarian set was used in "Music in the Air," with Swanson and Boles.





personal triumph of that fascinating lyric butterfly, Grace Moore. The gentlemen who really put her over this time were the technicians in the sound department of the studio. They invented a new method of recording her voice, which they call the "hill-and-dale."

John P. Livadari, Columbia sound director, showed me under the microscope the difference between this new type of record and the old or ordinary type. His explanation of the obtruse scientific principles involved in the "hill-and-dale" was just so much fee-fo-fum to me, so I'll be satisfied by saying that it's a knockout. It enabled the studio to reproduce Miss Moore's warbling on the screen in all its marvelous range, which the usual type of recording could not do, and meanwhile saved her an endless amount of singing and temperamental fits.

This being the age of all-round (*Continued on page 81*)

Lines to a Little Lady

Shirley opens her daily mail-bag for you to read

by Robert Eichberg

JUST like Garbo, West, Bennett, Crawford and the other glamorous girls of the screen, Shirley Temple gets fan mail. But what can a person write to an actress who has not yet reached the advanced age of six years?

Having seen the hotcha letters some of the more mature ladies and gentlemen of the screen received, I wondered, as you doubtless do, too. So I managed to get a few hundred letters out of her file. Why don't you peep over my shoulder while we peruse some of the best? Shirley's letters are very nearly as cute as she is, and many of them are written by boys and girls only a few years older than "Little Miss Marker," herself.

"I'm mad at you," writes an eight-year-old girl from Detroit. "My Daddy and Mother took me to see you in 'Little Miss Marker' and they laughed very hard when you said 'Aw, nuts!' But when I said it to the minister at Sunday dinner, I got sent away from the table. Tell me, Shirley, how do you get away with it?"

Hmmmm! Pretty soon the reformers will be telling us she's a bad influence. Well, if they do, we'll just show them this next letter:

"You never heard of me and you won't give a damn, but I felt I just had to write to you. You see, I'm a two-time loser—just got out of the ——— State Pen after a five-year stretch. My first night out I went to see a movie and one of the pictures was 'Baby Take a Bow.' I knew it was hokum all the time I was looking at it, but Kid, you got to me. There I saw a guy like me, fresh out of the can, but his girl waited for him while he was away and mine didn't. I guess if she had, and we'd had a kid like you, I wouldn't have gone back the second time. Anyway, Kid, this can't be such a tough world as long as there is people like you in it, and maybe I will get a job, although things are tough.

I JUST wanted to tell you you taught me a guy can go straight if he has got a reason for it, and you are going to be my reason from now on. I am going to see every one of your pictures just like you were my little girl, and if you don't mind, I'm going to write to you every now and then to tell you how I'm making out. I'll be ashamed to write if I flop again, so I got a good reason for staying clean. If you do not hear from me again, you'll know I am just a lousy rat that will never be any good. But don't worry, Kid, I'll make out okay and sometime when you get big enough, you might write me a letter to tell me I'm doing pretty good, if it is not asking too much. I'll make you proud of me yet."

Doggone it, I'm sorry for that boy. Here's luck to him; he's got the right stuff.

From Utah comes a letter written by a woman who is not so modest in her requests. "Will you send me," she asks, "a small lock of your hair, to wear in a locket? Of course, if you can spare more, I would be very glad to get it, because my friends would die of envy if I could be wearing a whole bracelet made of Shirley Temple's hair. I know you will do this, because your hair will soon grow again if you cut it, and it would mean so much to me. By the way, if you have a lot of it cut off, please send it all to me, as I could make a lot of money selling rings and bracelets made of your hair to lots of my friends."

Quite a number of people have fallen in love with the famed Temple ringlets, and if she complied with all request for bits of her curls, the little lady would be kept as bald as an egg.

(*Continued on page 74*)



Miss Temple plays "lady" in "Bright Eyes." This opus will redouble her fan mail applause.

Virginia Bruce

What a charming "Jenny Lind" Virginia makes. Do you wonder that both Wally Beery and Adolphe Menjou fall in love with her in "The Mighty Barnum"? It will be a treat to hear Miss Bruce sing, for she has a lovely voice. Of course, you witnessed her successful screen come-back in "Jane Eyre." Didn't she look ravingly beautiful in it? She's happy now, too. Perhaps it's because of John Gilbert's success in "Captain Hates the Sea." You see, she's still fond of her "ex."



Wuxtra! Fox has elevated this handsome gentleman to the star ranks and what's more he's got a "singing clause" in his contract. With so many musicals lined up and his work in "Music in the Air" and "White Parade" so good, the Crosbys had better watch out.

John Boles



Jean Harlow

Although the screen's most famous platinum hasn't made a picture since "The Girl from Missouri," she'll hie herself and make-up kit to the M-G-M lot any day now to start work in "Spoiled." Her personal life? Well, she and Bill Powell have been having the usual number of dates.



Adolphe Menjou

Adolphe Menjou did such a swell job as the theatrical man in Universal's "The Human Side" that 20th Century decided to cast him as Bailey Walsh in "The Mighty Barnum." Wally Beery is seen as the famous circus man and Menjou is his habitually drunk but very clever partner.



Claudette Colbert

The Claudette who made you rave in "It Happened One Night," and more recently in "Cleopatra," will thrill you once again in the picturization of Fannie Hurst's novel, "Imitation of Life," with Warren William, for Universal. Right now, she's on the Paramount lot, making "The Gilded Lily."

MOVIES TO DELIGHT YOU!
MOVIES TO THRILL YOU!

A: The Painted Veil
(M-G-M)

This is the story of a family's Ugly Duckling or Wallflower, whichever you prefer, who thought she knew what she wanted. And, as that famous philosopher, Mr. Emerson, so sagely pointed out to all of us, "Be careful what you want, you'll get it." Thus Garbo, in her latest dramatic hit, finds that roses turn to ashes when they're clasped too closely.

The story is unreeled before a colorful background, moving from an Austrian town to a sophisticated Chinese colony and thence to the disease-ridden cholera country, where the heroine is given ample opportunity to deplore her folly and redeem herself.

Herbert Marshall plays the man she married for convenience in a restrained and noteworthy manner. George Brent enacts the cad and, no offense, gives a thoroughly convincing performance. Garbo is quite superb and actually beautiful. Never has she looked so devastating. The picture boasts a temple dance sequence which is literally gorgeous. Yes, "The Painted Veil" presents the first lady of the screen in all that is first class in fine film entertainment.

A: Romance in Manhattan
(RKO-Radio)

You've been waiting for "Romance in Manhattan." Probably you won't realize it until you've seen this picture which is composed of everything scheduled to make for first-rate entertainment. There are laughter and tears, sentiment and sadness, good acting and the colorful setting which is little old New York. True, a lot of the scenes of the big town are stock and process shots, but that is not going to interfere with your enjoyment of the film one bit.

Francis Lederer, as attractive as he is sincere, is an immigrant boy imbued with the desire to make his living in America. Ginger Rogers plays a hard-working chorine interested only in caring for her young brother, Jimmy Butler. Fate throws them together and their road is a hard one, for there is always the villain just around the corner. Then, when all seems lost, their problem is solved by Farrell MacDonald in the funniest police station sequence you've ever witnessed. The audience fairly shrieks their appreciative laughter. We won't go into the details, because we don't want to spoil it for you. But don't come complaining if you miss this picture. You've been warned.

B: Flirtation Walk
(Warners)

Here is a delightful cinema concoction featuring Ruby Keeler, West Point and Dick Powell—not, of course, named in order of their importance. And if you like uniforms and parades, you're going to have a field day, the broad greens of the U. S. Military Academy serving as the field.

The story deals with the sentimental activities of the boy, the girl and the other boy, the lad who has already made the grade in the little lady's affections. Dick is not he—at first. But love laughs at locksmiths and First Lieutenants and a bumpy career at the Academy, and, in the end, triumphs.

There is a playlet within the picture that is not as amusing as it is intended to be, but there are two lilting tunes charmingly rendered by young Powell, who actually turns in a performance in this film and may no longer be disposed of as a song-and-dance man. Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and John Eldridge all give nice accounts of themselves, and Ruby Keeler, looking sweet and pretty, at least deserves "A" for effort.

B: Evelyn Prentice
(M-G-M)

It leaked out (and we wonder whose fault *that* was) that "Evelyn Prentice" was to be as gay and light and grand as "The Thin Man" and that Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man (Myrna Loy and William Powell to you) had duplicated their unusual performances of "Thin Man" memory. Well, 'tain't so, chillun, 'tain't so. "Evelyn Prentice" is a good, workmanlike, convincing picture and honesty compels us to put the period right there. Loy and Powell give good, workmanlike, convincing performances. Una Merkel, too, and Little Cora Sue Collins. Even Isabel Jewell in a drab and tearful rôle deserves a pat on the back.

A blackmailing gigolo is murdered and Isabel takes the rap, while Myrna stews around for some weeks, getting up her courage to confess that she fired the shot. But there were two shots, you see, which fact comes out in one of those good old hokum court sequences,

Reviews



(Above) Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter in a romantic close-up from "Broadway Bill."



(Above) Keeler and Powell in "Flirtation Walk." (Below) Walter Byron and Janet Beecher in "The President Vanishes."



A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Regina Cannon



(Above) Herbert Marshall dines with the great Garbo: a shot from "The Painted Veil."



(Above) Lederer and Rogers in "Romance in Manhattan." (Below) Powell, Cora Sue Collins and Loy in "Evelyn Prentice."



with Powell berating the jury in his best style. We're not complaining —and neither will you, because you'll get enough thrills, laughs and tears out of it. But don't come around comparing it with "The Thin—" well, maybe we better not mention that again.

A: Broadway Bill

(Columbia)

Swellegant! Pardon the burst of enthusiasm but we happen to be horse lovers, qnd we'll bet the grand sweepstakes that you'll feel the same way after seeing this picture. In "Broadway Bill" there are the best shots of horses and horse racing this side of an English print. As if that were not enough, Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and an excellent cast contribute to make a picture that is refreshingly different.

Walter Connolly, as J. L. Higgins of Higginsville, is grand. Surrounded by adoring daughters, fawning sons-in-law and the admiring townspeople, he rules the roost. But his little kingdom is abruptly upset when his eldest daughter's husband, Warner Baxter, leaves the security of Higginsville and the paper-box factory for his two loves, horses and freedom, and his youngest daughter, Myrna Loy, follows him. The climax comes when even J. L. can't stand the stuffiness of Higginsville and succumbs to the race-track fever.

Plenty of thrills, suspense and good laughs in this one!

C: College Rhythm

(Paramount)

Well, boys and girls, if you like Joe Penner, you're set. This picture hits on all sixes when Mr. Penner and his pal, the duck, are on the screen. But when they're off, it's a pretty jumbled, straining-at-comedy affair.

The love story is taken care of by Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Mary Brian. Mary, one of filmdom's fairest and most capable, wears a blonde wig. Your guess is as good as ours as to why, except perhaps because Helen Mack is a brunette. Anyway, it tends to blot Miss Brian out a bit.

Oakie plays the braggadocio in a mugging manner and just why he wins the girl has the Great Chinatown Trunk Mystery backed off the boards. Mr. Ross is rather colorless and Helen Mack is wasted in the rôle she plays.

There are a couple of catchy songs in the picture and a few intricate dance routines. But that is not enough.

A: The President Vanishes

(Paramount)

It looks as if Walter Wagner's first independent production is due to be one of the important pictures of the year. Though its theme is as fanciful as it is daring, the film emerges from the studio a realistic and thoroughly believable story.

True, this may be difficult for you to countenance until you see the President of the United States vanish from view, as a political group looks for him, seriously hoping their search will be in vain. Meanwhile a credulous public, loaded with propaganda, has unwittingly been instrumental in making matters difficult for the man who would give them peace and freedom.

The picture is replete with suspense, thrills and good characterizations. It has its lighter moments, too, and a human, homey touch difficult to discover in a story encompassing so serious a theme. Arthur Byron plays the rôle of the President, and Paul Kelly, Andy Devine, Peggy Conklin and Janet Beecher are members of the supporting cast. All give excellent accounts of themselves.

A: Sequoia

(M-G-M)

Warning! Warning! All adults, all children! Don't miss "Sequoia!" Here is Nature's age-old struggle for existence presented in a colorful and compelling manner. For sheer beauty and exquisite photography, it stands alone. The human angle, subjugated to the exciting adventures of Gato, the Puma, and Malibou, the Fawn, left motherless at birth, is stodgy and of secondary importance. The amusing antics and loyalty of these two natural enemies holds your interest every foot of the way. Its genuine humaneness, pathos, and thrills exhaust superlatives. Jean Parker both looks and handles her rôle well, but little Harry Lowe, with naive unawareness of danger in a rattlesnake sequence, steals top acting honors. The rest of the cast includes Russell Hardie, Paul Hurst and Ben Hall. This is a "must" for old and young alike.

B: A Wicked Woman

(M-G-M)

Mady Christians, who is new to American moviegoers and a particularly bright star, makes her cinematic (*Continued on page 103*)

Dresses You Could Really Wear



Isn't this a grand business dress of Anita Louise's? Navy wool with amusing churchly vest in white.

"Flirtation Walk"—I've named this after Ruby's new picture because it will catch all eyes! Navy crepe with silver stitching on white.

You could wear a metallic trimmed green crepe dress like this one of Margaret Lindsay's all day and for a dinner date, too.

A WELL-KNOWN Hollywood designer said recently that he designed *real* clothes for his stars because they are *real* people. He does not believe that screen clothes should be designed solely to appear glamorous but should be created so that you, who see them on the screen, would feel that they are in good taste—the type of costume you would care to copy, to wear.

This seems to be a general feeling among Hollywood designers today. Your increasing interest in the costumes you see on the screen has convinced them that they have to create styles that can be used as a guide to a star's public as well as a foil for her individual type. In other words, you have educated Hollywood to be less glamorous and more practical about fashions. Are you surprised to have accomplished this unwittingly?

This trend toward more wearable screen costumes has not hampered, in any way, the originality in detail which has characterized Hollywood designing for so long. I think it has made designers even more conscious of them to offset the simpler lines of the clothes.

The result of all this you-looking-at-Hollywood and Hollywood-looking-back-at-you, is screen clothes that you can picture yourself wearing. Clothes that are of star importance in their smartness but of everyday usefulness to you.

Orry-Kelly, who has created stunning clothes for such glittering ladies as Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Lor-

Daytime, dinner, dancing! Screen designers keep you in mind by tempering glamor with practicality

by Adelia Bird

May we introduce our new fashion editor? She comes to us with a wealth of experience from the fashion world—experience which she wants to use in helping you solve your wardrobe problems. Address questions to her in care of this magazine. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



Anita adds a matching short jacket to a simple evening gown and has a perfect outfit for five 'til midnight



You have to know your type to scramble sports details with evening formality as cleverly as Margaret does here.



The smartest sleeves begin at your waist—Ann Dvorak shows you. Black cellophane cloth with bright red velvet.

etta Young and those pictured above, has contributed a group of costumes this month that prove the fact that Hollywood is turning out costumes that you can really wear. He has to design all of his stars' clothes with an eye to the dramatic but with a definite leaning toward the wearable. You see, his clothes are copied and sold to stores all over the country. He can't have flights of fancy, or be carried away by a star's ability to wear bizarre things—he has to be both creative and down-to-earth. It's a large order which he carries out skillfully.

Look at the clothes on these three pages and I shall tell you why I like them and why I think that you could wear them with becomingness equal to that of the star for whom they were created.

In the first place, the fabrics are beautiful. They have texture interest; that is, the weave is unusual in several. The surfaces have character. If these gowns had no trimming or outstanding details you would notice them because the fabric creates an individuality for each. All good design starts with the fabric—the details come after. There's the trim daytime dress Margaret Lindsay wears, for instance. The crepe is rough but dull, so striped metal cloth is used for shining contrast on cuffs, neckline and buttons.

Three dinner dresses are distinguished by new and exciting materials. Anita Louise wears a double-duty affair in which the lack of trimming gives the fabric a starring part. The crepe is heavily ribbed in a wavy



You could shut your eyes and pick any one of this evening trio—they are all so charming. At left, Margaret Lindsay wears the classic formal gown in black crepe. She has a metal tunic that she wears over this for cocktail and dinner dates—clever ideal. Center, Margaret again—in white crepe with silk fringe adding the trimming touches. And right, Anita Louise looking utterly bewitching in taffeta. Cording gives ripple to the collar and great flare to the bell-shaped skirt.

effect. Margaret Lindsay's white dress is ribbed, too, but in a diagonal pattern—it's a silk crepe striped with chenille, plaid velvet used for contrast. One of the most thrilling fabric discoveries of the season is the use of cellophane woven with cloth. Ann Dvorak has chosen one of these cellophane fabrics for a dramatic gown for informal evening affairs. The cellophane imparts a metallic glitter to it, red velvet makes a brilliant splash of color as accent.

Taffeta has rustled its way into the smartest fashions again this winter. It is especially glamorous when used for the period type of frock, suggesting as it does, the era when great ladies waltzed slowly and skirts billowed and swished about their ankles. Youthful, yet sophisticated, is Anita Louise's version of the taffeta gown shown here.

After the fabric, the next big thought is the line of the dress. Each of these dresses was designed with simplicity and grace in mind. The small girl can wear them as well as the tall one. The "hippy" or hipless will not find that they exaggerate any figure discrepancy. The daytime group is youthful, designed to flatter the slender, girlish figures of Ruby, Margaret and Anita Louise. They are grand for all you young things who need a dress you can wear to classes or to work and yet could go right on to an informal date without a thought that you might not look right.

With the exception of Margaret Lindsay's very formal black evening gown, the other gowns are of the semi-formal type. Each with some little dodge that makes them perfect for the hours from five on 'til midnight. Every girl who leads a busy life socially, in school or in business, needs one dress of this kind. Now that small evening hats are considered dashing and smart, you can top a dinner gown with one and look correct for dining or dancing when your partner does not dress.

SO many girls have asked me what coat they should wear with a dinner gown of this type. It is a problem we all have. Unless you go hatless to a real evening party, you can't wear an evening wrap. If you are going to wear a small formal hat, then you have to wear a coat that fits into the general picture. I suggest a simple coat in a rich material such as velvet, broadcloth, velveteen or some of the other more formal materials. It should be either three-quarter length or full length because the regular daytime length looks very awkward with a long skirt. A short wrap or cape is the other alternative. If you own one of those cute fur capes or capelets, and it isn't too cold, that's another suggestion.

And last, the trimming details of these nine dresses are tricky but not fussy, just enough newness in each to mix dash with taste. There's a white clergyman's vestee for one, oddly square buttons and cunningly stitched fabric insets for another. *(Continued on page 80)*

HIDDEN SKIN TINTS IN THIS POWDER

do things for your skin



How Science discovered New Powder Shades
An optical machine, which reads the skin, color-analyzed the complexions of over 200 girls. Then it was discovered that the clear, pearly blonde skin held a tint of *bright blue*—the brunette had a note of *brilliant green*. These same beautifying tints, hidden in human skin, Pond's blends invisibly into their new powder shades.

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You need not be content with powder that merely covers face shine. Now you can get glamorous new powder shades which actually do things for your skin.

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These new shades contain the actual skin tints found in beautiful complexions.

These hidden tints cannot be seen in the powder any more than in the skin. But they are there. Ready to glorify your skin.

Use this powder only *once* and those you know—you love—will compliment your new sparkling loveliness.

These glamorous shades are blended *scientifically* by Pond's. Read the amazing story of their discovery.

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Among these six new shades is just the one you have been looking for.

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P-5

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Modern Screen Patterns









612

612—(Above, right) Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily" wears this smart shirtwaist dress in wool crepe. Boyish collar and cuffs. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

608—(Center) Claudette Colbert again in trim three-piece black wool suit. Tucked organdy for blouse and bow. Jacket slightly fitted. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

599—(Left, below) Peggy Shannon in lovely printed satin tunic frock for semi-formal wear. Square neckline and box-pleated trim are smart. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.





599

608

Instructions for ordering patterns and Pattern Book on page 110.

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Modern Screen Dramatic School



EVERY dramatic school prevails upon master minds of the theatre to talk occasionally to the students. So MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School has its guest teachers, too. And how wonderful it is for all you boys and girls, men and women who are interested in perfecting yourselves in dramatic art to have the greatest directors in Hollywood available to you. For on these pages you receive the most valuable sort of instruction—theoretical as well as practical advice.

This month I've persuaded "Woody" Van Dyke to talk to you and I'm so pleased with what Director Van Dyke, our guest teacher, and Joan Crawford on the "Forsaking All Others" set.

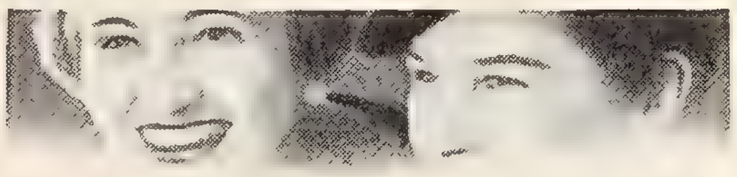
Patience—first precept to success

Here is a message from Katherine Albert, the director of Modern Screen's Dramatic School. She says: Write me and ask me how to go about forming a dramatic club. But don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope. In fact, write me about any of your personal theatrical problems. The more, the merrier. Address your letters care of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Don't forget the return envelope, stamped!

he has to say that I want to hurry along this introduction. You all know his work. He is considered one of Hollywood's greatest directors. His list of hit pictures would reach around the globe. "The Thin Man" is his greatest triumph. It was he who guided the destinies of the "Trader Horn" company in Africa. And recently he directed Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and the rest of the brilliant cast in "Forsaking All Others." In other words, that boy Van Dyke knows his stuff. And here is his personal message to *you*. You'll find his (*Continued on page 112*)



"RELIEVED IN 3 DAYS!"
South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Opal Haymaker says: "I had constipation. This XR Yeast relieved me *in 3 days!*"



"IT'S WONDERFUL!" . . . Peggy Pool, Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion. Headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!



3 Millions already eating new "XR" Yeast...!

"ACTED IN 72 HOURS!"
Norwood, Pa. David Evans says: "I developed indigestion. This XR Yeast acted in 72 hours."



"NEVER BELIEVED IN LAXATIVES"
Waltham, Mass. Mrs. W. R. Hickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion in *just a few days!* Headaches left."



"INDIGESTION STOPPED FAST!"
Elizabeth, N. J. Brewster S. Beach writes: "I tried yeast—the XR kind. My indigestion soon disappeared."



"PIMPLES LEFT IN A HURRY!"
Chicago, Ill. Miss Florence Ryan writes: "Blotches all over my face! In a short time after starting XR Yeast, my pimples weren't noticeable!"



"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS"
Cable, Wis. Margueritte Bro, a writer, says: "I lost appetite, felt drowsy, miserable. Tried laxatives. Finally, I tried XR Yeast. *Have only praise for it!*"

DOCTORS—CLINICS are enthusiastic about XR Yeast, report: "Quicker than any yeast before!" The noted clinic head, Dr. H. Stevenin (above), says "XR Yeast gives unbelievably quicker results."

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Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles:—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy—feel much better.

In addition, it supplies Vitamin A *that combats colds!* And it's very rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . *four* vitamins you need to be healthy!

Eat 3 cakes daily. Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain—now!

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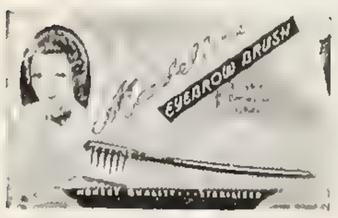
BLACK AND BROWN



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First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

Good News

(*Continued from page 17*)

Little Shirley Temple has to stay home for the holidays. No more Santa Claus-seeing nor shopping for the Fox starlet, which proves that being a famous child actress has its drawbacks.

Shirley's Ma heard her suddenly scream while going through a big department store last week. She looked down at her child, just in time to see a female souvenir-seeker clip off one of the youngster's curls. Truly, there *are* such people in the world.

■ ■ ■

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall are enjoying life at Palm Springs between pictures. Suddenly La Swanson discovered that the gentleman dwelling in the next bungalow to hers was none other than the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, one of her former husbands.

However, at the time of discovery, Hank had spotted Garbo striding down a desert road and ran to have a look. Meanwhile, Greta, sensing that she was being watched, took off like an airplane, a gazelle, or whatever else "takes off."

Oh, we tell you, there's nothing like life among the cactus, especially if the plant grows on the edge of the Colorado Desert.

■ ■ ■

Donald Duck, out at the Disney Studios, threatens to give even Mickey Mouse a run for his money. On calling the studio for news of him, the operator flipped back, "About Donald Duck? Would you care to speak to him?"

But, alas, Don proved to be too busy. However, we learned that he is now playing small roles in Mickey's pictures, but if he shows promise, he's to be promoted to the high estate of featured player.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood is noted for its rackets, but here's one that's new and different and explains why the stars change their telephone numbers every month. A star's number is never printed in the phone book. (One of the rare exceptions is Wally Beery's.) But it is available to the studio workers. And some bright lad—an office boy who'll probably be the next captain of industry—conceived the idea of selling telephone numbers to the fans.

The fee is modest. Twenty-five cents a number. The fan who has paid the two bits can then have the thrill of hearing his favorite star's voice saying "Hello." The best time to get the star (and not the maid) on the phone is about three A.M. Well, if it's a busy week for the office boy, it's a bad week for the stars. And now you know why they guard their numbers as Marlene Dietrich guards her eyelashes.

■ ■ ■

Von Sternberg—and don't tell me you don't know Von Sternberg—is directing his

(*Continued on page 66*)



Ginger Rogers' bridesmaids, Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor, pose with Ma Rogers. Doesn't she look every bit as youthful as the gals on her left and right?

A leading American Dermatologist says:

"Their Skin is years younger than their Age"





MRS. PAUL REVERE III
of Boston and Cohasset, Massachusetts

• "Not a hint of sallowness. Skin supple—firm. Appears a full ten years younger than her age"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• Mrs. Paul Revere III, speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, says: "It smooths away little lines around my eyes—keeps my skin soft."

MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

• "No blemishes. No lines. Her skin has the fresh radiance of the early teens"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• Mrs. Forbes says: "Pond's Cold Cream frees my skin of blackheads, coarse pores, blemishes."

You, too, can keep your skin flawless . . . Young

BEAUTIFUL SKIN depends very little upon your age. Haven't you seen women of 40 with skin as fresh and blooming as that of girls in their teens?

Skin youth—skin beauty—is determined by conditions within the skin itself, dermatologists say.

An active circulation—vigorously functioning oil glands—firm, full tissue and elastic muscles—these make your skin look young, though your actual age may be sixteen or sixty.

These youthful conditions are often subject to the care you give your skin. Dermatologists' examinations prove this astounding fact—that women who use Pond's Cold Cream really keep their skin years younger than their age.

There is a scientific reason for this amazing power of Pond's Cold Cream to keep skin free from blemishes—enchantingly fresh and young.

This luxurious cream is rich in specially processed oils. It is exactly what the skin needs for deep-down cleansing. To revive depleted tissue. Its use stimulates flaccid muscles. And—most important—it recharges glands and cells.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always pat it in every morning—before you make up during the day.

Lines . . . Pores . . . Blackheads . . . disappear

As you use this oil-rich cream, you'll see your skin grow younger—lovelier. You can actually watch lines and crepiness fade. Blackheads, coarse pores disappear. Even drooping contours firm. While to your skin will come that fresh bloom—that silken texture—which invariably distinguish the flawless skin of the women who use Pond's Cold Cream. This same allure—a glorious gardenia skin—can be yours through the years.

Start *now* to use Pond's Cold Cream regularly. This coupon will bring you a generous gift package.

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM contains the same effective ingredients. It melts instantly on the skin. Cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults. Delightfully prepares for powder.

Send for generous 3 DAYS' TEST

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B-50, Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name _____

Street _____

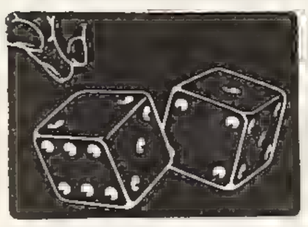
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

Do you tire easily ?



✓ no appetite
✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ sleepless
✓ pale



then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S.

the world's great blood medicine



Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

(*Continued from page 64*)

last picture with Marlene Dietrich. You might think that, since he is leaving Paramount, he would be all sweetness and light and have only kind words for everyone—a sort of final softening. But no! Von is carrying on just as he always has—telling Dietrich in a torrent of German just what to do and how to do it. Marlene doesn't answer back. But Joel McCrea, who was to have been her leading man, does. He's just upped and walked out of the picture because he doesn't like Von's directorial tactics.

■ ■ ■

They were filming a big musical show. Gorgeous girls in those costumes—a piece of lace here and an ostrich feather there—were lolling about the set. The electricians, prop boys and assistants were paying them about as much attention as they'd pay just that many sacks of flour. Turning his back on the most luscious blonde of all, one electrician said to another, "Boy, you oughta of seen what I saw last night. I went down to the burlesque show on Main Street and was it hot! What dames! What dames!"

■ ■ ■

For one solid year Joan Crawford has been conferring with carpenters, interior decorators, drapers, etc., and at last the remodeling of her house is completed. It is beautiful and completely efficient. Joan wanders around in it, an Alice in Wonderland, happy amidst all that beauty.

■ ■ ■

It was during the making of "The Painted Veil." Director Boleslavski decided that he would like Garbo to hum a song while she rocked a baby to sleep. Greta refused point blank. "Boley" pleaded and begged, even got down on his knees and at last threatened to walk off the picture. After a long silence, Garbo finally gave in.

"Aw right," she said, "I'll do it." Lights were on, the camera started grinding. Greta began to rock the baby. Then in a deep, unemotional voice, she started humming "Lazy Bones!"

■ ■ ■

Here's another one on that same famous Hollywood producer. This actually happened on the golf course of the Hillcrest Country Club. Together with some friends, the producer had just finished playing eighteen holes. "Let's stop in at the club house," he said, "and have some tea and *trumpets.*"

■ ■ ■

Things the innocent public never knows about: Pauline Lord, who hasn't yet gotten over the jitters of making her first movie, was prevailed upon to do a radio scene from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She rehearsed all morning with Kent Taylor, fighting to remain calm. Just as they were ready to go on the air, someone discovered that the studio didn't have the radio rights to the picture. Everything was called off and now Paramount executives are making a detour every time they have to pass Pauline's dressing-room door.

■ ■ ■

When "The Affairs of Cellini" was shown in Hollywood, Louis Calhern, a member of the cast, made a speech to the first night audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I want to thank, for their kindness, Mr. Frank Morgan, Miss Fay Wray, Mr. Fredric March—and that's all."

Miss Constance Bennett starred in the picture. Remember?

■ ■ ■

The wives of famous stars have their busy moments, too, believe it or not. And those moments somehow or other occur in the kitchen. There is Mrs. Carl Brisson, for instance, who throws together a mean meal. (See page 10.) In fact, it's so delicious that one hungry young actor appeared at the Brisson home for dinner one evening and stayed a month.

Mrs. Gable's forte is preserving pickles, of all things, and so adept is she at this little trick that all her friends receive handsomely labelled bottles of 'em as gifts at the end of the canning season.

■ ■ ■

This is the way things happen in Hollywood. Ross Alexander of the New York stage had been under contract to Paramount and Metro, and had never worked a day. Finally, Warners signed him, but let him out before his first picture was shown. When the audience saw "Flirtation Walk," they simply went wild over him. Result: Ross has a new contract at twice the salary he would have signed for, before the preview.

■ ■ ■

When Francis Lederer was a struggling actor in Czecho-Slovakia, he occasionally saw a movie. On one of these rare visits, he viewed a picture featuring Eddie Quillan. Just recently Francis met the lad, long out of work, on Hollywood Boulevard. And so, Mr. Lederer has asked that his one-time idol be cast in his new picture. Nice?

■ ■ ■

Robert Montgomery was about to go into a comedy scene in "Forsaking All Others." Around his body was draped a woman's negligée, used as a gag in the picture.

"I'm glad my little daughter is too young to understand," sighed Bob, as he gathered up his skirts and approached the camera.

■ ■ ■

The Freddie Marches are taking great pride in their new Beverly Hills home. The surrounding gardens are filled with rare plants and flowers. However, right in the center of the plot, there's a solid square of bare ground.

"What are you going to plant there?" we asked.

"Vegetables," answered Freddie nonchalantly, as he stopped to pick an orchid.

■ ■ ■

Not long ago, Joan Crawford was shopping in Westwood Village. A new saleslady came blushingly toward her.

"Pardon me, Miss Crawford," she said, "but I have a customer who wants to buy a gift for a fifth wedding anniversary. Could you tell me what it is?"

Without hesitation, Joan, who has a memory like an elephant, replied, "For anything over six months, they deserve *platinum.*"

■ ■ ■

Jean Muir tells one of the nicest stories of the year on Flo Ziegfeld. Several years ago she approached the famous impressario to apply for a job.

"Please, Mr. Ziegfeld," said Jean, "could

(*Continued on page 68*)

$10,000.00 IN PRIZES WILL BE OFFERED FREE



FIRST PRIZE
NEW 1935 PLYMOUTH
Wouldn't you be thrilled if you won this new 1935 coach? (Value in cash, if you prefer.) You may win—it's easy. Delivered fully paid to your door.
NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

SECOND PRIZE
G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR. Your chance is as good as anyone's to win this beautiful, latest model family size, G. E. Refrigerator. (Value in cash if you prefer.)
NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

THIRD PRIZE
COLSON BICYCLE
Boy's or girl's, man's or lady's model—your choice. Fully equipped, with coaster brake, etc., etc. (Value in cash if you prefer.)
NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES will be offered FREE

"JUST COUNT DOTS ON SHOE AND GIVE ONE OF BEST ANSWERS TO QUESTION WHAT IS SO-LO?'"

TO WIN ONE OF PRIZES ILLUSTRATED HERE

HOW MANY DOTS? SEE CLUE BELOW



HOW TO WIN

PRIZES SHOWN HERE
Honest Judges — See Paragraph 4

Easy, different, new kind of thrilling contest! Nothing to buy or sell to win any of 3 big prizes. Read how easy:

1. Count number of DOTS on shoe pictured here. Write number on Blank. (See IMPORTANT CLUE above the coupon.)
2. Answer Question: "What Is So-Lo?" Write answer in 25 words or less on separate piece of paper. Any answer about the economy feature, convenience, etc., of So-Lo, in your own words, may win — like: "World's lowest priced shoe repair," or "It's economical — just spread on like butter." (Note: Do not send the above answers—they are only examples.) Bad spelling won't count against you. Write in pencil, if you wish.
3. Prizes will be awarded primarily on the basis of the nearest correct number of dots; secondarily on the best answers (for advertising purposes) to the question, "What Is So-Lo." In event of ties for any prize, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.
4. Entries will be judged by impartial committee: Miss Mary Marshall, Home Economics Editor, Tower Magazines; Miss Marjorie Deen, Home Economics Editor, Modern Magazines; E. H. Brown, President, E. H. Brown Advertising Agency, Chicago. Judges' decisions will be final.
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, February 28, 1935. Prize winners will be notified shortly after close of contest.
6. So-Lo Works employees or their relatives not eligible to enter. Only 1 entry to a family.

This offer WILL NOT appear again. ACT NOW — *Mail Entry Coupon!*

EASY!
ANYBODY MAY WIN

YOU may be the one to receive a telegram announcing that you've won the 1935 Plymouth! Send in the Entry Blank now. No tricks, no "schemes," nothing to buy or sell, no other puzzles to solve, absolutely nothing else to do to win prizes shown here. Money to buy these 3 big prizes is deposited in biggest Cincinnati bank now. Your chance to win as good as anybody's. Hundreds of other big, valuable, surprize prizes will be offered FREE OF CHARGE. Entry blank brings all sensational details. Act now!

WHAT IS So-Lo?

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or Heel, 1c a repair! Spreads on half-soles as low as 8c a pair. *Easy—just dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread on sole like butter on bread.* Dries hard, tough, and smooth—waterproof, flexible, non-skid. Guaranteed to outwear ordinary leather or rubber. One kit can save as much as $6.00 to $25.00. Over 5,000,000 families now use So-Lo to fix cuts in tires, holes in auto tops, hot water bottles, and over 247 other uses.

See So-Lo at WOOLWORTH'S, KRESGE'S, KRESS', W. T. GRANT'S, NEISNER'S, McCRORY'S, MURPHY'S, McLELLAN'S, WALGREEN'S, SCOTT'S, BEN FRANKLIN, MONTGOMERY WARD'S, SEARS ROEBUCK'S, 5 AND 10c STORES, OR HARDWARE STORES.

"Also at Newberry's and Green's"

SO-LO WORKS

World's Largest Makers of Money-Savers

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Important CLUE
TO NUMBER OF DOTS ON SHOE

Look at **Patent Number** on the box of So-Lo at any of the stores listed below, or at 5 and 10c stores, or hardware stores. To get within 25 of the correct number of dots on shoe shown here, multiply the first three numbers of the patent number by three. IMPROVE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN: See So-Lo box at your neighborhood store today.

$200.00 CASH EXTRA!

Nothing to buy or sell to win prizes shown here, BUT if you send in part of So-Lo box showing PATENT NUMBER (or facsimile thereof) with your entry, you will receive $200.00 CASH EXTRA IN ADDITION to Plymouth Auto if you are declared winner of First Prize. Hurry—don't wait. Rush your entry today.

SEND NO MONEY··MAIL THIS TODAY

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

SO-LO WORKS, "RED" Appleton, Contest Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio.

☐ Check here if sending in part of So-Lo box.

Dear "Red":—

I want to win the FREE 1935 PLYMOUTH AUTOMOBILE, the G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, or the COLSON BICYCLE. Here is my entry:

There are.....dots on the So-Lo Shoe. My answer to the question "What Is So-Lo?" in 25 words or less is written on attached piece of paper.

NAME
(Print Plainly. Use pencil if you prefer)

ADDRESS

TOWN STATE.....M .



Alone *at first,*



popular *at last*

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

If you're lonely . . . as I used to be . . . if you long to have more dates, let Blue Waltz Perfume lead you to happiness, as it did me.

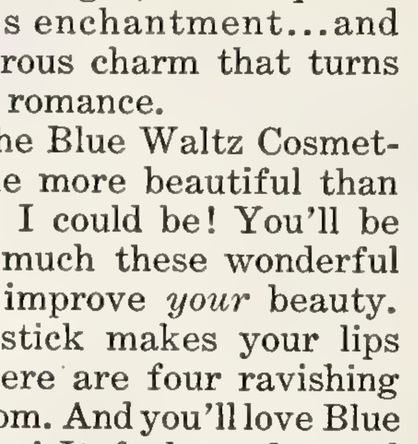
Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious... there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true ...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 66*)

you use me as a show girl in the Follies?"

Ziggy looked at her kindly. Then, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "I'm very sorry. You are a very beautiful white rose. I need orchids."

■ ■ ■

Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh were discussing a certain star on their lot, noted for her huge salary and dumb portrayals.

"But I hope you know she gets more fan mail than any other young actress in Hollywood," said Cagney.

"Yeah," cracked McHugh, "but you should read the names they call her."

■ ■ ■

We're wondering if that sterling actress, Alice Brady, is turning out to be an irresponsible one. 'Tother day the studio was frantically paging her for important scenes in Culver City, and a Woman's Club, which she was slated to address, were madly shouting for her from Los Angeles. Finally Alice's maid was reached on the phone. That worthy staunchly stuck to the story that her mistress was in bed nursing a severe headache.

■ ■ ■

Three long, loud British cheers for Harriett Parsons. Harriet is the young lady —and we mean young—who garners "Screen Snapshots" for Columbia. She writes the interesting running script and dialogue and goes on location to "take" the players scheduled to appear in it. One day Palm Springs, another Arrowhead, then Riverside. Wotta peppy existence! And little Miss Parsons makes *that* much money, she's going to build a home for herself, to be tagged "The House that Jack Built"—Columbia's "jack."

■ ■ ■

Maybe it's madness and maybe it's love and then again, maybe they're just good pals. But they're going places, all right. Nancy Carroll and Howard Hughes. The Clover Club, the Vendome and then out to charming El Mirador at Palm Springs, where Nancy played a little croquet while Mr. H. kept score.

Speaking of El Mirador—there is a spot! Right on the edge of the Colorado Desert, the stars, at this freezing moment, are splashing around in a huge pool of aquamarine water, playing tennis on green courts and horseback-riding along dirt roads as hard as asphalt. When MODERN SCREEN's scout visited there lately, a water fête was being held and Eleanor Holm surely executed some stunning backstroke swimming.

■ ■ ■

That dynamic director, Woody Van Dyke, who turns out such winners as "The Thin Man" in half the allotted time, having finished directing Joan Crawford, was called in for retakes on Garbo's "Painted Veil," which fact is probably the only grounds upon which an excuse could be offered for him continually addressing La Garbo as Miss Crawford.

Let it be said for the Swede that she never attempted to correct him—but merely smiled amusedly.

■ ■ ■

What a thrill Clark Gable gave a buxom, middle-aged housewife the other night!

It happened at the preview of one of Clark's pictures. When the lights flashed on, the enraptured female turned to her bored better-half, and gushed, "Oh, isn't Clark the most adorable thing!"

Upon which a voice to the right of her rang out with a "Thank you, Ma'am," followed by a flash of white teeth and a display of two devastating dimples.

Mrs. Hoozis is reported to have just come out of her ecstatic faint.

■ ■ ■

Victor Jory had just one week to rid himself of several pounds of avoirdupois before starting a picture. So he hied himself to Palm Springs, picked out a small out-of-the-way hotel, where he would be out of temptation, and began his rigid routine. His day consisted of a five-mile walk and dog trot, three sets of tennis, a three-hour horseback ride, filling in with

(*Continued on page 99*)



Mrs. Harry Lachman, Mrs. Irving Netcher (the hostess), Laura Hope Crews, and Jeanette MacDonald (still looking very Merry Widow-ish) smile for our Scotty.

TINTEX Brings Fashion's Colors to Wardrobe and Home Decorations



WHAT TINTEX DOES

TINTEX restores color to faded fabrics in a jiffy . . . keeps undies fresh and gay-looking . . . brings the season's smart colors to your wardrobe . . . makes your last year's apparel look like new . . . keeps curtains and drapes bright and fresh . . . keeps home decorations color-smart . . . gives professional results . . . is used without muss, fuss, or bother!

Faded Fabrics Become Gay and New Again!

THE new Paris colors can be yours in a jiffy . . . with easy Tintex. For the Tintex way is the shortest, simplest, surest road to color smartness. These magic tints and dyes are always at your command . . . ready to bring you up-to-the-minute in fashion.

Millions of smart women are finding a daily need for Tintex . . . giving fresh new color to their apparel and home decorations . . . and restoring original color to every faded fabric. Costs only a few pennies . . . saves many dollars. So easy, too. Simply "tint as you rinse". Perfect results—always. Select your favorite Tintex colors—*today*. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Tintex

The World's Largest Selling Tints & Dyes

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS





"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 532 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



MURIEL SCHWARTZ, Northumberland, Pa.; ERNA AYRES, San Francisco, Calif.; A. A. "CAB", Jeannette, Pa.; VERA CAPPER, East Liverpool, Ohio—Lew Ayres makes a timely subject for this department to inform about, seeing as how he is in the public eye more than ever as a result of his recent marriage to Ginger Rogers. This handsome young actor was born in Minneapolis, Minn., on December 28, 1908. He attended the Lake Harriett School in Minneapolis until the age of ten, then high school in San Diego, and upon graduation entered the University of Arizona to study medicine. He was torn between medicine and music as a career—the latter won and he found a place as a musician with various orchestras in the capacity of banjoist, guitarist and singer. He later joined Ray West's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. One afternoon, on his day off, he went tea dancing at the Roosevelt, danced with Lily Damita, was seen by an agent and signed up for a six months' contract with Pathé, where he made one picture. From there he went to M-G-M where he played with Garbo in "The Kiss" and from there to Universal where, as a result of his excellent work in "All Quiet on the Western Front," he was given a long term contract. He is 5 feet 11 in height, weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He was formerly married to Lola Lane. He is appearing currently in "Lottery Lover" for Fox, his contract studio.

GINGER, Evansville, Ind.—The names of the Wiggs children in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (and I don't blame you for asking, they were adorable) are as follows: Billy Wiggs, Jimmy Butler; Jimmy, George Breakstone; Australia, Edith Fellows; Asia, Carmencita Johnson; and Europena, Virginia Weidler. You'll be seeing more of them.

GERTRUDE HUNT, Winnipeg, Canada; CONNIE DEN, Lodi, N. J.; PAULINE GRACE CABLE, Steubenville, Ohio; FRANCES HUDSON, Nashville, Tenn.—So it's Clark Gable you want to know about? It's a pleasure. Born in Cadiz, Ohio on February 1, 1901 (which makes him just 33) he was christened William Clark Gable, but during his very normal youth was just plain "Bill." His mother died in his infancy and he was raised by his stepmother and grandparents. Educated in the Hopedale, Ohio, high school, he went to Akron where he became a timekeeper in a rubber factory until he caught the "theatre bug" and began playing extra parts on the stage. He then alternated between the theatre and odd jobs. In Portland, Ore., he met Josephine Dillon and married her in 1924. In 1927 he made his stage debut on Broadway which was followed by a series of other plays. It was in 1929 that Clark married again, this time to Ria Langham a lovely New York society woman. Two years later he made his first picture as the villain in "The Painted Desert" with William Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees. And this was only the beginning! You know the rest of the story of his rapid rise to fame and popularity. Clark is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair and is known as a regular fellow. He likes to watch polo games and football, and his athletic diversions are golf, hunting, swimming and tennis. He collects firearms, travelling is his favorite pastime and his latest interest is racehorses, of which he has several. He was born lazy and admits it, has a cleft in his chin, always walks as though he were about to break into a run and gets a tremendous kick out of living. After "Forsaking All Others" with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery, he will appear in a picture with Constance Bennett tentatively entitled "Town-Talk." He is also scheduled to appear in "The Call of the Wild" and "Mutiny on the Bounty," two swell vehicles for him. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

JAMES BLACK, Fairville, Canada—This will surprise you, no doubt, but here's hoping it doesn't make you lose your wager. Tom Mix was born on January 6, 1888, which makes him 5 years older than Tim McCoy, who was born on April 10, 1893, and is 41. Harry Carey is 55.

ELIZABETH SCHNITZIUS, Collingswood, N. J.; JOANNE MARKS, Long Beach, Calif.—Frank Lawton, whom you saw in that prize winner, "Cavalcade," and whom you will see shortly in the title role of "David Copperfield," was born in London, England on September 30, and educated at Langley Hall. Also, he studied for the stage at the Academy of Dramatic Arts. His father was Frank Mokeley Lawton, well known on American and London stages and his mother, Daisy May, was a popular English actress—which accounts for his histrionic proclivities. He played in many successful stage productions in London and made his first picture in 1929. He is an enthusiastic motorist, likes tennis, cricket and golf and in his spare moments tries his hand at amateur photography. His heart interest is rumored to be Evelyn Laye, Ramon Novarro's leading lady. He likes Hollywood and hopes to stay indefinitely—we hope he does.

MARJORIE WONDER, Santa Ana, Calif.—John Buckler played the part of Clayton in "That's Gratitude" and you can write him at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Thanks, that was easy.

F. NIGHTINGALE, Portland, Ore.—It was Patsy Kelly, no less, who played the part of the maid in "The Party's Over" and Jean Harlow's room-mate in "The Girl From Missouri." You can write her at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif.

MELONI COLLIER, Courtland, Va.; MISS R. A. DODSON, Anderson, Ind.; SOPHIE YELEN, Housatonic, Mass.; E. NUDELL, Riverside, Calif.; ANGIE SOMMERS, Northampton, Pa.; STEPHANIE PAPROCKA and MARGARET SCHMITT of Jersey City, N. J.; TILLIE GERSHWIN, Detroit, Mich.—Here's another young man about whom this department receives numerous queries—none other than Richard Cromwell—and here's what's what about him. Roy Radabaugh is his real name and he was born in Los Angeles, Calif., on January 8, 1910, of Dutch-American descent. He was one of five children and had a pretty tough childhood because of the early death of his father, who was a brilliant inventor. After school hours at the Long Beach High School and later at the Chouinard Art School, Dick worked at odd jobs making what little money he could—which experience has stood him in good stead. Then he branched out as an artist, opening his own shop which was patronized by several well known stars who became quite interested in him. He had a secret desire to act and when an opportunity came for him to try out for a part in "Tol'able David" he did, and what's more, got it. A long term contract with Columbia resulted and it has been renewed regularly. (You can write him there at 1438 Gower St., Hollywood.) Dick lives alone in a restful, four-room house on a hilltop north of Hollywood. Romance has not seriously disrupted his life as yet, although he is rumored to be very fond of Katherine De Mille. Weighing 150 pounds, Dick is 5 feet 10 inches tall, has blue-green eyes and sun-streaked blonde hair. He plays tennis and swims, likes to eat oranges between meals and can scramble eggs—but that's all—dislikes having his picture taken, likes to paint and write and see good shows. Paramount borrowed him for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" in which you will see him soon.

WONDERING, N. Y.—Neither Bebe Daniels nor Harold Lloyd had previous marriages. Bebe is married to Ben Lyon and they have one child; Harold is married to Mildred Davis and they have three children—two of their own and one adopted.

CAROLYN CAMERON, Odum, Ga.; MARGARET ALBANO, Dover, N. J.; ANNE GRADIZOR and FRANCES OKORN, Cleveland, Ohio; "RONNIE" HART, Omaha, Nebr.; MICKY and MINNIE of K. C. K.; M. P., Clifton, N. J.; JEAN L., Falmouth Heights, Mass.; LILLIE MAE HALL, Rockaway Beach, N. Y.; MISS L. C. S., Baltimore, Md.; EDNA NESPOR, Brooklyn, N. Y.; DOROTHY RHODES, Dayton, Ohio; BARBARA ANDERSON, DeWitt, Iowa; DORIS FAY, San Francisco, Calif.—This makes the third time Gene Raymond's biography has appeared in this column—yet people still ask about him. He deserves a platinum rosebud for popularity, all right! Raymond Guion he was christened and he is of French Huguenot descent. Born in New York City on August 13, 1908, he attended grade school and from the age of 4, the Professional Children's School in this city. In 1924 he made his stage debut and in 1931 his first movie appearance. His "likes" are solitude, long drives, horseback riding, tennis, golf, blue and green, thick steak, politics, fan mail and to be asked for his autograph. His "dislikes" are shopping, entertaining, jewelry on men and having "still" pictures taken. Dumas' "Three Musketeers" is his favorite book. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and light golden hair. He will be in "Behold My Wife" with Sylvia Sidney for Paramount Studios to which he was loaned by Columbia, his contract studio.

EDITH GRINDALL, Toronto, Canada — Ben Alexander is the boy who was in "The Most Precious Thing in Life" and "What Price Innocence." His address is Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood.

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued on page 13*)

Here's the very cleverest way I know to get your circulation into a positive glow, and to make your skin clear and smooth all over your body after several weeks of treatment. Soak a bath towel in a solution of one pound of ordinary table salt (salt is a recognized agent for beauty) and one pint of warm water. Let the towel dry, and then rub it between your hands to soften it. Incidentally, do this over the lavatory so the salt won't sprinkle on the floor. You only have to prepare the towel once a week, as it will last through a week of morning rubs. So after you have finished your very thorough drying mentioned in the preceding paragraph, rub yourself briskly with the dry salt towel. The friction caused by the salt towel peps up the circulation in the entire body, and, we can't stress it too often, good circulation generally means smooth skin.

Always finish off with a lotion to prevent chapping after your bath. Hand lotions are best, especially certain hand lotions, because they are so readily absorbed into the skin, and you can get such generous quantities for so small a price. And don't forget an underarm cream deodorant in this season of steam heated offices and wool dresses!

Be especially lavish with lotions and creams where your legs are concerned. They have such a rough time of it all winter, with the wind and snow always at their heels. Even a pair of Marlene Dietrich legs couldn't carry off the honors with rough, chapped, red-spotted skin. And such a condition has a sorry way of showing up through silk hose, which, of course, all of us insist on wearing through the winter, in spite of sensible grandmotherly advice to the contrary. Incidentally, I know of some lisle, silk, or wool comfies that slip on under or over your hose, and keep your feet warm without showing at all. You may also wear them to bed at night, if you're troubled with cold feet. We're stepping outside of our original trouble, however, so now for those "gooseflesh" legs. It's lack of circulation that brings "gooseflesh" and red spots. So include in your bath ritual the scrubbing of your legs with a fairly stiff bath brush. And if, as aforementioned, you will finish off with a generous massage of hand lotion, this lubrication will prevent the chapped condition that is so ugly. If your skin is very dry, use a rich cream at night, and slip on a pair of cotton hose several sizes too large for you (as a protection to clean sheets).

HANDS are subject to such constant exposure and such frequent washings and inadequate dryings that it is small wonder they need the most ardent cream and lotion allies. The natural oils get dried out of the skin, and something has to be done to make up for that lack, or your hands get scratchy as though in protest against their treatment. We talked about using hand lotions last month, and we hope that the holidays brought you some lovely creams and lotions to help you take advantage of our suggestions.

Now for make-up this bright morning; at least, we hope it's bright, and while we want bright faces, we don't want shining ones, too. According to the letters you've written me these past several months, a great many of you are troubled with dry skin. The dry type of skin is especially sensitive to harsh weather. Even a normal skin requires creams to prevent it from chapping, and a dry skin needs double the amount. A powder base is very important, not only because it helps to hold powder in an even film, but because it protects your skin from the icy air, and disguises the redness to which most of our skins are more or less subject in the winter. A good powder base and plenty of powder will soften the red into a glowing pink. Use a generous puff, and a soft-as-a-bunny's-ear powder brush to blend the powder, and smooth away the surplus.

Cream rouge is splendid in the winter because it is more impervious to wind and weather. Use it for morning make-up, and carry along a compact of dry rouge in your purse for "touching up" during the day. The proper way to apply cream rouge is with a stroke high on the cheek bone with the rouged cushion of the fingertip. Now, smooth and blend upward towards the corner of the eye, and then softly downward on the cheek. Cream rouge should always be applied to a slightly moist skin, which makes it both easier and more lasting of application. Therefore a foundation cream, vanishing or liquifying, or a cold cream which has been wiped off, leaving a slight moist residue on the skin, is absolutely essential



says Beatrice Hudson
New York model

I never knew a perfume could be as perfect as FAOEN *and* I'VE TRIED THEM ALL



MANY expensive perfumes had intriguing scents, it is true, . . . but what I wanted was something different," says Beatrice Hudson, famous New York model. "FAOEN (with its $1 to $3 quality) *was* different! It actually transformed my personality, gave me an entirely new charm and sense of power!" Haunting, sophisticated . . FAOEN turns you from an attractive woman to an irresistible one! Men are enchanted by its mysterious fragrance!

FAOEN has made thousands of smart women more desirable.

In a "compact" ten-cent size at your local 5 and 10 cent store.

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FAOEN
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Beauty Aids

Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes

Gay TABLE *Dishes . . . yet*



you can bake in them

YOU never saw table dishes like these OvenServe dishes before. Every last piece . . . the serving dishes, platters, bowls, the smart one-handled French casseroles, even the very cups, saucers and plates . . . is built to stand oven heat. Their buttercup yellow color stays bright and fresh, too. They don't "craze," nor get brown and cooked looking.

You can oven-bake in OvenServe dishes and pop them direct from oven to table. Simplifies serving. And oh, how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

Another use is in the refrigerator. They stand cold as well as they do heat.

You can buy them by the piece or in complete service.

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT KRESGE 5 and 10¢ STORES AND OTHER 5¢—10¢ and $1 STORES

in the application of cream rouge.

Now for your lipstick! Choose one with a cream base for winter. We know of one with a cream base which looks orange but which turns to natural looking rose when applied to the lips, and which makes a splendid wintry weather lipstick choice. If your lips are very dry and subject to chapping, use an oily pomadè on your lips out of doors, and your regular lipstick indoors.

Eyebrows should be groomed into shape, and kept from looking as though they had been swept upwards by a blast of wind. Be sure to pluck out straggly hairs, but don't pluck to change the character of the brow. Isn't it grand that Joan Crawford is setting the fashion for natural looking eyebrows now, and other Hollywood stars are doing likewise? A smart Hollywood trick is to apply a little eyelash grower to the eyebrows with a brush, or a cotton covered orangewood stick, and brush them into line.

If you want to know more about how to play a successful "skin game" with winter . . . what to do for a red nose . . . and other beauty hints for zero weather, I'll be glad to send you my leaflet on "The Zero Hour of Beauty" for the asking and a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Mary Biddle, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. I've some lovely creams to suggest if you want the names.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 10*)

ment. Nor do we ask to the same dinner, people that we know are not on friendly terms."

Another thing I learned about the Brissons' dinners is that the meal is served *punctually.* Carl has no patience with the type of parties where guests stand sipping their cocktails until almost ten o'clock and then adjourn for dinner. When the Brissons say "dinner at eight" they mean just that—and woe to the guest who is late!

If dinner punctuality is something new in Hollywood, so is Carl's habit of singing in his hearty baritone at the dinner table. Although rather startling at first, it is all very gay and jolly. Carl makes up the songs himself and insists that everybody warble with him. So that, by the time smiling Frau Cleo Brisson has risen and said "Welbeckommen," ("I hope everything has become you well!") which is the time-honored Danish signal for the ladies and gentlemen to go into the living room for their coffee, the entire table has been engaged in uproarious song and the two and one-half hours required to dine have fled unnoticed.

But what have the guests been eating during all this gaiety? What could possibly have taken two and one-half hours to eat—with scarcely a moment lost in plate-changing! Well, here's the menu:

THE BRISSON DANISH DINNER

Smörgåsbord
Consomme
Roast Pork Tenderloin, Stuffed with Apples and Prunes
Gravy
Sweet and Sour Cabbage
Apple, Currant, Strawberry, Jelly
Cheese
Pressed Cucumber Salad,
Piquante Dressing
Danish Apple Cake
Peppermints, Danish Chocolate
Dates Figs Nuts Grapes
Coffee

Accompanying all this grand food is a wine list which includes Schnapps (Holland gin) with the Smörgåsbord, Claret with the meat course, sweet Sherry with the dessert, Kirsch and Cherry Brandy preceding coffee.

PERHAPS you are a bit baffled by that word "Smörgåsbord." (I assure you it's even harder to say than it is to spell!) To the uninitiated, therefore, it might be well to explain that Smörgåsbord are the equivalent of French hors d'oeuvres, those fancy tidbits used as appetizers. In Scandinavian countries where hors d'oeuvres become Smörgåsbord, their quantity and quality constitute an actual threat to the ensuing meal, particularly in Denmark which is famed for its cookery.

"We have found it necessary to warn our guests in America that our Smörgåsbord is not the whole meal," Mr. Brisson told me, "and that the regular dinner comes later. We do not, like the Swedes, stand to our Smörgåsbord. Everything is served sitting at the table which is laid before the guests come in. All the pickled herrings, salmon in mayonnaise, egg and anchovy dishes—everything is in place when we come into the dining-room to take our seats. Along the side of our dining-room when we have a large party, is a long, narrow serving table that runs the entire length of the room. On it are nothing but dishes and plates! When the guest has eaten a helping of herring and chives, shall we say, his plate is whisked away and a clean one supplants it. Then he helps himself to some other dish. After that he has another type of Smörgåsbord on still another plate. Otherwise how could he appreciate the delicious cream sauce of one dish if some of the vinegar dressing of another dish remained on the plate?"

And here is a simple member of the Smörgåsbord family which has already become popular for cocktail parties. It seems that it had its origin in Scandinavia—where they call them "nam-nams."

COCKTAIL NAM-NAMS

Cut slices of lean, packaged bacon lengthwise into two strips. Cut each strip in half. (Making four narrow pieces of each bacon slice.) Wrap one of these slices around a large stuffed olive. Fasten securely with a toothpick. Just before serving time, fry the olive-bacon rolls in deep hot fat, until bacon is crisp and brown. Drain on white paper-kitchen-towels. Serve at once, piping hot, without removing toothpick.

Other Smörgåsbord recipes in the Brisson files call for caviar with minced Bermuda onions, spread on rounds of buttered bread; anchovies chopped very fine with onion added; poached eggs on rounds of bread fried to a golden brown in butter, the whole topped with mushrooms in a rich cream sauce; and herrings served with various sauces.

When the Smörgåsbord and Schnapps have been dispatched with songs and good cheer, the real dinner begins. The soup, light and clear, makes its appearance in a huge tureen.

With the soup comes cheese! Fancy that! From now on in the meal, cheese

is a permanent feature on the table—any kind of cheese, according to Fru Brisson—American, Muenster, Port du Salut, Cheddar, Liederkrantz, Swiss, Cream. Danes believe that cheese "peps up" the appetite, she explained. Why don't you try it sometime?

INCIDENTALLY, in serving a true Danish meal nothing is served in the kitchen. Everything comes in whole to the table, where the hostess, not the host, does the carving and the serving as well.

After the soup course Fru Brisson's famous "Pork Tender" makes its proud appearance, with a really divine gravy. The vegetable accompanying this dish is Sweet and Sour Cabbage. This may be prepared in the morning or even the day before. After the meat and vegetable dishes comes more cheese (and more songs if you are dining with the Brissons), then the salad—a crisp, delectable concoction of pressed cucumbers. The accompanying Piquante Dressing does things to this lowly vegetable. (You can take our word for it, it is excellent for other salads, too.)

Finally the dessert course—and what a dessert! Danish Apple Cake. Other sweets may appear on the table, too, but all are dwarfed by the appeal of this marvelous confection. Fru Brisson's "guest recipe" serves twenty and is made in a large bowl, like those made from a Mexican gourd, towering to a height of at least ten inches. On other occasions, however, she reduces the proportions to have a smaller cake which is more in keeping with the requirements of the average family. A round or oblong baking dish makes an excellent container as it allows the layers of delectable sweets to be seen, whetting the appetite for the treat in store. A pleasant feature of this dessert-cake is that it requires no baking. Merely put it in the refrigerator after it has been assembled and the arctic temperature does the rest. Fru Brisson always makes it in the morning of the day of her dinner. The recipe is one that Fru Cleo has never given out before and I'm terribly flattered that she was willing to part with it for the benefit of the readers of MODERN SCREEN. As this Danish Apple Cake is quite worth writing in for, in itself, I'm sure that when you learn that three other



Scott Photo

Glenda Farrell seems to have forsaken Bob Riskin for Bernard Newman, with whom she's pictured at the Blackford Benefit.



Small
FOR HER AGE AND UNDERWEIGHT TOO

but you ought to see the way Betty is shooting up now!

EVEN ON tiptoes, Betty was smaller than the smallest playmate of her own age. While other youngsters shot up, filled out, gained in height and weight—Betty remained thin, scrawny, small for her age—because she did not drink enough milk.

But you ought to see Betty now! How she has added inches to her height—how strong, sturdy, well-proportioned she has become. And the reason is that Betty is now drinking every day, *a quart of milk mixed with Cocomalt.*

Milk is the almost perfect food for children. Mixed with Cocomalt, it provides *extra* carbohydrates for body heat and physical activity; *extra* proteins for solid flesh and muscle; *extra* food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Help your child gain *as he* grows

The famous Lanarkshire milk experiment in 1930 among 20,000 school children shows definitely that children who received milk daily during the test grew faster and were healthier than those who did not.

If milk alone can aid growth and improve nutrition, think what an advantage your child will have if you give him Cocomalt in milk. For, made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Cocomalt is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods.

Wonderful for adults, too

Not only does Cocomalt and milk help children thrive, but for grown-ups, with its nutritional value and extra food-energy, it is a pleasant way to maintain and restore strength. A hot drink promotes relaxation for sound, restful sleep, drink Cocomalt HOT before retiring.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. hospital-size air-tight cans.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA-2 Hoboken, N. J.

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Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



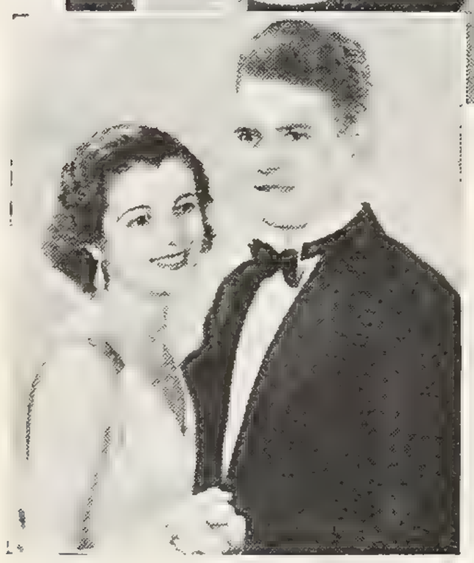
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Annoying Little Blemishes!

So easily corrected . . . when you know this simple way





WHO escapes them—those occasional pimples that seem always to come when you particularly want to look your very best?

Don't let them annoy you, however, for nature can clear them up quickly with a little external aid which Resinol Ointment provides.

This safe, dependable ointment contains medicaments specially selected to soothe and promote healing of skin irritations. That is why it is so effective and so widely used. When applied after washing with a warm lather of pure Resinol Soap, the results are even more satisfying. Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from the druggist today.

For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 1-A, Baltimore, Md.



recipes from Fru Brisson's own files are included in this month's Modern Hostess recipe leaflet, you'll want to fill out and mail the coupon at the end of this article *immediately.*

Each recipe is a joyous and unusual taste sensation—the Sweet and Sour Cabbage is a picture for the eye, a delectable treat for the palate—the Cucumber Salad with Piquante Dressing is everything I said of this combination previously, and then some—and the Pork Tender is a cold weather dish from Denmark that merits an immediate place in every American home. And finally the Apple Cake! What more could one ask? And all you need do *is* ask—and they all are yours! Then you can serve an entire Danish dinner or incorporate one Danish dish at a time into otherwise prosaic meals to add variety. Then you, your family and friends can enjoy the same delicious foods that have made the Brissons famous in Hollywood.

These unusual dishes have earned for the Brissons the reputation of being worthy exponents of their native cookery. Send for the recipes and add to your own reputation as a cook, too.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me the recipes for February, 1935.

Name
(Print in pencil)

Address
(City) (State)

.....
(Street and Number)

Lines to a Little Lady

(*Continued from page 48*)

Here's something cute! A little girl who writes "Age—9 years" after her name, says, "I have seen you in every one of your pictures including the one-reelers, and expect to see all your new ones, I think you dance very well—for your age. In fact, you are my favorite child actress."

Shirley gets her mash notes, too! Can't you just picture this little boy as he twists up his mouth while writing in pencil on a page torn from his school notebook: "I seen you in 'Stand Up and Cheer' and fell in love with you. I don't like girls much, but wouldn't mind if you was my little sister. Hoping this finds you well, I am respectfully yours,"—.

Girls as well as boys want to have Shirley in the family. "I am the only child in our family," writes one eleven-year-old miss, "and we live in a hotel. There isn't much for a little girl to do with no place much to play so I go to a lot of pictures and think you are my favorite star. I know you are a little girl, too, so I hope your mother reads this to you. Even though there's not much doing here we could have a lot of fun if you were my little sister. I could teach you to sew doll clothes and mama would teach you to play bridge which I am trying to learn. If you ever feel like coming to New York for a while you can stop with us. I would let you wear my prettiest dress, the one with the lace ruffles, but I don't guess it would fit you very well, and I wouldn't want to have it made over."

So a child of the rich—the letter was on the stationery of one of the most exclusive hotels—doesn't find life any too much fun. Neither, for that matter, does a poor child. A very pathetic letter was sent by a little girl who says:—

ALTHOUGH Daddy got a job now, he was out of work for a long time and he owes everybody a lot of money, so we are not spending very much now because he is paying off a lot of old bills to people who trusted him when he didn't have any money at all. About the time you get this letter my dollie, Mary Jane, should arrive at your house. She isn't very pretty I know, but she is a very good dollie. You see, it is all Daddy can do to pay the rent and buy food and clothes for mama and me and the baby, so Mary Jane is pretty shabby. I have tried to make over some of my things for her but when I get done with them they are not much good any more and I want her to have nice things. So if you will give her a good home and some nice dresses, I know she will be happier with you than here with me although I love her very much. I know that she will love you too, because I can see you'll be a good mother to her. Write and tell me how you like her and if she is behaving herself all right and please don't ever spank her. I never did."

On the brighter side is a letter written by—oh, let it speak for itself:

"Dear Miss Temple:—Do you in need of a shofer? I doant expect so yet because you is very younge but I would wish to opply for the job. Of cours I canot shofer yet because I am only ten years old but my pop is a verry good shofer for a white fambly down here in Ala. and I would wish to be a shofer too when I am big like him.

"You coud save a lot of sallery on me Miss because I woud not charge you nothing to shofer for you because I would likely get into lots of shows free because I am your shofer and I would have enuf money to live because pop has promissed to give me a pare of shureshot dice which canot miss when I am big enough to youse them.

"I think you is an anjel from heaven Miss but I wish you was colored too because then maybe you would not think I had an awfull nerv for riting to you but I hope you will no that I am very respectfull and would only wish to no you as a shofer. Respectfull yours, ——— (colored)."

No, that little boy hasn't "an awful nerv"—but how about the one who got his girl-friend to write a mash note for him? She writes:

"I have a friend who goes to see all your pictures and is simply crazy about you. It's a *He,* and he's awfully cute, with black hair and blue eyes, and I'm sure you'd like him lots. Although he's too shy to write to you himself, and asked me to do it, he says he's going to Movietone City to see you when he gets a little older, but if he does I'll be awfully, awfully jealous. He's fifteen and I'm fourteen and we'd each like a picture of you. If you can't spare two, will you at least send him one, and make his life happier?"

"Teacher took all of our class who were reading about King Arthur to see you in

'Little Miss Marker,'" writes a grade school boy, "and when you walked onto the screen it was the first time I ever saw a smile on his sour old puss. When Old Iron-face says he thinks you're a darling, I guess you must be.

"All the kids in my class save pictures of movie stars and I had more than ten, but the next day I swapped the whole lot of them and my jacknife to boot for a picture of you. I think you're swell and when I grow up I'm going to marry you if you haven't been spoiled by then. X O X O X O X O X—for you." And the envelope had, scribbled on the back of it, "W.L.O.L.& K." Remember what that means? "With Lots Of Love & Kisses."

Not all of her fans are so youthful, though. Up in the Canadian backwoods there's an old couple who write:—

"We went in to town the other night and saw your picture. Is it true that you are an orphan like the picture showed you? If you are, we would be very glad to adopt you. It is true that we haven't got much of this world's goods, but you remind us of our little daughter who was taken from us by newmonia when she was a little younger than you are and we would love you like our own and what with what you make the three of us could live very comfortably. Even if you are not an orphan, you would like it very much up here and we would be very glad to have you as our guest for a few weeks. We would not charge you much for room and board as you are our favorite movie actress. Say about $35 a week. Would that be alright and, if so, when should we expect you?"

AND now for a few short excerpts from several other of Shirley's letters:—"I think you are very cute," says a seven-year-old girl, "and I'd like to be like you. You dance so much better than I do. I've been taking lessons for three years and can't do the steps you can."

And a boy of ten is so skeptical as to write, "Although you are only five and probably cannot read, perhaps you will send me your photograph with your signature scrawled on it, if you can write, which I doubt."

Sad, isn't it? He, so young, and disillusioned already! But perhaps the acme of cynicism was reached by the Florida man who said, "To Shirley's Mother or Father:— One who at least sees his ideal brought to life before his eyes requests that you send him a picture of her. I certainly hope she never grows up, and I'll bet you do too, for where are the prodigies of yesteryear? Busted!"

And a mother writes, "I have a little girl who looks just like you. How about giving her a job as your understudy? Give her a break, won't you?"

"How's chances," asks a woman, "for getting some of Shirley's clothes that she wore in the pictures? My little niece saw her in several of them and won't believe she's a live little girl; she thinks she's a doll and keeps pestering me to buy some clothes for *her* doll like Shirley wore. If you possibly can, please send them so that a worn-out auntie can get a little peace from a persistent three-year-old."

And there are hundreds of others who write—grown-ups praising her, many of them asking for photographs—children telling her how sweet she is, discussing their dolls and toys and ambitions.

Shirley Temple's mail, however, is quite unique. Not only has she the youngest fans of any actress, but I think fewer of them make unreasonable requests of her than do those who write to the grown-up stars of Hollywood.



FREE

Just mail coupon for the most complete book ever written on eye make-up. Note also trial offer.

• • •

A MESSAGE FROM LOUISE ROSS

DO YOUR EYES ATTRACT OR REPULSE MEN?



No girl, I assert, need have dull, uninviting eyes—it's a handicap to happiness. In 40 seconds you can give your eyes depth, glamour, sparkle—that "come hither" look is *yours* when you Winx your lashes. No need to be jealous of other girls. You can make *your* eyes alluring.

Like magic, Winx Mascara, the superior lash darkener, improves your appearance! You'll wonder why you didn't accept my help sooner. Your friends—particularly "he"—will find you doubly attractive.

TO MAKE MEN STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

I want every girl to give herself a chance on the road to romance—to win real happiness. Remember, your eyes are your fortune. So buy a box of my Winx Mascara *today*—it's super-fine, safe, non-smarting, smudge-proof—the perfection of years of experience.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Millions of smart girls prefer them to ordinary ones. So will you, I'm sure.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them." It's free. Also send for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

Louise Ross

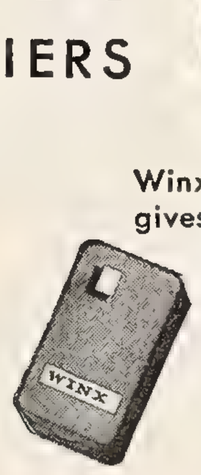
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Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds brows into charming curves.

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M-2-35

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Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for **Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.**

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NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops ... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

Why I Stay Married

(*Continued from page 27*)

hands. When I come home at night and am too tired to talk about the studio or what I've been doing I don't have to. Ria doesn't care. There are dozens of other things, vitally important, to talk about. On the other hand, if I do feel like talking about what has been going on, she is as keen about it as I am, and knows as much. If I want advice, I get it.

"I could not, I would not, be married to an actress. In the first place, one professional ego is enough in any home. Two egos of the same stamp would blow the roof off Buckingham Palace. If I were married to an actress, and I never will be, here is what would happen: We would have had a bad day, each of us. We would come home with nerves frayed and teeth on edge and we would want to talk about it; we would want peace and comfort and sympathy. We wouldn't get it, either one of us. And all hell would break loose. In the course of many times like this one or both of us would look for comfort and sympathy elsewhere. Or we would have had a good day in the studio and would be full of it, wanting an admiring and appreciative audience, eager to do a little strutting, a bit of boasting. We would both want the floor, in other words.

"I don't have to combat that situation. If I'm tired and fed up, Ria has other things to talk about; other things to do. And because she is a mature woman and knows men and how to handle them, she does just that. If I'm keen about something, want to blow off steam over some scene I think I've done especially well, I can do it without having the nervous fear that she will want to break in with some similar bragging of her own.

AND just as I wouldn't be married to an actress neither would I be married to some sweet young thing, many years my junior, even though she were a non-professional and stayed at home. A younger girl could not know what it is all about. She would not be able to cope with the difficult and trying life of an actor's wife in Hollywood. Because wives in Hollywood *are* on a spot and don't you forget it. A young girl would be jealous. She would be suspicious. She would be resentful. Resentful of all the limelight flattery shown me. She would, at least subconsciously, crave the same flattery, the same attention for herself. She would be an easy victim of all the well-meaning 'friends' who would come to her and say, 'My dear, I think you ought to know, Clark and that So-and-So, etc, etc.

"Things like that do happen. Ria had a lot of it to put up with during our first year in Hollywood. Any number of people came to her with little tales calculated to prove that I was stepping high, wide and handsome with this one or that. I was going here, I was going there, I was having an affair with a certain star . . . did she know . . . what did she intend to do? It was rather hard for her, just at first. It takes a good deal of adjusting. And only because my wife is a balanced, sane and wise woman did she survive.

"And also because she believes me. No actor should marry a woman to whom he cannot tell the truth and be believed. Ria knows that I always have and always shall tell her the truth. And so, when people came to her with trouble-making



Una Merkel, Madge Evans and boy friend, Tom Gallery—a few more of the celebrities who turned out for the Mary Blackford Benefit at the Cocoanut Grove.

tales they got no reaction. Which is one reason, no doubt, why they have about given it up of late. It's no fun to try to stir up trouble where it can't be stirred. Ria always came to me and said, 'I've heard this or that about you and so-and-so, Clark, is it so?' And I would say, 'It is not so.' And that would be the end of it. I would never hear about it again. No nagging. No subterfuges in an effort to find out. I'd told her the simple truth and she knew it.

"Because Ria is a woman who has been about, who knows the world and life, she is intelligent. She knows how to handle life and how to handle men. I have none of the uneasy fears and compulsions under which many actors have to labor. If I forget to phone her during lunch hour, I do not have to spend the rest of the day with the uneasy knowledge that when I get home that night I shall be greeted with tears and reproaches, martyred looks or suspicious sniffs. I do not have to work on half a cylinder because I fear I'll get the devil all evening. If I do not call at noon, that's that. Ria doesn't even expect me to. She'd probably be out somewhere if I did.

"My wife has never been on the set with me since we've been in Hollywood. *Not once.* Once or twice, when I've had to work late, she has come to the studio to have dinner with me and has left immediately after dinner.

MARRIAGE is a see-saw. If the balance is an uneven one, one or the other crashes down. Our marriage balances evenly and one side is equally as important as the other.

"Ria enters into every one of my interests. She makes them hers—or she makes me believe that they are hers. Who has said that many a good actress is a good wife, but more good wives are good actresses? Whoever did, spoke the truth. Between you and me, I've a pretty good idea that Ria does a lot of things with me she wouldn't do if it were not for me. Hunting, for instance. I don't honestly believe she gets a big kick out of that. But she plays the part with such realism you'd never suspect.

"For my part, I share her interest in the children, in their plans and interests, in what they like to do. For a time the girl thought she would like to be in pictures. Louis B. Mayer saw a picture of her and offered to have a test made. I said that I'd make it with her and I did. Clarence Brown directed us. It wasn't so good and she gave the idea up, then and there. Now she is interested in one particular boy and I imagine she'll marry before long and settle down. Personally, I'm rather relieved. I think it is a better life for her, better chances for happiness, and so does Ria.

"Allen is absolutely anti-movies, or rather, he's simply not interested at all. He never asks to come to the studio. He takes no interest whatever in me as a movie star. I think he forgets most of the time that I *am* one. I take him on hunting trips with me. We play ball together and swim and ride. Their friends are in and out of the house so much, both girls and boys, that they accept me, too, not as a man in pictures but just as a man. Allen is really funny. The other night he and Ria and I went to a movie together. As we came out Scotty, MODERN SCREEN'S photographer, was there and wanted to take some snaps of Ria and Allen and me. The boy wouldn't do it. He edged away. He said, 'Aw, I can't be bothered. You and Mother do it.' We did."

Amazing New Way

to beautify yourself almost instantly

Nose too large, too small? Face too narrow, too round? Chin too prominent, too weak?

Which face is yours?



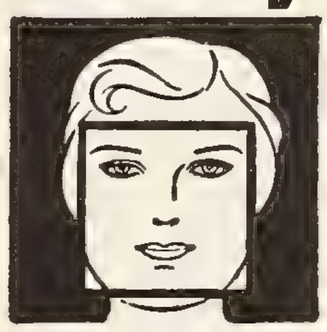
ROUND

Mold a *darker* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.



TRIANGULAR

Mold a *lighter* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.



SQUARE

Darker shading should be done on the lower jaws and on sides of forehead.



NORMAL

Use only the *one* shade of Soft-tone that matches your skin coloring.

How to bring out your best features

How to "Shadow" your handicaps

NOW comes a scientific discovery of vast importance to women, the greatest step in modern make-up.

. . . A way so simple, so practical that you'll be amazed . . . A way that costs so little that you'll be delighted. No plastic surgery. No long, costly treatments.

This wonderful discovery is called Mello-glo Modeling, a new and exclusive way to apply face powders . . . now instead of using only one shade of powder, you get an utterly changed, alluring effect by using *two* different, related shades.

Authentic charts and diagrams, based on practices of artists and sculptors, show you exactly what to do, how to do it. Now you can model your face as you wish, highlighting your best features, subduing your handicaps. The results are truly satisfying.

EXCLUSIVE

Mello-glo Modeling is made possible by the creation of a completely new face powder called Soft-tone Mello-glo, a super-powder that permits two-shade modeling never before possible. Now the shades blend together perfectly because Mello-glo is *stratified*, that is, rolled into tiny, clinging wafers. Hence Mello-glo Modeling can be achieved only with Soft-tone Mello-glo — not with ordinary powders.

This revolutionary contribution—worked out after years of research and experiment—is offered by the staff of Mello-glo experts, and approved by all leading beauty specialists and consultants. It is today's sensation in beauty circles.

Once you try Mello-glo Modeling, you'll agree that it creates wonderful effects. Here's how to prove it. Buy one box of the shade that matches your complexion in general. Then buy another box—*lighter* if you wish to accent certain features, *darker*, if you want to shadow them.

For instance, if your nose is too small, and therefore needs accent, use a lighter Mello-glo powder than on the rest of your face—if your nose is too prominent and needs to be subdued, use a darker shade.

Then stand off 5 feet from your mirror and note the artistic effect — how the shades blend unnoticeably yet give that artistic oval effect.

Try the various Mello-glo Modelings — how to widen or narrow your face, how to bring out or shadow features, how to normalize your contour, how to create new interest. The whole fascinating, easy method of Mello-glo Modeling is told in our free booklet, "The New Vogue in Powdering." Don't wait, send for a copy *NOW*.

Then try Mello-glo Modeling—introductory packages of the new Soft-tone Mello-glo Powder may be had at all 10c counters. Buy your two needed shades. For only 20c you can glorify your face, your features, as never before.

New SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO

the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS

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For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh Pink ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with this 4-Way Remedy!

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy".

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.

World's Standard



Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

How the Stars Keep Youth and Beauty

(*Continued from page 31*)

cannot do its best work. She believes that the reason women age is because they do not get enough *sleep* and *rest*. But how, you ask, can a busy girl who works for her living and also wants to have some pleasure do a great amount of resting? Claudette has the solution, for she—like you and me—is a working girl.

This is her iron-bound rule. If she goes to a party, a theatre opening or some entertainment which keeps her up late, she always goes to bed the next night immediately after dinner.

She believes that her body should rest. She also believes that her skin should rest, too. Naturally, at night her skin is free of all make-up. It gets a chance to breathe. So, I hope, does yours. But Claudette does more than that. Some time during every day, she takes off her make-up—the heavy grease paint, if she is at the studio, or her regular street make-up, if she isn't—and lets her skin rest for half an hour. Then she makes up her nice, clean face all over again. You girls who work in offices all day say you can't do that. Well, perhaps you can't. But you *can* take time to do it every evening when you get home from work. You can even steal a short while to do this if you have a date right after office hours. (Steal the time from the date, not from the office hours, I mean.)

THOSE of you who aren't slaves to a regular job have a better opportunity to keep your youth and beauty with you as the years advance. Oh, yes, you have. I don't care how pressing the housework is or how numerous the social engagements. Make a promise to yourself, as Claudette does, to go to bed early on certain nights. Remember the trite wisecracks, "Sit down and rest your hands and face?" Well, take it literally. *Lie* down and rest your hands and face. The face should be free from make-up and the hands should flop limply at your sides and your eyes should close.

Joan Bennett managed to look like a child of twelve in "Little Women" and will keep that child-like look for many years to come. (It's so alluring, in a petite person!) Joan really lives, as much as possible, like a child of twelve. She can give herself a child's mental outlook. For example: instead of bringing up her children to think of her as an adult, she puts herself on the children's level and is growing up with them all over again. It's a bit difficult to explain, but you who have children will understand. When Joan isn't working, she spends almost all her time with the children. Not as their mother, but as their playmate. Young mothers, try that. You'll profit by it and your youngsters will think of you as real pals.

Joan has another recipe for youth. She never worries. She is a fatalist and believes that good things and bad things come in life without your doing anything about them. I realize that you can't become a fatalist to order, but you *could* worry less. Joan accepts things as they are. After all, why not—one can't alter them? She isn't apathetic—I don't mean that. The smaller things of life win her unbounded enthusiasm. And small joys are wonderful youth preservers. You can't be an old worry when the simple pleasures of life still give you a kick. Worry destroys the contours of the face. Keep as free from it as possible and your face will keep the illusion of youth.

Loretta Young claims that a little play-acting is a wonderful thing. She has kept, to this day, a talent which all children have—the talent for make-believe. Fifteen years ago, she loved to play "lady," dressed up in her mother's clothes. Now, when she puts on an evening dress, she has the same feeling. She is playing "lady." That sense of make-believe keeps reality from becoming too important.

How can you reap any benefit from Loretta's aid to beauty? Well, let us suppose that you have invited a number of people for dinner and that it is extremely important that everything goes properly. If you will play-act a little bit—make believe that you are a hostess in a story and try to *be* that hostess—you'll have a lot better time and the party will be much more successful than if you are constantly fretting about the roast burning and the dessert spoiling. Furthermore, you won't be tired and hot and cross before your guests arrive and a nervous wreck after they leave.

EVELYN VENABLE looks like an artist's dream of youth. Beautiful skin. Soft, rounded face, completely lineless. She has recipes for beauty which she follows religiously.

These are the things she does: She was brought up to love animals and she thinks it a sin to eat meat of any kind. That is the ascetic's point of view. It is also her greatest beauty secret. Evelyn lives on fruits and vegetables. She eats no meat at all—not even soup cooked with meat stock or gravies. She thinks it unnatural to eat meat and naturalness in all things is the key to her beauty.

"My advice to women who want to stay young is this: stay *away from people* as much as possible. I cannot stress this point too much. People sap your vitality needlessly. They take your strength and cause you every sort of worry. I have a few friends, but they are all quiet and soothing. The amount of effort it takes to be true to one's self in a crowd shows on your face. I see so many people during the day at the studio that I must revivify myself by being alone when the day's work is done. That, I firmly believe, is the best way to keep young.

"I have trained myself not to worry over the fact that I cannot act or look like someone else. I try to make the best of my own advantages, be they ever so small. I have gotten to the point where life holds no problems for me. I have troubles, of course, but I *accept them instead of fighting against them!*"

And that will surely tell you why her face betrays no inner unrest. She accepts her troubles instead of fighting against them.

"I believe in utter relaxation," she told me. "I find that relaxation on the bridle path. I ride hours daily—but *always alone.* In this way I am saved from arguments, petty gossip and mental strain. Yes, indeed! Staying away from people is the best of all youth preservers."

And now—Joan Crawford.

"I've got to have perfect freedom," Joan told me. "I believe that to keep young, one must have freedom of mind as well as freedom of movement. Look!" She made a long, sweeping gesture with her arm. It was such a vigorous gesture that I expected to see the sleeve of her gown rip from the armhole. But it didn't.

"I can't stand to wear any dress that is tight around my shoulders and arms," she said. "If you are bound in, physically, you're the same way mentally. If I have to wear a dress with tight sleeves in a picture I have the sleeves detachable so that I can rip them off the minute I'm through with a scene. To stay young, you should stay alive. And how can you stay alive if you're bound up like a mummy? I won't have either my body or my mind bound."

Physical and mental freedom, then, is Joan's biggest youth secret. Naturally, she goes farther than this by taking excellent care of herself. Except for a glass of wine on rare occasions, she never touches liquor. She eats the most strengthening and non-fattening foods and she believes in eating between meals if one is hungry. She gets her exercise by swimming and on days when she has no time to swim she'll have a body massage. She washes her face three or four times a day, after which she polishes her skin with a rough towel.

So there you are. These five stars believe that there is no sense in getting old. They have given you their simple recipes for youth. I hope you find them as inspirational as I have.

I Hate

(*Continued from page 36*)

like.

Joan Crawford might make friends with a cockroach, but a fly . . . Lordy, Lordy, how she hates 'em. Every window in her house is covered with screens and even the locks in the doors are inspected regularly. Once she heard that castor-oil plants keep flies out of the house by attracting them to the leaves. Outside of every entrance in Joan's house is a castor-oil plant. She swears this device works.

Joan has many more hates. She loathes people who write anonymous letters and begin a telephone conversation with "Guess who this is!" But her greatest hate concerns those folks who call her by her first name the very first time they meet her. It irritates her because she never becomes over friendly until she has known a person for quite a long time. But when she makes a real friend the friendship lasts forever.

Kent Taylor can't tolerate a person who won't look him straight in the eye. Ever since he was in the window-decorating business with a supposed friend who helped himself to the contents of the cash register drawer, Kent has hated people who can't meet his gaze directly. His partner's eyes were shifty. You can tell him all you please that some of the greatest crooks in the world have cultivated a firm, direct gaze. It won't make any difference to Kent. Not so long ago a Hollywood agent offered him a wonderful business proposition—by letter. The day Kent went to the man's office to sign the contract, he discovered that the agent couldn't look him straight in the face. Kent didn't sign the contract.

Know what gets Glenda Farrell's dander up? Well, it's the over-zealous dress shop salesgirl who honeys, dears, and darlings you from the moment you enter a shop until the time you leave it. You know the type—the salesperson who has never seen you before, and who, by the affection which she lavishes upon you, would seem to be a lifelong friend, at least. And, of course, every dress you try on looks "marvelous," "wonderful," and "divine." But she doesn't sell Glenda any dresses, for she's

Little Stories *behind headaches*

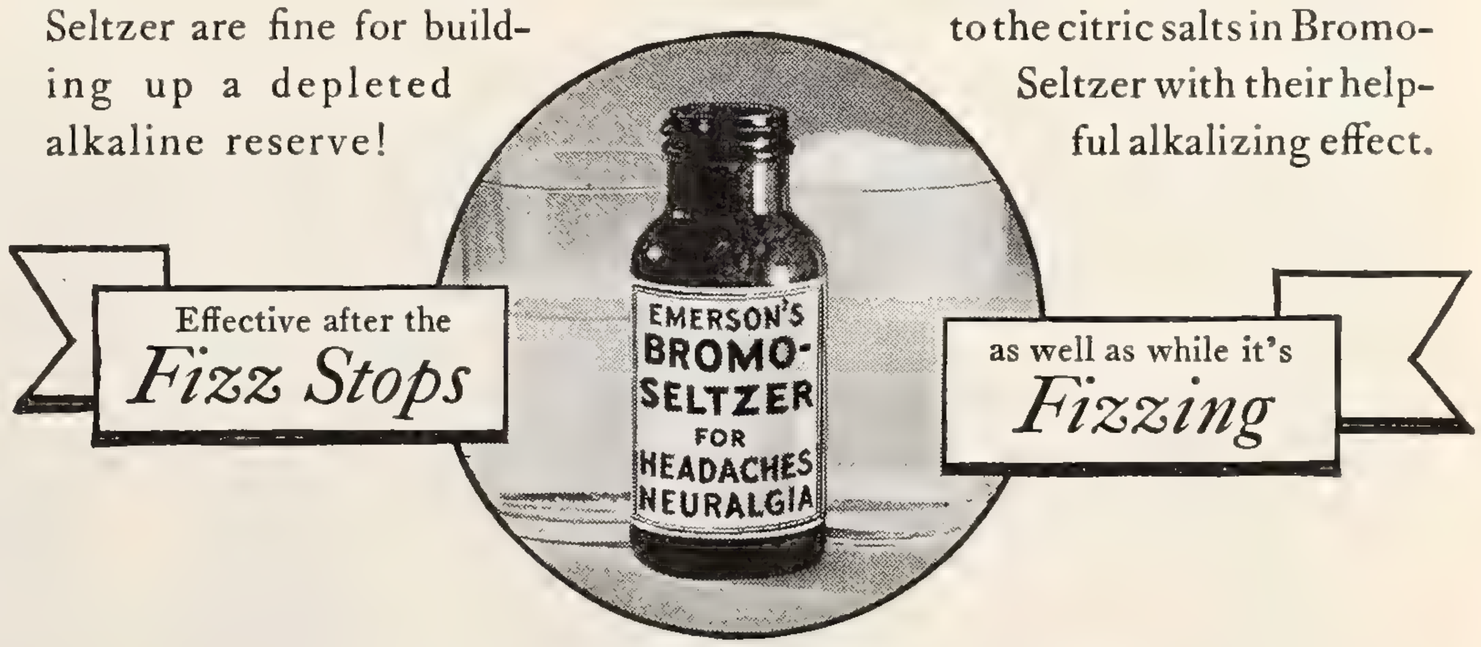




Mr. and Mrs. N. went to a party . . . at the Browns' last night, and the next morning woke with a bit of a head.

But Bromo-Seltzer soon fixed all that. Those citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are fine for building up a depleted alkaline reserve!

When Mr. R. awoke this morning . . . he had a dull headache and the symptoms of a nasty cold. He took a Bromo-Seltzer the first thing . . . another at noon. Now here he is back home and feeling fine, thanks to the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer with their helpful alkalizing effect.



THE BALANCED RELIEF

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced compound of five medicinal ingredients, each having a special purpose. It does so much more than products containing fewer ingredients. Relieves headache and its after-effects. *Calms you. And builds up depleted alkalinity. A stand-by for over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Md.*

In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause is unknown to you, of course, consult your physician.

BROMO-SELTZER

Listen to "THE INTIMATE REVUE" *every Friday, 8:30 E. S. T.*

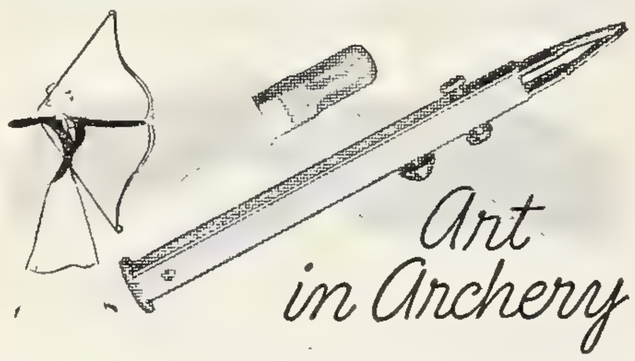
B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

CAN EVERY MAN you know name the color of your eyes, this minute? If not, you are not making good in the beauty game and it's time to *take steps*. You might take to *Kurlash* too. Slip your lashes into this fascinating little implement—press for an instant—and presto! They're curled back like a movie star's, looking *twice* as long, dark and glamorous. Notice how they frame your eyes, deepening and accentuating the color! No heat—no practice—no cosmetics . . . and Kurlash costs just $1 too!



Art in Archery

JANE L. is right when she writes that it's worth the trouble to pluck her brows slightly along the upper line because it makes her eyes seem larger. But the reddened skin and discomfort she complains about are caused by using an old-fashioned tweezer. Do you know *Tweezette?* It works automatically, plucking out the straggly offending hair, accurately and instantly, without even a twinge. It costs $1 in any good store.



100 Strokes in a Jar!

RUTH W. brushes her eyelashes when she does her hair. Not 100 strokes a day—simply an instant's brushing with a compound of beneficial oils called Kurlene ($1). You'll be surprised how much silkier, softer and darker looking it will make yours too!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department G-2, *The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

Copyright 1934 T. K. Co.

so fed up after the first ten minutes that she gathers her belongings and walks right out. And the saleslady's parting words usually are, "Come in again, darling, when you have more time." To which Glenda says a mental "Gr-r-r-r."

It's a little thing that worries Ralph Bellamy but it can—and has—stopped a romance. In his trooping days he had what he thought was a really serious crush on a girl. It was love at first sight. But when he saw her biting her finger nails, it was all off. Chewing nails is something that Ralph just can't take.

Call Paul Muni temperamental if you like, but his pet hate is meeting strangers or, at times, even his wife's women acquaintances who drop in for a casual chat. But he's lucky. He can escape from his pet hate, for a hundred yards or so from his house there is a tiny cabin which is all Paul's. He goes there when he doesn't want the company of others.

Louise Fazenda gets simply furious when people "drop in" to see her without letting her know in advance. And if anyone enters her room without knocking—well, watch out for the Fazenda temper.

Some other hates? Well, listen to these. Put Clark Gable down as hating stupidity in all forms. Constance Bennett, a gal who always speaks her own mind, loathes hypocrisy. And don't ask Bob Montgomery silly questions. He can't stand it. Madge Evans' Public Enemy No. 1 is the practical joker. She could cheerfully murder about half a dozen of them.

Mary Brian, whose telephone rings oftener than any girl's in Hollywood (all those beaux trying to make dates with her), despises the telephone. Every time she has ever received any bad news it has come via telephone. Don't gossip in front of Loretta Young. People who do are her pet hates. The color old rose will send Miriam Hopkins into a tantrum. A woman whom she disliked intensely wore old rose all the time. And Bruce Cabot thinks the world would be a better place to live in if he never had to wear dress clothes.

Jack Oakie shares Cabot's hatred of dress clothes. He loathes stiff shirts more than anything else in the world. Why? Well, hear Jack Oakie tell you himself. "I bruise easy. The starched tops and collars cut into my dainty neck and ruin my manly beauty. The first time I ever met a stiff shirt was in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit. I borrowed a jack-knife from a pal and cut my way out. Since then I've had nightmares of being strangled to death or bled to death from neck-cuts."

Okay, there you are. And how are your pet hates today?

Dresses You Could Really Wear

(*Continued from page 58*)

A jewel-studded buckle, a cowboy 'kerchief on a dinner gown, a jeweled pendant dangling from a cord and cording on taffeta—just to enumerate a few of the most individual details.

I think one of the worst mistakes we make in trying to copy screen clothes, is to think that because a certain tricky idea looks well on a star, it will look well on us. An idea is only as good as it looks on you. Spotting smart fashions in a picture or seeing them pictured here is really a glorified form of window shopping. You mentally have to try the clothes on, then decide which is for you and which should be left for someone else. That is why I picked these particular dresses—each one is suitable and easy to adapt to individuals. Now and then, you will find, screen costumes are of the exciting type that start a trend for Russian styles, period dresses, a new style in hats or such, but in themselves, they are not suitable for practical wear. Lovely to look at, grand to admire, but better in a modified version for you and me.

If you want assistance in your fashion problems, Miss Adelia Bird will be glad to help you. Just write to her at MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



A gay little group at the Cocoanut Grove—the inseparable Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy and the happily married Cy Bartlett and Alice White.

None of This Is Real

(*Continued from page 47*)

realism on the screen, the modern studio technician tries to give us the real thing in the reels. The mechanical devices for imitating the noises made by nature, man and beast, have been tossed into the ash can.

"Nowadays we actually go out and record sounds at their sources," said Mr. Livadari. "In 'It Happened One Night' we had $30,000 worth of equipment taken out to the fields in San Fernando Valley to record the creaking of crickets. We chased a meadow lark all over the Valley and had the darndest time in getting two satisfactory calls. In 'No Greater Glory' we spent four hours to record the croaking of a frog.

"We have stored away millions of feet of genuine sound effects, and the footage increases with every new production."

In the sound library, cans of sound effects of every conceivable variety are neatly shelved in alphabetical order. Here are a few of the labels I jotted down on my pad: bed squeaks; mosquito buzz; shell whines; cattle stampede; chewing celery; Tarzan yell; Arab commands; man selling peanuts; pop-corn and chewing gum; cocktail shaker; laughing hyena, and so on.

THERE are inumerable variations of applause, footsteps and cars of every make stopping and starting. The sound effects of the Cadillac are entirely different from those of the Packard, according to Mr. Livadari, who must have absolutely the genuine sound in each case.

"Such background noises as a door being shut, footsteps across the room, turning on the radio, the music in ballroom scenes, etc., are dubbed in weeks later, if necessary," explained Mr. Livadari. "They might have been recorded two or three years before. The main job of the microphone during the actual process of filming a scene is to pick up the dialogue of the players. We take care of the rest."

Employees of the department are called upon to furnish some of these sound effects.

"They stuffed black pepper in my nose to make me sneeze," complained Miss Mary Bachtel, secretary in the department. "The heroine playing opposite Leslie Howard in 'The Lady Is Willing,' was suffering from hay fever and had to sneeze. They took me before the microphone with all that pepper in my nose, but no matter how hard I sniffed it in, I couldn't sneeze to save my soul. But soap suds did the trick."

The prop department is called upon to furnish anything required in the shooting of a picture. And when I say anything, I mean anything. It may be a request for a South American fish, an Egyptian mummy, or the hotel menus of the Pera Palace in Istanbul. As for producing such natural phenomena under studio lights as storms at sea, fog, rain, snow, and the like, it's merely routine work for the lowly prop man.

The prop department, for instance, can bury a New England village under snow faster than Nature can.

You think of cornflakes as a breakfast food. But to the prop department cornflakes is snow falling from dark, leaden skies "back East." Here, in our land of perpetual sunshine, the soft, clinging snow you see blown about in pictures by the icy blasts of winter is made of shredded asbestos. Where the withering incandescent lights glare, drifts and hard ground snow

"I have no time for sticky hand lotions"

MRS. JOHN HELD, JR.



Wife of the famous artist, who created "Margie" and other flappers, keeps her hands lovely this way

"NATURALLY, I want to keep my hands attractive—a husband who is an artist notices every detail. But I certainly haven't any time to spare waiting for sticky hand lotions to dry—not with a house to run and a lively two-year-old daughter to look after, and a pair of dachshunds to keep track of. That's why I'm so delighted with Pacquin's—it doesn't leave any sticky film at all, just seems to disappear into the skin and make it soft and smooth and beautifully white."

There's an excellent reason why Pacquin's leaves no sticky film on your skin—because this cream actually sinks right into the inner layers of the skin where it is needed. Your skin absorbs it—very different from the old-fashioned lotions that remain on the outer skin until evaporation dries them.

Make your hands lovelier this convenient, modern way. Send for the lovely introductory jar today.



"I Do my Own Work and Still Am Proud of my Hands"—Mrs. S. C. Hahner

"There's no excuse for even the busiest woman not having pretty hands when Pacquin's is so quick and easy to use. It seems to feed back into the skin all the softness that house-work takes out. And no waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry, as I used to. And Pacquin's keeps my hands whiter and smoother than they ever were."



Pacquin's Hand Cream

Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE QUICK, MODERN WAY TO LOVELY HANDS

PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION, DEPT. 4-C, 101 WEST 31ST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream, for which I enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....*City*.....*State*.....



"Through every dance ...HOLD-BOBS *hold*"

—says ***Ruth Harrison***
... of Harrison & Fisher
featured dancers of Ziegfeld Follies, Strike Me Pink and other Stage and Screen Successes

"... that's why I stand by HOLD-BOBS. Then, too, they match my blonde hair exactly ... I like the way HOLD-BOBS slide in the hair ... not the slightest scratching, and their small, round heads are absolutely invisible ... Yes, HOLD-BOBS play an important part in all our performances".

What more could any woman ask? But remember, *only* HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round points and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, to hold hair securely. *And* HOLD-BOBS come in harmonizing colors to match all shades of hair.

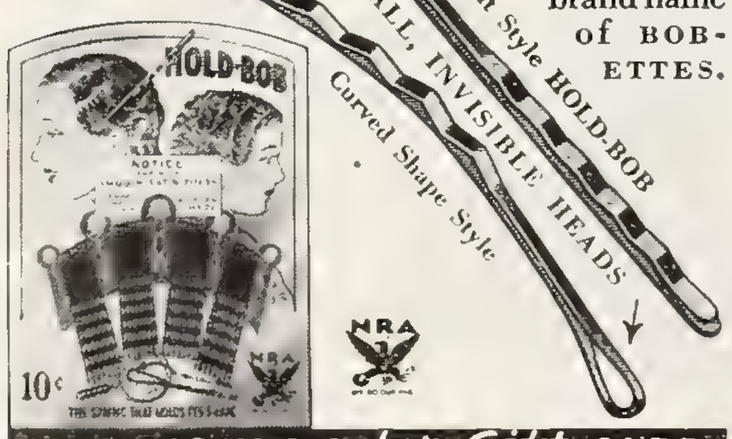
Try a card *free!*

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. E-25, Chicago, Ill.

Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.

All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOBETTES.



MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. E-25, Chicago, Ill.
I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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are excellently imitated by a mixture of gypsum and salt.

We make icicles by dipping cellophane in paraffin. They melt and drip under the lights. As for frost, we can produce it instantly by spraying crystal camphor on the window panes. If you were to rub noses against them, the frost would clear away in exactly the way real frost would when coming in contact with human breath.

TAKE the matter of fog. The studio can produce it at will, by spraying mineral oil on the set. It remains suspended in the air for several hours at a stretch. During the three weeks of shooting the mystery picture, "Fog," featuring Mary Brian, Donald Cook and Reginald Denny, only eight gallons of mineral oil were needed to fill the promenade deck of the huge Atlantic liner, the vast salon, the corridors and the dining-rooms, with a sticky London fog.

Directors have their favorite prop men. Lewis Milestone's is John Orlando, who has been with him for ten years.

"I read the story over twice and break it down into sections, according to the props required," Orlando said.

"We were on the set of 'The Captain Hates the Sea,' watching Victor McLaglen make love to Helen Vinson like a big, bashful boy.

"The hardest part of the prop man's job is what he doesn't read between the lines," continued Orlando. "Take this scene, for instance. Maybe the director wants the leading lady to smoke, or try to read a book. It isn't in the script. But I must anticipate his needs and have cigarettes, matches, and a book or two ready at hand.

"My troubles start when the company goes on location. If the director asked for a wrist watch right now, I could run to the prop department or to the nearest jewelry store and get one. But on location I would be stuck. A little item like that will hold up the whole set and cost the studio thousands of dollars.

"When we went on location on the steamer Ruth Alexander, to shoot the exterior scenes of this picture, I took along everything that might be needed not only in the picture but also for the comfort of the players. When an actress develops a bad case of headache, as so often happens, she asks *me* to give her an aspirin. The prop man is required to furnish everything from a toothpick to an aeroplane on five minutes notice. They call us the Minute Men.

"When Mr. Milestone got ready to shoot the fire scene on the ship, the assistant director called for a fire hose spool.

"I felt as if somebody had hit me on the head and knocked me over. I had forgotten to take a fire hose spool along!

"I ran all over the ship like a crazy man, trying to find one. It was important for the action of the scene that the fire hose be wound around a spool. Presently I dashed down to the engine room, and, lo and behold, there was a fire hose spool on the steel wall!

"It belonged to the ship, but I had to have it to save my reputation and keep my job. So, when nobody was around to see me, I grabbed a piece of iron. I think it was a big monkey wrench. I was so excited that I really didn't know what I was holding. With the wrench I tried to tear the spool off the steel wall. My hands were all black and blue by the time I gave it one final jerk and snatched it off. I ran up to the deck with it, yelling, 'I've got it! I've got it!' Was I happy the rest of the day!"

THE greatest jugglers of movie magic are the art directors.

They take the drab sound stage and dress it up in a jiffy to look like a DeMille edition of Cleopatra's barge, a Moscow cathedral of barbaric splendor, or a toney niterie on the gay White Way of New York.

Art Director Lionel Banks, who began life as an honest architect, took me behind the scenes of make-believe he had set up for "Lady by Choice." The Cafe Montmartre, where a blonde bundle of hot-cha stuff, impersonated by Carole Lombard, fan dances her way into the heart of a gentleman engaged in battering down the courts of Gotham with volleys of rhetoric (Roger Pryor turned lawyer), had all the swank and éclat of a real night club. The lady's apartment, dressing-room, shower bath, etc., were all exact reproductions of their real counterparts down to the minutest details. But sad, sad it was when I touched a bunch of orchids an admirer had given her, only to discover that it was artificial.

The Madison Square Garden at which Miss Lombard looks so wistfully through the windows of her apartment, and the whole background of far-off New York were faked through "process" shots.

It's a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet. Any background in the world can be projected on the stage, where the actors are performing, through a process invented by an eighteen-year-old kid, Dodge Dunning. The illusion is perfect. The use of this innovation, however, is limited. Costly location trips have still to be made and outdoor sets still constructed.

The world's queerest jobs are to be found in Fox Movietone City, where on a space of 110 acres there are characteristic sections of New York, London, Paris, Shanghai, or any other city on the globe you care to name, in permanent outdoor sets.

Touring through Movietone City is like taking a trip around the world. It is the newest, largest plant for the manufacture of film romance, and the only one that is not devoid of scenic and architectural beauty. Winfield Sheehan may well be proud of this place. It's a whopper.

To those who have never been inside the portals of a studio, it's a place of strange fascination and mystery, indeed. There, behind those grilled gates guarded by uniformed police, behind those forbidding high walls, live persons of great fame and allure, the Garbos, Dietrichs, Bennetts and Hepburns, mortals that commoner clay worships.

As we walked along Tennessee Avenue, we passed by the bungalow of George White, he of the pulchritudinous "Scandals."

Across the street called Avenue A, my guide pointed out to me the dressing-room bungalow of Will Rogers. It is built in desert style, surrounded by cacti, century plants, mesquite and greasewood. Here the sage of Claremore keeps his portable typewriter and pounds out his daily letters to newspaper editors.

WE turned right and went on to Berkeley Square. A small army of expert gardeners is needed to keep this exact duplicate of the great historic London park in good condition. The three cat-faced lions that lay at the base of the Nelson Monument in the Trafalgar Square scene in "Cavalcade," now gaze stonily into a high, stucco wall. The distinctive lamp posts of London, with their wide yard-arms, electroliers, red mail boxes, traffic islands and wooden buffers, are all faithfully reproduced.

Around the corners of this arterial center of London lies a Mexican hacienda, a replica of a typical ranch beyond the Rio Grande.

Turning left into Avenue D, we faced a huge transatlantic liner that has never been in water, a scale model of the "Rex," queen of the Italian fleet. The superstruc-

ture towers high in the air. It carries the regulation life boats mounted on the new-type davits in use on Italian ships. There are portholes in the lower decks, ventilators on the forward deck, booms, derricks, and hatches, promenade decks protected by plate glass and de luxe cabin suites.

We swung around into Avenue B and passed the cottage of Janet Gaynor, an Irish hut with a rustic, thatched roof.

Passing the Norman chateau that houses the writing staff, we turned down to Fifth Street, and inspected the dressing-room bungalow of Claire Trevor. It is a charming building, sky blue and white, with an arched entrance and white picket fence.

Strolling along batteries of gigantic sound stages we took a look at the "Garden of All Nations," where trees, shrubs, vines, flowers and other plants from the four corners of the globe are grown, under mercury vapor lamps, if need be, in order to have a Spring scene shot in December.

Continuing on our way to the right, we reached the wild West sets of "In Old Arizona," the first outdoor talkie ever made. Here are typical scenes of old frontier towns, jails and saloons, hitching posts and "The Paris Store," the Chinese laundry, and Wells Fargo Express office.

WE visited, in turn, the Grand Canyon and the Boulder Dam; the harem of the Sultan of Morocco at Fez; a Mississippi River steamboat; the murky harbor of Singapore jammed with sampans and native craft; the hot jungles of Africa; the secretariat of the League of Nations at Geneva; the harbor of Stockholm bristling with Swedish ships; Park Avenue, Manhattan; a typical New England village, where "Dr. Bull" was filmed; the Epsom Downs; the shell-shattered devastated war zone of Belgium; Engine Company 54 of the New York Fire Department; a Russian railway station, etc., etc.

My guide finally took me to a Bavarian village, where "Music in the Air" was being filmed. Designed by the ace art director of the studio, William Darling, it covers some three city blocks.

Climbing to one of the picturesque balconies we watched the rehearsal of a Bavarian folk dance. It was market day for the good peasants and a gay carnival air prevailed in the village. Cows lay contentedly in the shade, their horns decorated with flowers. The booths and beer stands were all set for a busy day. A throng of Bavarian *Schuhplattler* dancers, thirty of them, especially imported for this picture, in which Gloria Swanson, as you know, makes her screen come-back, were jigging around to the loud and merry music of a native orchestra. Douglass Montgomery and that charming Minneapolis girl, June Lang, were footing it together. Montgomery, deeply bronzed, wore nothing but a pair of trunks and a handkerchief twisted around his perspiring neck. June Lang was rigged out like the other hippy fraulein, sporting a green hat with a white pompon and a skirt of flowered silk.

Many amazing things had these husky Bavarians seen on their six-thousand-mile journey to Movietone City. Yet as I gathered from my conversation with them, carried on through an interpreter, the thing that surprised them most of all was this realistic reproduction of a hamlet in their beloved native mountains. They could not believe their eyes when they first saw it. They thought the studio had purchased an entire village and had it transported bodily to Hollywood. They still seemed to be wondering, after two weeks of familiarilty with the set, if they weren't really dancing in Bavaria. This bit of Hollywood magic was too much for those simple villagers from the old world.

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

● BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (9)



. . . No! She's Not Really Artificial and "COMMON" . . .

but

SHE NEEDS THIS NEW *and* DIFFERENT

Face Powder

YOU can't blame a man for misjudging! That constant powdering *does* look shallow, frivolous and a trifle common! Of course it's usually the result of *nervousness*—fear of an ordinary powder that won't stick. But how is a man to know that?

It's so needless to run the risk of being misjudged! Thousands of women have said good-bye to "nervous powdering" since they discovered the amazing new Golden Peacock Face Powder! It has two vital new features. In the first place it is really moisture-proof—made with finest French ingredients. Skin moisture cannot take the powder off; and it cannot "cake" it into pore-clogging, coarsening blackheads.

Four Times Finer!

But more than that, Golden Peacock powder is four times finer than any other powder we know about! This super-fineness makes it blend with your skin perfectly. No more artificial "powdered-up" look; instead, your skin presents that flawless, natural peach-bloom look that is the sign of dewy youth. Entrancing!

Just try Golden Peacock Face Powder and see. You may get the 50-cent size at any drug or department store; and the generous purse size is only 10 cents at all 5-and-10c stores. Or, send 6 cents in stamps to Golden Peacock, Inc., Paris, Tennessee, for a generous size box sufficient for three weeks. Please specify shade you use. There is a complete range of ravishing, flattering shades.

Tested and Approved 4620 Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE



At Drug and Department Stores, 25c-50c
At All 5 and 10c Stores, 10c

Golden Peacock
Face Powder

She Was a One-Date Girl

(*Continued from page 43*)

been to less than a half-dozen dances in my life. Dick Powell took me to the Beverly-Wilshire and to the Cocoanut Grove one evening, but Dick, like all the others, has never asked me to go out again. Perhaps I should not have mentioned that, because he may read this story and feel obliged to ask me for another date. Under the circumstances, I would have to refuse him now."

And, of course, the most recent glaring example is Francis Lederer. Jean and Francis were reported cuh-razy about each other for a time, but that little romance seems to have gone the way of all the others, too.

"As a child, I was heartbroken because boys avoided me. I thought I was doomed to be unhappy all my life. Like all young girls, I believed that happiness resulted from popularity with boys. Now that I am older, I have learned that there are other things in life. While I admittedly miss the companionship of men, I am not entirely unhappy without them.

OH, I had girlhood crushes, but they were always with dream princes, men I never met, or never even hoped to meet. My sweethearts were kept in bureau drawers; they were only photographs. Pictures of the Prince of Wales, Wallace Reid, and Rudolph Valentino, far-away public idols, but to me they were real and near. They were my only romances."

Without doubt, these were the most astonishing admissions I have ever heard come from a woman's lips. During my many years as an interviewer, I have heard nothing to equal them. I sat amazed while Jean Muir talked. She talked freely, without prompting, without shame. I wanted to pinch myself to make sure I was awake. Why, it had never occurred to me that a woman, any woman—not even the homeliest woman alive—would admit that she was unattractive to all men.

"Don't Hollywood men take you out at all?" I managed to ask.

"A few have taken me out, once, and on very rare occasions a few times each," she answered, and I am positive that I heard the vestige of a sigh.

"My own stupidity is to blame for the failure of some of them to return, I'll admit. For example, there was a man who invited me to a symphony concert at the Hollywood Bowl. I thought the music was awful. I twisted and squirmed through the first half of the program, and then, without a word to my escort, I left my seat and fled from the place. He never asked me to go out again. He even avoids me when we meet in public." Miss Muir shrugged her shoulders and added, "I don't blame him.

"I wear clothes like a cornfield scarecrow. Perhaps that makes men self-conscious when they take me out. Men like to be seen with girls who are attractive and who dress beautifully. Men like other men to turn their heads and stare enviously. But other men never turn their heads to stare at me.

"I realize that I am greatly to blame myself. I suppose I could make myself more attractive. But I hate tight-fitting, formal gowns. I detest high heels. Consequently, because I enjoy personal comfort so thoroughly, I flounder about in ill-fitting dresses and low-heeled shoes. I refuse to make myself uncomfortable merely to please men. Perhaps, if I were to fall in love . . ." her voice faded musingly.

"Well, if you should fall in love?" I prompted.

"I really don't know what I would do," she answered. "But how can I fall in love, if no man gives me the opportunity?"

"Things may soon be different," I encouraged. "As a child, you were poor. As a motion picture actress, you are famous, and with growing fame will come riches. Fame and wealth will win you attention. Will you like that?"

I'LL love it!" she burst out, impulsively. I will be perfectly frank with the readers of this story. At this point of my interview with Jean Muir, I was in a haze. The woman admits that she has hungered for masculine companionship since she was old enough to feel her first interest in the opposite sex. She further admits that if her screen success brings this companionship, she will be happy. Why, there is actual bitterness in her voice when she confesses that her childhood was devoid of boy friends. Yet, she will not make even the slightest effort to be attractive to men.

Jean could be attractive. I am positive. Despite her assertion that she is not pretty, Jean has uniform features and a fascinating dimple in each cheek. She uses no make-up. I am certain that the correct use of rouge and, perhaps, some lipstick would make her off-screen face more interesting. But, alas, she refuses to use artificial beautifiers.

Offering one man's opinion: I like Jean Muir. She has a charming sense of humor, particularly with regard to herself. No woman could condemn herself as Jean does unless she had a sense of humor. Miss Muir carries on an interesting conversation, although she may be rather too abrupt to please most men. For instance, two minutes after we met she said she disliked the tie I was wearing. Naturally, for a few minutes thereafter, I was annoyed; but because I was more or less obliged to remain long enough to secure my interview, I soon discovered that she is acutely frank, and that her remark about my tie was as honest as were the later censures of herself.

But do you see how her remark might have affected me had I been a "date?"

"There are millions of girls who are unpopular, just as I am," Jean commented.

OF course, they can make themselves interesting to men, provided they have more initiative than I possess. They should learn to flatter men, do the things they like to do, and dress snappily. Clever women can fool men into forgetting mere beauty.

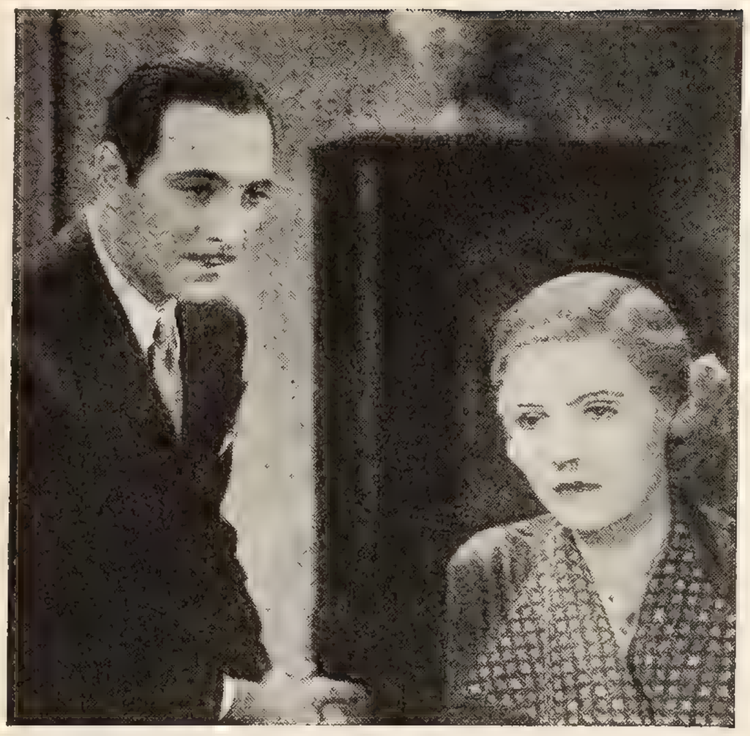
"I am not clever, nor will I subdue my own ego enough to flatter men."

This self-defamation is not mere talk on Jean Muir's part. She is positive of her own unattractiveness. When she was signed to an optional contract by Warner Brothers, she told company executives in no adorned words that she thought they were crazy.

"I am not pretty. I have no sex appeal. I cannot act," she protested. "Why send me to Hollywood? You are wasting your time and money."

Nevertheless, the film officials persisted. They offered her a contract with a most substantial salary.

"I took it; I'm no fool," Jean laughingly told me. "Money is money, and I'm



Jean Muir, the girl who thought she wouldn't be a success in pictures, in her latest release, "The White Cockatoo," with Ricardo Cortez. It's a wow.

not the girl to refuse it."

However, before she left New York, she told a chum, "I'll be back. This contract is for six months, with options. They'll never exercise the options; I'll be back in six months."

A year has elapsed and Jean Muir is still in Hollywood—and very much so, at that. She has appeared in a great many pictures, and in each she has scored an increasingly important hit—"As the Earth Turns," "Dr. Monica," "Desirable," "Gentlemen Are Born," and her most recent release, "The White Cockatoo."

The strange part of it all is that despite her success, Jean retains her inferiority complex. She still insists that she is neither pretty, talented, nor possessed of sex appeal. And although the cameras offer evidence to disprove her assertions, one indelible fact protrudes itself across her Hollywood history like an ugly, black scar:

Hollywood men are not trampling each other in a rush to make social engagements with Jean. In fact, as far as Hollywood men are concerned, Jean Muir still remains "the one-date girl."

So She Won't Talk, Huh!

(*Continued from page 35*)

ordered—or what the editor wanted.

"Tell us about your charities!" we said, And this time it was a command.

"Oh, I don't really do anything." Aha, she looked panicky. "And besides, I think that's been written about before."

It was then that we picked up our coat —or the best looking one on the bed—and departed. The gal wouldn't talk—so what? So go find people who would talk *about* her. There's nothing like having one's revenge, you know.

And what luck! We met a man from West Los Angeles who knew plenty about Miss Davies. So draw up your chairs and learn something.

"Have you heard," he asked, "about the Marion Davies Foundation? It's a children's clinic. Six thousand youngsters are taken care of there every year. There are surgeons and dentists and nurses and every sort of medical aid possible to ob-

So Beautiful Now!

A NEGLECTED GIRL 3 MONTHS AGO



Posed by Dorothy Page *and* Lee Bennett—*Stars of Jan Garber's Supper Club*









WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food superrich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

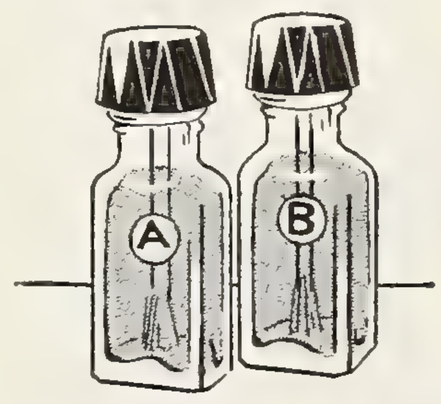


162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.



"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish

After 7 days' wear the results show—

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AT THE 10c STORES

tain, ready for sick and needy kids. Marion usually presents the youngsters' parents with a bill of ten cents for all this, just so they won't feel as if they're accepting charity. Yes, there's no angle she doesn't think of."

We remembered vaguely that we had heard of that foundling home and the one the star has set up in New York, too. The children who have benefitted by its aid go around singing her praises, although they have never actually seen their benefactress; that is, unless they've glimpsed her on the screen.

Next, we ran into a lad working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

"Tell us something about Marion Davies," we begged. "She won't talk!"

"She won't, huh? Well, we'll fix that blonde for that!"

Ah, here was truly sumpin'.

"Have you ever heard about her Christmas party? The one she gives for about five thousand kids at the studio every year? Oh, boy! You should see those youngsters. Each one gets an enormous basket; you know, with a turkey in it and fruits and vegetables and candies. Well, enough stuff to last a month. Besides that, each may select a toy. And what toys! Bicycles for the boys and big dolls for the girls. Every doll talks, because when Marion was a kid she always wanted a doll that could—and never was able to afford one.

"Marion never appears at the party personally. She doesn't want the youngsters to feel indebted to her. But she has movies made of it and after they've all gone home, she has the picture developed and run off to see if the well-known 'enjoyable time was had by all' really was."

It sort of looks as if Miss Davies is a great girl, doesn't it? However, there might be something else to learn, so our sleuthing and research work again came into play.

"Did you hear about the newsboy who sold papers along Hollywood Boulevard?" a little movie extra asked. No, we hadn't.

WELL, he was crazy to get an education and was mad about books, that Marion—we all call her that—decided he should have an opportunity. So she sent him to a Prep School and when he graduated from there, she sent him to Military School. He's getting along fine. And then there was the office boy. But you heard about him, maybe?" No.

"Oh, that poor kid had cataracts on his eyes so that he was almost going blind. Marion sent him to a specialist who performed an operation and now he can see as well as anyone."

At any rate, if Marion Davies won't talk, it looks as if she is to be alone in her silence. Everybody else is not only willing, but anxious, to speak up.

The next man we looked up did odd jobs around the Soldiers' Home out Santa Monica way.

"Why there isn't a Memorial Day nor an Armistice Day that Miss Davies doesn't send cigarettes and books and mufflers to the soldiers," he volunteered "She's one fine young woman, she is."

And now for a little human interest story we came across quite by accident. It seems that Marion was giving a big party. Eleven o'clock rolled around and the guests were growing more than impatient, for their hostess had not yet appeared. About midnight she arrived and explained that she had been working to finish a picture. There were a couple of people in the room who felt that the alibi was not exactly true, but of course nothing was said.

The next morning one of the newspapers carried a yarn stating that Miss Davies had been four hours late to her own party and inferred that she was becoming so high hat that her guests were lucky that she put in an appearance at all.

Here is what actually happened. An old woman, the caretaker of Marion's studio bungalow, lay dying. She called for Marion and asked that the actress look after her little girl when she was gone. Of course this request was promptly granted. And then Miss Davies sat with the woman for hours—until she passed on, in fact. And when she went, it was with a blessing for Marion on her lips.

Marion Davies kept her word. She always does. The caretaker's little girl was put into a good school, then sent to college, and is now enjoying a trip abroad. When she returns to California, she is scheduled to take a business course so that she may be self-supporting and, therefore, independent.

Lack of space prevents our going on recounting Marion's good deeds. Suffice it to say that she is one of the kindest and most charitable girls in the world, who looks for neither recognition nor gratitude for the benefits she has performed, and indeed, won't even mention them. And so it is with real pleasure that we send this "get-even" message to Miss Davies:

"So you won't talk, huh? Well, we've got a story, anyway! Let that teach you a lesson!"

Should the Husband Pay the Bills? No, says Ginger

(*Continued from page 38*)

means anything, and I believe it does, it means the doing away with foolish pride about matters of money. Nowadays, it is the rule rather than the exception for a girl to have some sort of an occupation and, particularly in the last few years, it has become necessary for the woman of the house to be the provider. This does not mean that the man is lazy or irresponsible or deserving of less respect. It is merely a condition brought about by economic circumstances.

"I doubt if there is any place in the world where sex equality is more prevalent than in Hollywood. Women have earned their freedom.

"Hollywood is a colony of artists, all aiming for some sort of greatness. The life of anyone connected with the creative end of motion pictures is apart from old-time conventions, such as the rule that a man, in order to keep his standing, must pay the bills.

"You see," she explained, "in some of the happiest marriages in Hollywood the wife earns ten times the amount brought in by her husband whose work may be equally important but less lucrative.

"What should be done in cases like these? Should the wife hoard her money and live in a cottage when she wants a spacious house? Or should the pair realize

that money is only important in so far as it supplies congenial surroundings?

"As women have developed their personalities they have increased their needs and they have equipped themselves to pay for these needs.

"In the old days, I understand, the wife was expected to cajole and wheedle her husband into buying her a new gown or a new hat. Nowadays she is able to buy her own wardrobe without any apologies, and you can't tell me that a husband is not pleased to find himself relieved of a stack of bills around the first of the month."

I sensed a fine feeling of fairness and justice in her reasoning. These expressions were not for the sake of creating an impression of bravado, of daring, of desire to be different. Here was an ideal, a principle which I felt the spirited young star would make every effort to preserve. I continued to probe deeper.

"But surely," I speculated, "there must be other reasons to justify your unconventional stand. Do you feel, as I assume you do, that both can work with greater abandon if money worries are dismissed?"

"Yes, that is exactly the way I feel," she answered eagerly, her eyes shining at the sudden kinship in our view. "When money problems are removed, no matter which side does the removing, a lot of useless worry and emotion are spared. Instead of fretting about the details of living, there is an opportunity to concentrate on a career.

"Instead of puzzling over a budget of household accounts the husband and wife will find time and energy to discuss the play on which they are working, or some bit of acting, or music, or a book. They will develop themselves and deepen their common interests."

"But," I ventured, "wouldn't such a plan tend to rob a man of his ambitions? Wouldn't the lack of financial responsibilities weaken his morale?"

"No, indeed," she assured me. "The arrangement I have in mind does not tolerate the type of man who is ready to sit back and allow himself to be supported. Nobody wants that kind of man, anyway. In this sort of scheme the man must feel that his work is important and necessary and that he must share in proportion to his earnings the expenses of the partnership. In many instances the husband is laying the foundation for fame in later years.

"For example," elucidated Ginger, "I know of a wife who is a contract player for a big producing company. She goes about her business earning fat pay checks, while her husband sits at home pecking at a typewriter. Some day his novels are going to be published, at least that is his belief, and there is no thought of inferiority because his wife brings home the bacon.

"Another somewhat similar case is that of a painter who occasionally gets a portrait assignment. But I know his yearly commissions would be insufficient to pay for his wife's wardrobe let alone the upkeep of two cars.

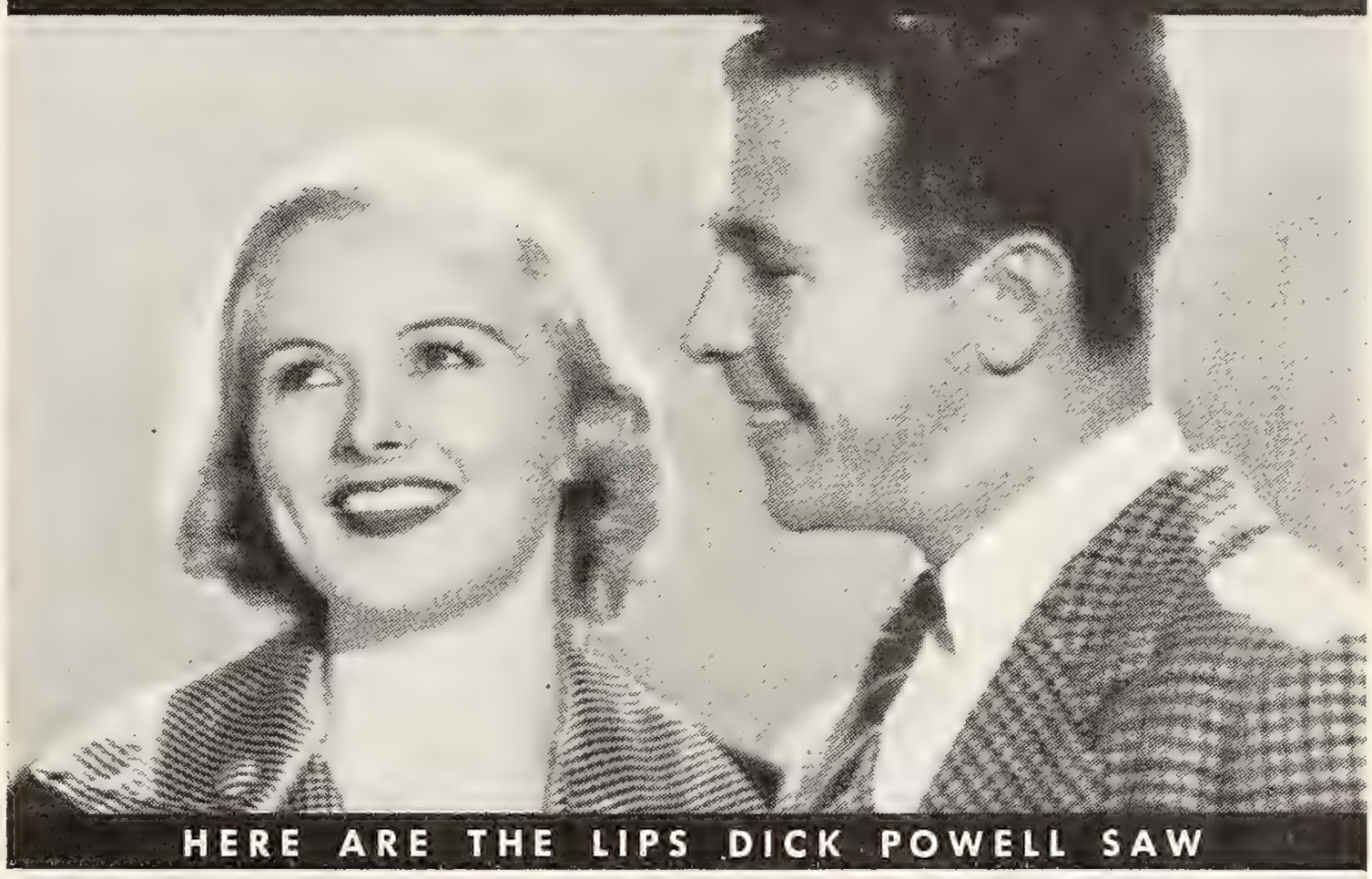
"Then there are unknown script writers whose education and intellect far more than compensate for their lack of fame and cash. More than one actress of my acquaintance owes a lot more to men of this caliber than she can possibly repay.

"The old idea of possession on the part of a man and being possessed on the part of a woman is vanishing.

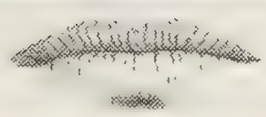
"After all, we are individuals first and individuals we must remain however close the contacts brought about by love.

"I do not believe in free love, but I do believe in love being free and it is never more free than when equality, social and economic, is recognized."

"No other lips appealed to me!" SAID DICK POWELL



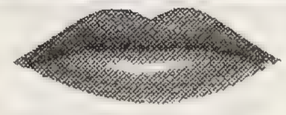
HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW



UNTOUCHED Lips often look faded



PAINTED Lips look unnatural



TANGEE Intensifies your natural color

Popular young star tells why he chose Tangee Lips

"I work with girls made up in grease paint all day long", Dick Powell explained. "In the studio you've got to have it. But off the lot, I don't like it—there's no romance in lips with that hard, coarse, painted look. No man finds them really attractive."

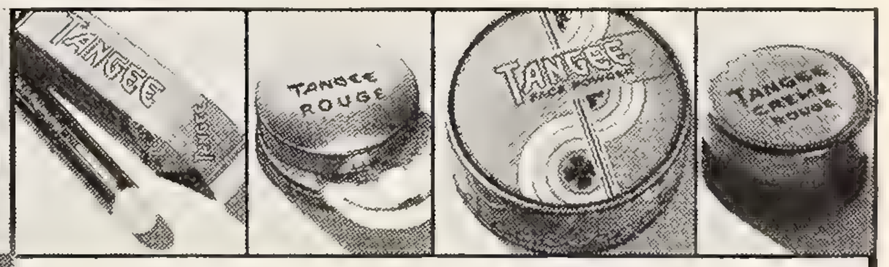
Millions of men feel exactly that way about painted lips. But Tangee isn't paint! It makes your lips soft and rosy and appealing, because it brings out your own natural coloring—without coating the lips with a smear of paint.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips (because of the exclusive Tangee color-change principle) it changes to the one shade of blush rose most becoming to you. Get Tangee today. There are two sizes, 39 cents and $1.10. And if you'd like the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, send 10 cents with the coupon below.



• One girl wore no lipstick, one used Tangee, another used ordinary lipstick. We caught Dick Powell between scenes of "Flirtation Walk", a Warner Brothers picture . . . asked him which lips were most appealing . . . instantly, he picked the Tangee girl—the one with soft, rosy, natural lips.

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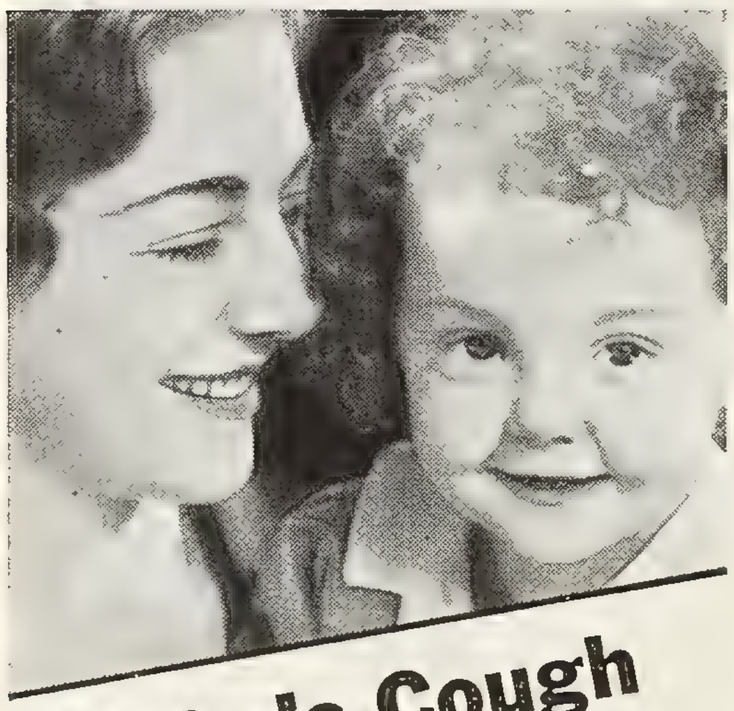
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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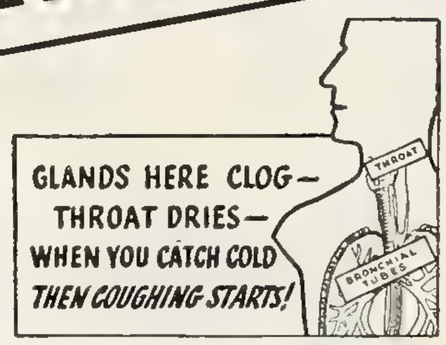
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When you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Then your throat dries, because infection has changed the character of your glands' secretion. Thick mucus collects. First you feel a tickling—then you cough!

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DOCTORS EVERYWHERE have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. Try it!

PERTUSSIN

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely



I Chaperone the Crowd

(*Continued from page 34*)

was filled with interruptions, for each one in his turn would remember something he had left or thought he had left at home. Once Henry was certain he had forgotten his tuxedo and to make sure unpacked his suit-case on the sidewalk in a small town about thirty miles outside of Hollywood.

The others stood around, eagerly awaiting the outcome of the search because, knowing Henry, they were well aware that if the missing garment was not in the suit-case the entire caravan would travel back to Hollywood to get it. And a crowd of local residents gathered around and learned what the young-man-about-town carries in his suit-case when he goes on a week-end party. The tuxedo was there!

Grace Durkin thought that she had left her dog at home, which necessitated a telephone call to Hollywood; then it was discovered that her thoughtful brother, Trent, had the dog in the car with him. Jimmy Ellison had left the script of a play he was rehearsing in a friend's car and that meant another telephone call.

However, everyone arrived at La Jolla safely and in good humor. Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin got lost en route, just as sweethearts in any town in the United States would have gotten themselves lost, but they, too, reached their destination.

That night at the dance, sitting at a special table, they made an ideal little group. The girls looked sweet and the boys were charming. They autographed everything; they danced with the local society boys and girls; they were patient with all the people who had gone to school with their mothers and fathers; they had a grand time.

AT two o'clock in the morning, when the dance was over, they decided to go to Mexico and dutifully asked my permission. I knew that no amount of persuasion would stop them, so I borrowed a warm coat and prepared to go with them. When I saw the dismayed looks on their faces I could only conclude that they didn't want me to go along. Later they confessed that they were SO disappointed that I went willingly because they had planned to throw a blanket over my head, and force me to go.

When we started for Mexico they all piled into the first cars that were ready to start. There was no running off in couples, with the exception of Anita and Tom. They always ride together and are kiddingly called "the old married folks."

These boys and gals get along like one big happy family. They are fond of one another, in a purely platonic way in most cases. Pat Ellis' name has been linked frequently with Henry Willson's, but it's really because they like to dance together. And all those New York calls on Henry's telephone bill every month are to the girl he likes best of all—Paula Stone.

Each one knows the other's problems. They talk freely about their contracts, their salaries, and their worries, large and small. Utter frankness about everything is the keynote of their conversations. They hate being referred to as ingenues or juveniles. They don't want to appear young, rather, they like to be thought sophisticated. Although they get pleasure from youthful pursuits, they wish to discard an appearance of youth as quickly as possible. There was no chaperoning for me to do. They asked me to go with them because it was the thing to do and it would please their parents. They do a very good job of chaperoning themselves.

One thing I couldn't understand was why the juveniles in Hollywood act so awfully young. So I asked Tom Brown, who is one of the best known juveniles on the screen, the reason for it.

"Why is it, Tommy," I said, "that when you have a good, serious character role to play—something you can get your teeth into—you give a grand performance, but when you play a boy of seventeen or your own age, you make him act like a nine-year old?

AND why do you act so young off the screen? For instance, last night when you and Trent Durkin sneaked into our bedrooms and put burnt cork on the girls' faces. No normal eighteen-year-old boy would do a childish trick like that."

"Perhaps it's because I never was eighteen or nineteen years old," he replied seriously. "Perhaps I don't know how a boy that age would act because I never was that age. I was on the stage when I was seven. I associated with grown people; I was treated as an older person; I earned as much money as a grown person and I had the responsibilities of a grown person.

"Of course I went to school, but I attended a professional school, where the other children were all in the same position I was in. It was like associating with grown people. We had fun, of course. After all, we were children, but we had responsibilities and we felt them. We all looked forward to a career when other children our age were looking forward to college. Before I was grown up I felt that I was a man. There never was any in-between age for me. Perhaps that's the answer to your question—we can't really 'feel' kid roles and therefore we have a tendency to exaggerate them."

A majority of Hollywood's younger players have the same responsibilities and feel the same way about things in general that Tommy does, but they don't take life so seriously as he does. They call him "grandpa" and laugh about the time he wanted to play a certain part so much that he tried to raise a moustache to make himself look older. When the home-grown moustache refused to put in an appearance, he pasted one on and got the part.

These youngsters are all more or less their own bosses—not legally, of course. Most of them are the breadwinners of their families and they assume a protective attitude toward their parents. When our party was invited to spend another night at La Jolla and attend a dance at the Beach Club most of them telephoned home for permission to remain. Pat Ellis' father answered the telephone when she called.

"But Pat, you're working," he remonstrated. "You have to be on the set at eight in the morning. You should be home."

"I know, Alex," she giggled, "but every once in a while we have to do these things. Don't worry, I'll be at work on time."

She left the dance at eleven-thirty and was in bed at midnight. Next morning she arose at three-thirty and, with Trent Durkin, left at four in order to reach Warner's studio at eight o'clock. They were pretty sleepy but they hadn't forgotten their responsibilities.

Pat's life has been a pretty carefree one as far as finances are concerned, but one of hard training. Her stepfather, Alexander Leftwich, well known New York producer, trained her from childhood for a career. When he produced a show, Pat understudied every feminine part in the show. "And I had to be prepared to step

into any role," Pat told me. "I had to be letter-perfect in every part. It was hard work but excellent training."

Pat was never treated as a child, her mother told me. "We always had lots of company at our house. Well known actors, singers, and writers were frequently our guests. She always heard adult conversation and has always seemed grown-up."

The three Durkins, who have been known to stage and picture audiences since they were babies, don't feel they are in the "kid" class, either. Orphaned two years ago they manage their own affairs, both social and financial, with a good deal of nonchalance. They have a guardian, whom they adore, but they always decide what they are going to do before they ask his advice. They talk everything over together. They have no secrets from one another and the way they conduct their lives would put many an older person to shame.

Recently, Junior Durkin, who made his name famous when he became a star over night in the New York play, "Courage," changed it to Trent. "He had to have a name sometime," Grace explained, "or people would think he was still 'Huckleberry Finn.'"

"Oh, yes," jeered Tom Brown, "he's a big character actor now and has to have a name." The name "Trent" was the result of the entire group's going into a huddle.

They love to play jokes on each other and when they do, the unfortunate one is kidded unmercifully. However, they never let an outsider in on it. If one receives an invitation or an opportunity for a publicity break or even a role in a picture, and can't accept it for one reason or another, he or she immediately telephones around to the bunch in an effort to pass it on to one in their own set.

Sharing is their motto. For example, Henry Willson has been ill and is not allowed to drive his car, so he employs a chauffeur, which he can't afford. Trent Durkin can't afford to buy a car, so he uses Henry's and pays the salary of the chauffeur. Nice coöperation, what?

At the Beach Club dance they discovered Tom Brown in the clutches of the "village vamp," a cute little trick from New York.



Fay Wray, as she arrived in New York on her way to London to appear in "Alias Bulldog Drummond" for Gaumont.

The thrill of smooth HANDS goes to his HEART!



What a thrill! He loves to touch excitingly smooth hands. So get that smoothness *quickly* and surely with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—

Hinds does real *good* to the hands because it actually *soaks* the skin with rich fragrant balms. It is the truly *penetrating* liquid cream—it soothes dry or chapped hands—gives your hands that thrilling smoothness men adore!

Use Hinds on your hands after they've been in water, and at bedtime. It gives inexpensive beauty care —25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your drug store, 10¢ size at the dime store!

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Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations—that so often lead to something serious—usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspapers.

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They swooped down on him like an army attack and rescued him for Anita, who was very annoyed because she was quite interested in one of the local boys at the moment. They were willing to fight for their Anita, but they do wish that "just once she would wear a spotty dress or get one hair out of place."

It was with a feeling of regret that we started home. Everyone was happy. There had been no quarrels. I decided that these boys and girls are just as normal, just as nice as any boys and girls their age. It's true, they don't have taffy-pulls to pass away a dull evening but neither do other young people their age in this advanced year of 1935. They do snatch at any opportunity for fun (like putting burnt cork on the girls' faces), because in their entire lives they haven't had much "young" fun. Responsibilities that belong to older people have been heaped on their immature shoulders. They had to be old before they had a chance to be young. They had no playtime. Now that success has come to many of them, and with it leisure and money, they try to be young—to crowd as much fun and play as possible into every leisure hour. And sometimes, if they seem to be "putting it on" a little, as their critics have said, what does it matter?

They have had adulation and flattery all their lives but they know it doesn't mean a thing, so it doesn't affect them. They have seen all kinds of life in their work, and consequently in their playtime they are remarkably clean-minded. They are true sophisticates.

All these things I learned, when I was a chaperone.

Marlene Answers All Your Qustions

(*Continued from page 29*)

"There are too many stars for one to be a novelty. Nor do they try to disturb my home life. No one ever attempts to climb over my walls, to break into my house. A few children come and ask for autographs, but that is no nuisance. I think all this talk of lack of privacy is odd. I notice it only when I am *away* from Hollywood. Then everyone stares and I am scared. I am eager to get back here where it is quiet and peaceful."

Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's director husband, has decided to stay in Hollywood permanently. That is, as long as his wife is fated to remain. Their four-year separation, which was punctuated by twice-a-year visits, is thus over.

"I was only away from my little girl for the first six months I was here. I didn't bring her from Germany because I was very uncertain. I didn't know whether I was to succeed here. It was for her own good that she stayed at home until I learned. Now she is growing up to be very American. I think that personality is determined when one is very young. I was never allowed to express any emotion in my face, to show dislike for anything. That is why I couldn't act all over the set. I would be ashamed to be unrestrained. But Maria is being raised to have freedom."

Hollywood plays such jokes on ambitious women. Marlene has escaped the town's capricious whims. She has had no terrific disillusionment because she never was lured into a worship for fame.

"I always had an admiration for the screen. But I never dreamed of becoming a star," she said. "Even when I first came to Hollywood it was not the fame and the money which attracted me. I came to work with Mr. Von Sternberg."

"But doesn't the money mean a lot to you?" I probed.

"No. Half of what I earn goes for income tax. I could accumulate more in Europe. Or I could go on the radio here and make enough in a year so I should never need to work again."

"The applause, the flattery, do they please you?"

"NO," she replied. "I am not proud of being a film star! I see no reason to be. Compared to important professions this, that I am doing, is so unimportant. Even in comparison to the stage this work of mine falls far short. On the stage you must struggle for years before you can advance to a lead. In pictures, stars are made overnight because of their beauty. There is a haste and a lack of dignity to film stardom. I do not mean to criticize. There are many stars here who have great talent. I merely say that from my own standpoint I am not at all proud because I have become a film star."

Such modesty had never come my way from a Hollywood lady. So I asked:

"But what makes all this worth while to you then?"

"The sheer joy of acting, of creating a characterization, of being associated with Mr. Von Sternberg."

"And," I reiterated, "have you no desire to stand on your own feet, to work with another director? A fine actress should be as fine under any guidance, shouldn't she?"

"Certainly she should. But I do not understand why I must prove I am not an automaton. As I said, if I find an interesting story I will do it with someone else. Then I shall return to Mr. Von Sternberg's direction."

"And the stage . . . ?"

"No. I haven't command enough of English to act on the stage in this country. Perhaps some day again in Europe. As for the screen, when there are no more plots which are appealing, then I will stop.

"I have never been the kind who could mix with many people, so I have few close acquaintances in Hollywood. In Berlin I had three or four friends. Does anyone really have more? Here I go straight home from the studio. I am perfectly content to have just a few friends. I do not want any more. There isn't time. Between my home and my work I am kept busy."

"But how can you develop your personality if you don't notice what others are doing and adapt yourself in various ways to suit those others?"

"I said I thought one's personality was determined when young. I don't believe in making one's self over. I have never tried to please everyone. If it is someone I respect highly I pay attention. But I don't want to make other people over, either. And as for developing, I have never endeavored to consciously improve myself. That is confusing. I mean, of course, that I do my best to be my best. But I simply trust to life to mold my personality."

I was becoming more and more intrigued with this amazing woman. So feminine is she, and yet so thoroughly brave in her convictions. Every article about her has been an attempt to reveal how she has been changed by Hollywood. They've

missed the point. Marlene has been perfectly poised. It's the rest who have been doing the flustering.

But if her replies to my pertinent questions have astonished you, wait until you hear her sum up these four film years in America. I asked her what she considers her accomplishments to date.

"I have a child," she said, without a second's pause. There was no mention of Hollywood peaks! I must have looked startled for she then added, "And I have made a few people happy. That is all."

"But your career!" I exclaimed, so used to listening to the cinema stars chatter on and on endlessly, egotistically.

"Ah," she declared, "there is so much more in life for me. Earning the respect of the people I love, carrying out my duties to them, bringing up my child . . ."

You have read numberless tales about Marlene. No one had ever gone to her and frankly asked for her own explanations. I'm glad I did because now she seems not a high-hat mystery, but a normal, eager, and loyal woman. Four years have brought overwhelming changes to Hollywood. But none to the tranquil, tantalizing Dietrich.

Even if she hadn't behaved so intelligently during my twenty minutes with her, I'd have approved of her. She is so marvelously beautiful.

Do you suppose she has ever delved into Lord Chesterfield's tomes? Remember, he advised, "address yourself to the senses if you would please; dazzle the eyes, soothe and flatter the ears of mankind, engage their hearts and let their reason do its worst against you."

I am sure of few things in this perplexing world, but one of my certainties now is that none of the slams on Marlene could have been written by a man who has met her!



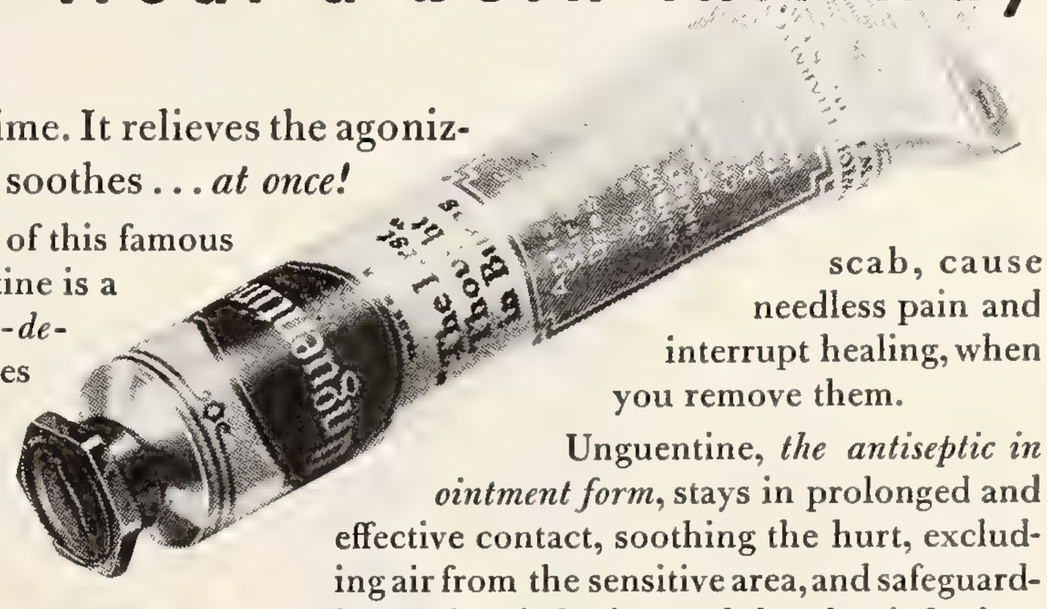
Mr. Arliss is back from London after completing "The Iron Duke" for Gaumont British.



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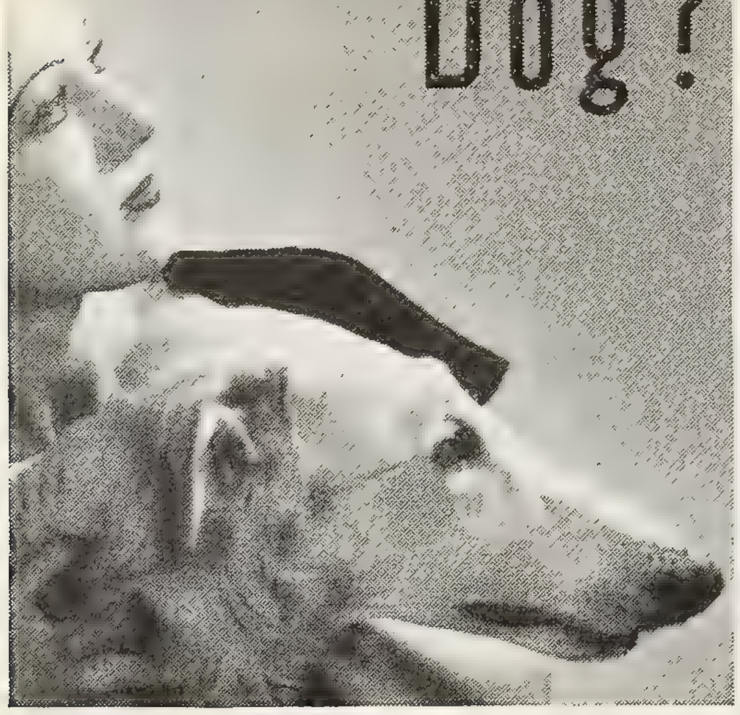
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Men . . . !

(*Continued from page 33*)

no mistake."

John returned. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I couldn't find your pipe. It wasn't in the desk drawer, and I didn't like to rummage."

The director dropped his hand into his pocket and brought his pipe forth.

"You're right," he said with a grin, looking a little guilty. "Thanks anyway, old man."

He turned to his company and announced: "Luncheon recess. Be back at one-thirty, please!"

He watched the girl and John, arm in arm, going toward her car which was parked under the false front mountains. And there was something about them so young, so poignant, that he remembered a spring long lost and grew a little sad.

"Get a look at that girl's eyes," he told his assistant. "Listen to her voice. Soft, eh?" Then, realizing he was spilling over a bit, he turned gruff. "It's a damn shame there's no camera or mike trained on them," he said. "That's what it is, a damn, wasteful shame."

AND now we hearken to the experiences of the Girl of the Orchids.

She looks as though she might think babies were found in cabbage patches. Her hair is a pale gold fluff. But in her eyes, dark blue, there's wisdom, an early wisdom.

She's been in the theatre and in pictures since her early 'teens, you see, and she's smart. She has profited by all the things she's seen and read and heard. And she has the knack of handling any situation in which she finds herself, without seeming to handle it at all.

Under all circumstances, knowing her as I do, I'd expect her to have sympathy and understanding. It's curious how knowledge and experience coming to some girls in a rush turns them hard. And coming to other girls in a rush it makes them warmly wise, charmingly capable.

This girl is one made wise and capable. Therefore, to one love scene at any rate, she was able to bring a certain quality which made it the talk of Hollywood. And a trial to the young man who loves her dearly.

Hollywood's a funny place. You'd expect it to be blasé and sated. Indifferent really. But nowhere on earth is there a town quicker with understanding and appreciation. Or, for that matter, with criticism and prejudice.

The leading man in this love scene came to motion pictures after he had found great popularity. Learning she was to play with him, the Girl of the Orchids had been apprehensive. She felt he might be high-hat and pretentious. Difficult. His success had come to him quickly enough to turn his head. No doubt of that.

However, he proved a pleasant surprise. He was shy, actually shy. Unsophisticated and sensitive, too. He looked so scrubbed and brushed and shiny clean that she had no feeling about the intimate scenes they would play together.

The picture progressed. They came to the love interest and finally to the big love scene itself. This scene was laid in the garden of an inn, an inn somewhere in Europe. To add romance to the setting, one of the stage-hands was relegated to the catwalk, a narrow walk erected around the sides of a set, so that, at appropriate moments, he might shake down blossoms of white silk from a drooping wisteria vine.

THE lights and the microphones were set up. Behind the camera, mounted on its rubber-tired dolly, was the inevitable camp-chair line-up of director, assistant director, 'script girl, and several members of the company not working in this particular scene.

The leading man came on the set and his eyes went hunting for the Girl of the Orchids. He found her at last standing in the inn doorway and he went directly to her.

"Hello, there," she said. "It's a pity you had to miss the rushes last night. You were splendid in them. You would have delighted your own heart."

She knew the need you feel for encouragement when you are making your first picture. She hadn't made her first picture so long ago that she had forgotten.

His face brightened. "Was I? Thanks, loads! I'm glad to hear that."

She had her make-up box propped on a ledge before her. She held it there with her weight against it and powdered her face smoothly over its thin layer of grease-paint.

"We're doing the love scene this morning, I believe," he said, plainly embarrassed. "And, er . . . well, I wondered how you wanted me to—to kiss you."

The girl laughed. "Any way you like," she told him easily. "A long one. Or a short one."

He was utterly relieved. "I'm new at this sort of thing. And I want the scene to have emotion, of course, but I don't want to do anything that would . . . er . . ."

"You couldn't," she told him. And she meant it.

"Ready?" the director called.

The girl snapped her make-up box shut and the leading man went over to his position under the vines.

"You run to him," the director told the girl, rehearsing the action described in the 'script. "This isn't a long sequence, you know, so we've got to make every moment count. We've got to cram in the emotion.

"You can't wait to reach him. You seem to fling yourself across that little distance."

The girl nodded. She knew. Only too well. It was like that with her when she saw the young man she loved.

The director turned to the leading man. "You see her coming. You move a few steps forward. Your arms open. They close around her. You kiss. Okeh, let's try it!"

They tried it. The Girl of the Orchids ran to the young man standing there so straight and eager under the wisteria flowers and, as the director had suggested, she seemed to fling herself across that little distance. The leading man moved forward to meet her. His arms closed around her.

However, his effort to make every moment count, to cram in the emotion, didn't end there. In a minute he held her a little from him, a little to one side. His hands went caressing her. Intimately. The way no hero caresses a heroine on the screen, whatever heroes may do in reality.

The girl couldn't believe this was hap-

pening. She had heard stories of actors with exploring hands but it was incredible to her that this shy young man was taking advantage of the scene to make personal advances.

"We'll try it again," the director called. There was a curious note in his voice, as if he had noticed, too. Indeed, he couldn't have helped it.

They did it over again, and the same thing happened. One property man, an old hand in the studios, wiped an involuntary grin from his face. And there was an unmistakable snicker from the lad relegated to shake down silken petals at opportune moments.

"We'll try it *again*," the director said. This time he didn't even try to curb the amusement in his voice.

They did it still another time. And still another time the young man proceeded to act the way no hero on the screen may act.

The girl went over to the director. Under cover of having to sit down to remove her slipper she talked to him.

"This *is* happening, isn't it?" she asked. She wasn't offended. For obviously there was no intent on the leading man's part to be unpleasant or unduly familiar.

"It's happening all right," the director agreed. Like the girl he found it difficult to grasp any sense of reality.

WHAT can we do?" she asked. "You can't photograph it that way, that much is sure. And it would be a pity to hurt his feelings. He's so nice."

"Beat it for a few minutes," the director advised. "I'll talk to him."

The Girl of the Orchids disappeared gladly.

Almost immediately, everybody on that set, realizing something was in the wind between the director and the leading man, became very busy, completely absorbed by some job. There's a lot of hullabuloo about professional jealousy and not nearly enough mention of the grand fraternity you so often find on a set.

"Look," the director began when he'd brought the leading man over beside him on a pretext, "that, that massaging bit . . . You'll have to cut that out."

He had decided not to beat around any bushes, to say what he had to say frankly, to kid a little.

The leading man looked wretched. "I wondered," he admitted. "I don't mind telling you I've been dreading this—this scene. I haven't known what to do. You see, they had me up in the front office last night talking about my next picture. They're pleased about the exhibitors' in-



Anna Sten and an armful of fluff. Cute?

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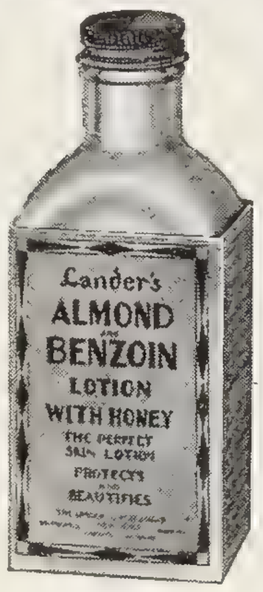


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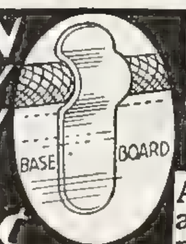
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terest in me. But they advised me to get more 'umph' in my love scenes."

"Umph!" said the director. "Well, they usually know what they're talking about up there in the front office, all reports and jokes to the contrary. They've managed to keep their Rolls Royces all through this depression, I've noticed. And that means they're shrewd. Undoubtedly they're right about the need for 'umph'. But you're wrong, feller, about the way you're getting it."

A few minutes later the director met the Girl of the Orchids outside the set to explain to her what had happened.

"Poor darling," she said sympathetically. "This means so much to him, his first picture . . . and they have him so confused."

They rehearsed the scene again. And the girl gave it everything she had. Perhaps she was remembering her eagerness and uncertainty as a novice. Perhaps, terribly in love, she felt closer and more sympathetic to everyone, her leading man included. Or perhaps, in his quandary, he appealed to her maternal instinct. It's always so futile to attempt to analyze anyone's reactions.

In any event she brought emotion to that scene. And emotion photographs.

She ran to that young man so impetuously, so swiftly, that he had to catch her up in his arms to save her from falling. And in doing this he somehow caught the tempo that scene should have and carried through with it.

Still in his arms the Girl of the Orchids threw back her lovely golden head to laugh up into his face. And for one small second, before his mouth closed on hers, he seemed lost in the tender blue of her eyes.

Dictionaries have yet to include a definition of "umph." However, if "umph" means desire and a dash of hotcha wrapped up in something beautiful and spiritual, and I think it does, that scene had "umph." Lots of it.

A few weeks later when the picture was previewed at a local theatre the film colony turned out to see it. Hollywood also is a curious town. And everyone wanted to see the handsome young leading man recruited with his bright fame. They were agreed he was a potential star, a good bet. But, leaving the theatre, it was the love scene they talked about. They said it had something poignant and tender about it. They marvelled at its charming youth.

It was the love scene the Girl of the Orchids and her beau talked about, too. Or, perhaps, it would be more exact to say it was the love scene the girl's beau talked about.

They left the theatre by a side exit to avoid the autograph hunters who crowd around the marquee after a preview. And he headed his Ford roadster for their favorite Drive-In. (A Drive-In, for the benefit of those who lack these excellent enterprises in their home towns, is a large stand built in the center of a corner lot. Cars pull up to it and pretty waitresses come out to clamp trays on the car's sides and to take orders for anything from hamburgers to turkey and cranberry sauce).

"Did you like it?" the girl asked.

"It's a very nice picture," he granted, without enthusiasm.

"Like *him?*" she wanted to know.

"Sure," even less enthusiastically, if possible. "He's all right. If you like that type. You do. Apparently!"

She giggled. The way girls do when *the* young man, in trying not to show how much he cares, proceeds to give himself away completely.

"I do like that type," she said. Then her voice dropped. She moved closer to his side. The little quill in her rakish hat tickled his ear. "But there's another type I like better. Much better. Dark curly hair goes with it."

As I said in the beginning, she's a girl able to handle any situation in which she finds herself. Better than ably. Admirably!

Average—But Wonderful

(*Continued from page 37*)

season's débutantes and become a substantial citizen of commerce? What had I? Well, my heart, I guess. My imagination which rode me and drew blood. I didn't pose in front of mirrors as a youngster. I did not inflate the family pride by reciting 'pieces.' But I did read omniverously. I did live in a fantastical world of my own where I encountered strange adventures and met exciting people. I knew that somehow I must continue these adventures, must meet the glamorous people of the world in flesh and blood. And I went to the theatre all of the time, with every scrap of time and every piece of money I had. I saw Sir Henry Irving do "Rip Van Winkle" and I have never forgotten it. I think I knew, then."

Columbia Pictures' studio biography of Walter Connolly says, "As versatile an actor as ever trod the boards, can play any character part no matter how young or old, no matter what nationality, no matter what walk of life. He thinks nothing of being a senile watchman ("Man's Castle") in the morning, a prosperous business man ("It Happened One Night") in the afternoon, and a suave European ("Lady For A Day") at night, and makes each performance ring with authenticity . . ."

I reminded Mr. Connolly of this deserved encomium. He said, "We'll waive the question of whether that is flattery or truth. But this is the truth: I went on the stage in order to play those parts. And others. As many others as possible.

"It was because I so desperately wanted to be all men rather than one man that I left my 'cage' at the bank. It was because I couldn't tolerate the idea of being Walter Connolly, bank clerk, all of my days that I—well that I made my professional début in Norfolk, Virginia, in 'Classmates,' in 1909. Two years later I was on Broadway in the revival of 'The Shepherd King,' starring Wright Lorimer. And for twenty-two years I never left Broadway again save for some summer stock.

"Matter of fact," Mr. Connolly chuckled (and he does chuckle—all nice men do), I really picked the job at the bank because banking hours are such that I had time off for amateur theatricals.

"I simply could not bear monotony, that's all. Psychologists would call it an escape. So it was. I felt as though dust would accumulate on me if I stayed where I was. I rose to my feet and shook myself. I wanted variety. And if you ask me what gift of all gifts my years on the stage have given me I would say just that —variety.

"The stage and the screen have enabled

me to be many hundreds of persons in my own person. I do not have to get dog-tired of being Walter Connolly, because I am Walter Connolly for so small a part of the time.

"But best of all, most important of all, I have been able to meet and to know most of the vital persons of my generation. Musicians, sculptors, statesmen, as well as actors and actresses.

"And I could not have known these people if I had not been in the theatre. A millionaire may be able to order a 'command performance,' that is true, and entertain the great of the earth. But he doesn't really know them. Only when you are doing some form of creative work yourself can you know others in similar fields. I think about the finest thing life has given me is knowing those others.

"I have worked with Gilbert Miller, Jed Harris and George M. Cohan. I knew Charles Frohman, the greatest showman of them all. I have worked with Helen Hayes, Margaret Anglin, Pauline Lord and innumerable others. I have known the Barrymores, Sothern, Marlowe, John Drew, Leo Dietrichstein and Minnie Maddern Fiske. I have known Broadway in 'The Affairs of Anatole,' 'Possession,' 'Way Down East,' 'The Late Christopher Bean,' and other plays too many to list here. (And I remember an old slogan of Broadway which said that Connolly was always in demand with the theatrical impresarios and feminine stars because "he always saved a bad play and bettered a good one.")

"I was not off Broadway for twenty-two years," Mr. Connolly was saying. "However, I did take time off to make one picture in 1917, 'The Soldier's Oath,' with William Farnum. I hope, some day, to be able to forget it. The only other interlude was during the World War when I joined the 13th Division of the Marine Corps under Major General Smedley Butler.

"This life of the theatre offers rich gifts and highly colored adventure. And it's a happy life, too. Actors may be down, very far down, but they are never out. You can go to any lot in Hollywood today and talk to dozens of old-timers on whom the last curtain has gone down and they never know it. Because there is always hope in the heart of the actor. No actor ever believes that he is through.

"Also, an actor is safer than a business



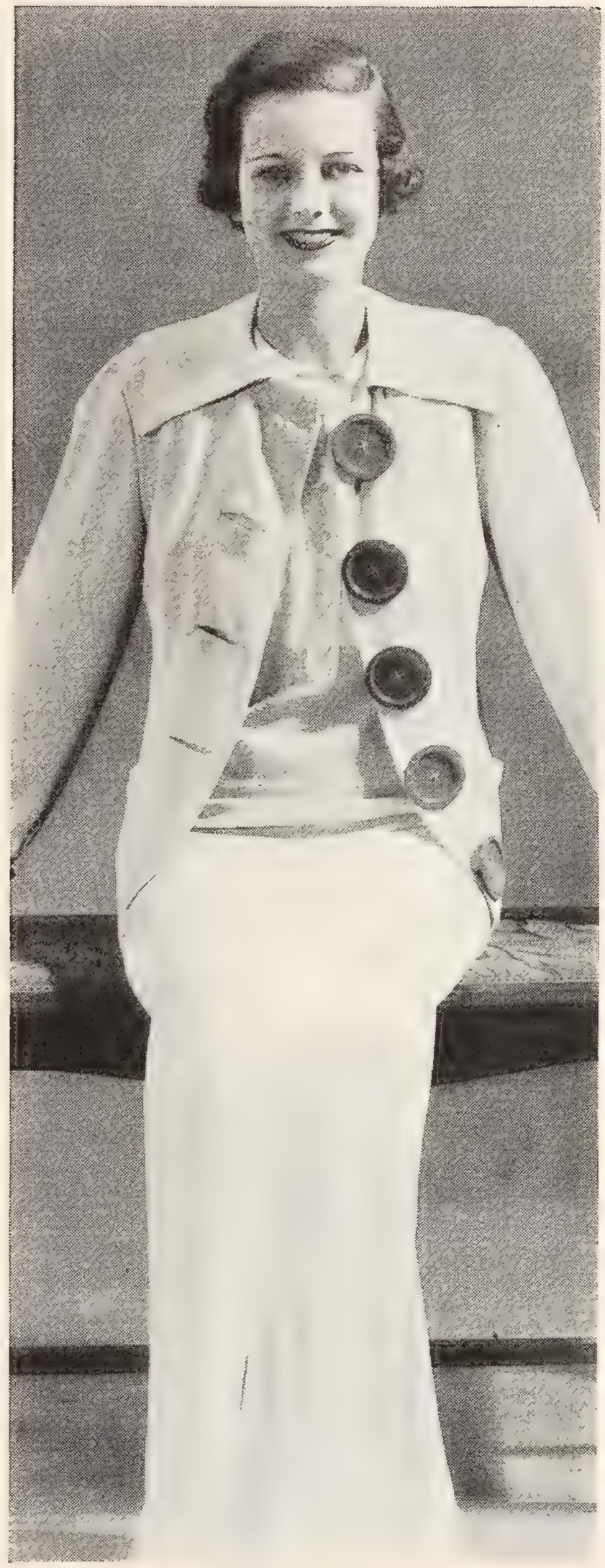
A scene from Walter Connolly's latest picture, "White Lies," with Victor Jory and Fay Wray.

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man. He is a one-man concern. If he goes down to defeat, he doesn't take a corporation with him or stockholders or investors. His failure, as well as his success, is his own. That's why there are so many suicides among big business men. When they go down, they usually drag their friends and associates with them. They could take it for themselves. They can't take it for the others.

"And now I have come to Hollywood, the most dramatic and colorful place in the world. A place about which the real story has never been written. Because the real story is not a daily account of the various girls Lyle Talbot lunches with or whether or not Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are exchanging gardenias. In an industry so vast, so vital, so mechanically miraculous, it seems a pity to stress such trivia. It would be a tremendous job, the real story of Hollywood. My 'other ambition' has always been to write and I spend most of my spare time at my desk.

"Hollywood is a place of terrific extremes. Of unimaginable ironies. Imagine a place where they allow Tod Sloan, who once rode for kings and is conceded the fastest jockey in the world, to judge turtle races. Turtles, the slowest animals in the world!

"If I had not chosen the stage (it didn't choose me), I would have missed meeting my wife. And today, after fourteen years of marriage, that remains for me a painfully unpleasant thing to contemplate."

Mr. Connolly's wife is, you know, Netta Harrigan, daughter of the famous vaudeville team of Harrigan and Hart.

"We were playing together on Broadway when we met," Mr. Connolly told me. "I happened to know that she was supposed—doctor's orders—to drink a bottle of milk before every performance. She always forgot and so I undertook to remember for her. With the result that I would bring the milk to her dressing-room every evening and stand by, patiently, while she drank it. It suddenly occurred to me that it was a very husband-like patience I was manifesting and also that I had never seen a lovelier sight than Netta drinking milk. I still think," chuckled Walter Connolly, "that the loveliest sight I have seen is Netta drinking milk."

The hands of Mr. Connolly's clock were speeding to the midnight hour. I made polite gestures, signifying my immediate departure.

"No, don't go," Mr. Connolly said, "I never go to bed until two-thirty, even when I am by myself. I never got up before noon until I came to Hollywood. They're theatre hours, you know, and they have become my hours. I'll never get over it. In New York I liked to play poker with newspaper men and talk the hours away with Alexander Woollcott, Rollin Kirby, Odd McIntyre and other cronies.

"Let's see, I was just about to say that if I had not come to Hollywood I would have missed being a part of what I believe is destined to become the greatest art the world has ever known. If it misses, it is its own fault. The theatre will go on forever. Because the theatre is tangled up in the roots of our being. It has been since the beginning of time and it will be until the end.

"But the capacities and potentialities of the screen are limitless. There are no boundary lines. There is nothing it cannot do, no resources it cannot command, no artist it cannot, or has not persuaded. The brains and the artistry of the world are here today. The screen has yesterday, today and tomorrow to draw on. I believe that pictures are changing now. For the better. Better pictures are being made. Better stories are being written. A more discriminating audience is going to see pictures. The world is ours and that," said Mr. Connolly, "is something I could not have endured missing."

How?

Why?

But I think our questions are answered.

There are thousands of men in the world who were not born with the what-it-takes of Clark Gable, the poetic beauty of Novarro, the muscular magnetism of Weissmuller. True. But Walter Connolly is not among them. For that what-it-takes, that magnetism, that poetry are in his capacious heart, in the rich tones of his voice, in the wisdom of those keen brown eyes, in the humanitarian spirit which so loves the world and all mankind that his finest dream was to know all men and to be all men—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. . . .

Fame Is a Thief

(*Continued from page 45*)

publicity and money. I have little use for the latter. I detest the former. And there I am. And this is not in the nature of a complaint, please understand. No one forced me to be an actor. I am an actor because I happen to like the work itself and because I am no good for anything else. I was one man when I went into the war. When I came out I was an actor. Along with the majority of my fellows I left the man-I-might-have-been on the battlefields.

"If I had it to do over again I would wish that I might have skipped the war. I would buy a bit of land somewhere. I would marry the right woman for me, I hope. I would raise cattle and garden produce that I might feed my family from the earth itself. I would certainly have children. I would do some laboratory work — research — fool about with glands and things. I'd be a sort of dilettante Arrowsmith. I have lived with unrealities long enough to know that these are the only realities: home, land, children.

"Fame has, by this time, robbed me of these realities. I think I shall never marry again. Fame has conspired with events to take away, piecemeal, more than twelve years of my life which might have been lived otherwise, domestically, perhaps; at any rate more satisfyingly than I have been able to live them. I shall not try again.

"Fame has robbed me of my self-confidence. Not as an actor, as a man. How can I be sure that people really like me for myself alone? They may like me, instead, because I bear the trade-mark, 'Ronald Colman,' or because I am a 'public character' with whom it is amusing to be seen.

"I don't want to sound like a misanthrope. There are exceptions, of course. There are times when my instinct tells me that my friends are my friends, irrespective of conditions. But we have, all of us, had a good many unpleasant experiences and, after a time, one's self-esteem takes a body-blow and doesn't ask for more.

FAME has robbed me of my courage. I don't dare to talk as freely as I'd like to talk. I don't dare to do a good many of the things I would like to do if I were John Doe, unknown. Reticent? Of course I am. Why not? It isn't that I am afraid of what people will say about me, nor even what they may print about me. There are more serious possibilities to be considered. You must realize that all of us in public life are excellent targets for all kinds of shyster claims, alienation suits, blackmail of all sorts. I am afraid of those. On more than one occasion one of us has taken some young woman to dine one evening and been served with papers the next.

"So, you see, Fame has robbed me of the possibility of charming friendships with charming women, which is an abnormal situation and downright theft.

"Fame has deprived me of a good many friendships with men. It has robbed me of old friendships and has prevented the development of new ones. Some old friends who have not, perhaps, done so well with the world's goods as we of the screen, feel inhibited about accepting hospitality they are not in a position to return. Or their egos very naturally resent being seen with a man who is by way of being a household word. They feel a sense of inferiority. Unjustifiable, essentially, but a normal reaction.

"It is the same with potential new friends. I meet men I like quite often. I feel that they like me. Nothing comes of it. I know that it is because they say to themselves, 'Colman seems like a pretty good sort but he's a movie actor; I can't keep up with him.' I don't blame them.

"I have a few close and intimate friends, of course. Old friends in England. Dick Barthelmess and Bill Powell and Clive Brook and a few others over here. And they are the only people in the world with whom I can feel at ease, with whom I can relax, be myself. I am exceedingly grateful for them. But it is a definite limitation not to be at ease in the world at large. It is a definite torture to me to feel like a monkey on a stick expected to do his tricks when I—I have no tricks.

Swishing his Scotch and soda around in his glass, Ronnie continued. "I seem to have got going. You'll be sorry you asked me this question before I am through."

"You are breaking my heart, but go on, I like it," I replied.

"All right, then, if you can forgive me. Fame has robbed me of the things I like to do, or rather, it has robbed me of the possibility of doing them pleasantly. I might be enjoying this tea hour much more fully, for instance, if there were not a determined looking lady two tables away eying me speculatively. No, but seriously, travel, I mean. I would rather travel than do anything else there is to be done. I like to dig about in strange corners of the world. I like to walk the boulevards of foreign cities, to poke about in remote little villages, watching people. But my pictures have always been there before me. That fixes everything. I can never be the observer, I am always the observed. I can never be in the audience. I must always be on the stage.

BILL POWELL and I once tried to see London together. I wanted to show him my London. We got into an open taxi, one of the deep ones into which you can sink with only your heads showing. We hadn't gone half a mile before, from the tops of buses, from windows of shops and houses, people actually mounted on crates and boxes, were staring at us. We gave it up.



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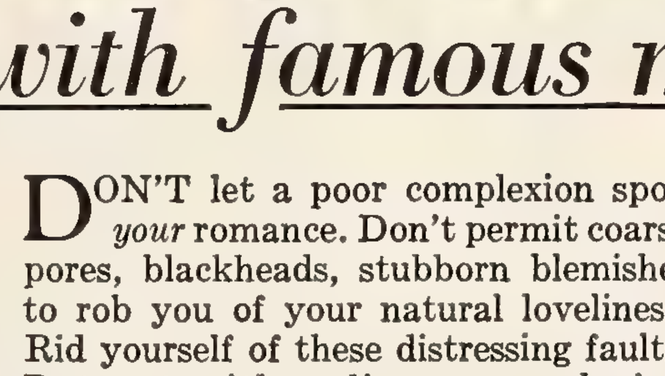
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"Talk about 'He Who Gets Slapped'! He Who Gets Watched is in a far more painful predicament. At least it is painful to me. Genuinely. It is not Fame that is at fault, it is I.

"Mind you, there is Fame and Fame. If, at any time, some person should approach me and speak to me about some picture of mine, whether critically or appreciatively, I should be pleased. But that is not the kind of public attention we get, we who are watched, not the kind of attention given to public characters in other walks of life. When we go out in public we are the targets for all of the drunks, for all of the wise-cracking, ready-to-fight individuals there are.

"I was dancing at a Club one night recently when a man dancing by poked me in the ribs and said, 'Say, I just heard you talking to your partner. You talked like that to Loretta Young in 'Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.' Do you always talk to women the same way?'

"On another occasion a man came up to me in a hotel dining-room and demanded that I dance with his wife. When I explained that I was with a lady he sneered and said, loudly, 'Wassa matter, gettin' too good these days?' He was very noisy about it. They usually are.

"And so, I go out in public as seldom as possible, which is a definite loss. An actor should be objective as well as subjective. He should be able to meet and mingle freely with his fellow men.

"I may sound unpleasant. It must seem more than a bit ridiculous, in these difficult days for a man to be moaning over the gifts of Fame when so many thousands of people are moaning for them. But you happened to hit on a nerve which is, in me, very much exposed and very sensitive.

"I am grateful for the work itself. I do enjoy it when I am actually on the set and in production. I am enormously interested in making 'Clive of India.' I enjoy the acting, the reading of the script, the preparation for a picture. But the rest of it, the notoriety, the recognition in public places, the violation of my privacy, all of that is positively abhorrent to me and I can't help it. Call it a complex, a neurosis, a psychosis, anything you want, but there it is.

"The money reward is pleasant, of course. But less important to me, perhaps, than the others. It enables me to meet my obligations. Beyond which it can do very little for me. I live in an average sized and very pleasant house, as you know. I don't want a larger one. Even if I did, I doubt that I would have one. For Fame gives you gifts with her right hand and threatens you with her left. For if you live in mansions and exhibit the full fruits of success you are under all kinds of threats, kidnapping among others.

"I am not in the slightest degree clothes-conscious. I seldom think of my appearance unless it is for a picture. I have no desire for yachts nor a fleet of expensive cars. I have no costly habits. I like books, but they are cheap. I enjoy tennis, but I play with Dick or Clive or Bill on their courts. And as for travel, I like to travel as simply as possible.

"My work, and a certain sense of satisfaction, in that I have not precisely failed in life, are my two rewards. Fame has robbed me of everything else."

Should the Husband Pay the Bills? Yes, Says Glenda

(*Continued from page 39*)

which ended unhappily. Probably she has, coupled with her observations, actual experience upon which to base her theories. Certainly this first unhappy venture with love and marriage has made her wary for, although she has, during the last year been rumored in love with Robert Riskin, the writer, she has avoided a second marriage. Is it because the men of Glenda's acquaintance are relinquishing their hold on the old standards, and are beginning to believe that a common financial meeting ground is necessary in present-day marriage? Or is it because the wound left by Glenda's first marriage has as yet not been healed?

"Of course," Glenda hastened to explain, interrupting my reverie, "conditions are exceptional in Hollywood. They are bound to be. I venture to say that in the majority of homes, or at least in an equal number, the larger income is earned by the wife. When this is the case it requires tact to preserve the male's authority.

"To prove my point let me tell you the story of a friend, a prominent screen star of the silent days. She was famous, beautiful, wealthy and popular. Like most of us she was idealistic in the matter of her first love, which led to marriage. She was on the up grade and a favorite of the company for which she worked. Her husband, also young and ambitious, was a director in the same company. But he had two faults: drinking to excess and philandering. These faults kept him from success.

"The actress in question, at the expiration of her contract, was offered a substantial advance, which she took only in part insisting that the balance be given to her husband without his knowledge of the transaction. 'You see,' my friend said, 'I didn't want my husband's feelings to be hurt by the thought that I was earning more money than he. That might have given him a feeling of inferiority. Worse yet, I dreaded a condition, likely to cause envy, that would eventually separate us.'

"My friend believes her marriage was saved by her effort to appear dependent. I am wondering how many other Hollywood alliances might have been preserved by some such feminine wisdom as this.

"Yes," continued Glenda, "the real men that I have known have been possessive, egotistical in a naive sort of way, and proud of their masculinity. In their youth they take pride in giving physical protection and when grown to manhood generally fall for the clinging-vine type of girl who flatters them by her dependence. Later they glory in the utter dependence of the woman they have chosen to love."

"But certainly," I offered, "there are men to whom this does not apply. For instance men who are doing creative work; men who find it necessary to have all financial matters handled by another so that they can work without worry."

"I feel differently about that," said Glenda. "I believe that no matter what business or profession a man is engaged in, his inclinations in domestic affairs are the same. Therefore, I would want to make my home a true one, and I would work at accomplishing that just as faithfully as I am working at my career.

"If I were extravagant, I would expect my husband to scold me. That would be his privilege as head of the house. And that is what I would want my husband to be under all circumstances."

Good News

(*Continued from page 68*)

bicycling—with just enough food to keep a canary partially nourished.

At the end of the week, Vic stepped on the scales. He had gained two pounds!

■ ■ ■

At the opening of the "Milky Way" recently, Mary Brian and the mother of Jack Oakie did a neat sneak-in behind the crowd of autograph-seekers and cameramen. The reason for the secrecy came to light later. Oakie, himself, staggered in between the narrow lines of spectators, head down and stopping for no one. The trio had been out partying together, but the "women folk" up and refused to accompany him to the theatre.

■ ■ ■

Carl Brisson and Maxie Adelbert Baer gave fight fans a treat recently at the Olympic Stadium by presenting silver cups to the winners of amateur bouts. The boys clowned a bit and Brisson let one go that Baer forgot to duck. As he picked himself up off the canvas, Carl was seen making a hasty exit.

■ ■ ■

Poor Ketti Gallian is literally and physically suffering for her art. Up at Arrowhead Springs, where the innocent girl was led to believe she was going for a rest, her energetic friends plunged Ketti into one of the famous cave "baths." They are great little reducers, you know. After that, Miss Gallian was treated to the minstrations of a banger-upper (masseuse, to you). When it was over, she pleaded for a little piece of watermelon. To which her companions replied, "Why, you had coffee and orange juice only four hours ago. For pity sake, don't you want to get thin?"

■ ■ ■

It took bachelor Lee Tracy to solve the problem of photographing Master Dickie Walters, age two, in a sleeping scene for "Carnival" after everyone connected with the picture, including Sally Eilers, who has just joined the mother ranks herself, and



When the last scene of "Lottery Lover" had been taken, Pat Paterson dashed off to N. Y. to meet hubby Charles Boyer on his arrival from his native Paree. His next screen appearance will be in "Private Worlds" for Paramount.

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Dickie's own ma had given up in despair.

Lee merely suggested that the scene be taken after the youngster's regular bedtime when he would be sleeping naturally, which bit of advice saved the studio from the brink of bankruptcy and the directors from the verge of insanity.

■ ■ ■

The newest dog hero in town is none other than Michael, Dolores Del Rio's white bull.

It seems the star was lying on a lawn mattress reading, when Michael raced up, growling ominously. She ordered him to be quiet. Usually obedient, Michael continued his lusty warnings, and jumped over her. Dolores turned in time to see him sink his teeth into a snake, coiled within a few feet of her head. Michael held on until frightened servants appeared and now he owns a brand new collar.

■ ■ ■

Besides having a new coiffure, a new Paramount contract and a new beau, Gail Patrick is now the proud possessor of a set chair with her name on the back. And is Gail thrilled!

■ ■ ■

Woe be unto Hepburn the next time she leaves Hollywood! The news cameramen have gotten together and purchased a flock of rubber raspberries. As Katie enters the railway station or airport, she will be greeted with one big blast, as the cameramen walk out with folded equipment.

■ ■ ■

A daisy or sumpthin' should be presented to our own cameraman, Scotty, and a photographer pal. Recently, Paramount was on the spot on its "Wings In The Dark" opus. Production was held up and expenses mounted as a fruitless search was made for extras who could handle a camera without fumbling. The boys stepped in, became actors for the moment and eased the producer's headache. They were quite generous in praising their supporting cast, too, cheerfully lauding the efforts of Myrna Loy and Cary Grant.

■ ■ ■

Although he doesn't play a note, Eddie Robinson considers himself quite a connoisseur of music.

Recently he decided he should do something about his vast knowledge on this subject, so he hit upon the plan of creating a "Robinson Symphony." This was accomplished by purchasing forty rolls of music, taking out certain parts in each and piecing them together.

After days of labor, the masterpiece was finished. Elated, Eddie asked his wife to be his one and only guest and critic at the audition. Seating himself at the player piano, Eddie began the unwinding of the Robinson special. Mrs. R. sat very quietly. After it was over, she made just one caustic remark. It was, "Enough is enough!"

■ ■ ■

Richard Barthelmess is a very shy and retiring man. (!?!?)

At a recent football game, fans could hardly miss his bright sweater vividly monogrammed, nor his cigarette holder which carried another "R. B."—nor was his hatband neglected. However, in case anyone *was* still in doubt, his cigarette case bore the full name, "Richard Barthelmess."

■ ■ ■

What Hollywood male wouldn't be considered sumpin' if he could crash the exclusive "Domino" (all females) Club?

But it took Snoopy, Fred Keating's purp, to accomplish this miracle. Seems Snoopy got himself lost one day and not only Fred, but some of the Domino gals, were so dee-lighted at his discovery, that he was initiated as the club mascot—a male one at that!

■ ■ ■

There have been scores of stories printed about the so-called temperament of movie stars. Perhaps the most malicious is the one now circulating Hollywood about the blonde star who broke the back of one of her dogs with a poker when said pup misbehaved on her parlor rug. This story, however, is being refuted by the less evil-minded, who really are "in the know," stating that this particular star is an animal lover, her home being overrun with dogs, cats, birds and wotnot.

Because of her seeming coldness on the screen, this actress has come in for more than her share of "cracks" and therein probably lies the foundation for this tale.



Not content with being a success in the movie field, Doris Kenyon has tried her luck at opera. Here she is after her first singing performance in "The Secrets of Suzanne" at the Shrine Auditorium.



At the "Milky Way" opening —the Joe E. Browns, with Lyle Talbot and his latest heart interest, Polly Walters.

One of the best rifle shots in Hollywood is Glenda Farrell. When Glenda was able to shatter the "clay pipes" with regularity, she started clipping off their stems with well-placed bullets, until now she is able to snip the black smudge off a burning candle wick at fifty feet.

Glenda's young son, Tommy, is in on the game, too, and the pair go to the beach for target practice at least once a week.

■ ■ ■

Out at Warner's studio, an electrician was rearranging a heavy lamp above the set. In moving around, a large coil of rope fell over and hit the stage with a resounding thud. As a nimble-footed extra sidestepped in time to miss the impact, he shouted upward, "Hey, you! Be careful. I ain't Von Sternberg."

■ ■ ■

George Raft has discovered a new player. One morning as he was walking into the studio he was approached by a negro boy with an ingratiating smile. The lad was looking for a job and had hitch-hiked all the way from North Carolina to get it. George didn't particularly need a valet, but was so pleased with Alex Hill's personality, he hired him on the spot. Alex has taken everyone on the lot by storm, so shy and anxious to please is he. And now, Eddie Sutherland, director of "Mississippi," has given him a part in that picture.

■ ■ ■

Gene Raymond is not making any more personal appearances. Decidedly not!

Between pictures recently, Gene went to Palm Springs, intending to stay several days. Shortly after his arrival he was approached by an amiable stranger, apparently a "native," who insisted he be guest of honor at a gathering of a newly organized art group nearby. Gene agreed.

However, after the stranger had gone, Raymond said to the hotel clerk, "Tell me, what sort of organization is this 'New Art Colony'?"

" 'New Art Colony'," the clerk repeated, puzzled. "Oh! That chap who was just talking to you?" He laughed heartily. "Not 'New Art', Mr. Raymond. 'Nude' is the word. You see, this flock of nudists have settled . . ."

But he was talking to thin air. Mr. Raymond had fled!

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



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By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores—doesn't stop half way.

Going to work on the waxy dirt, it breaks it up—*dissolves* it—and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

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There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

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The instant you apply these soothing, healing pads, relief is yours! Corns or callouses are quickly loosened for easy, safe removal! New Improved Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop shoe friction and pressure, the *cause* of corns, sore toes, callouses and bunions. New waterproof, flesh color *Skintex* covering gives greater ease and comfort; hides foot blemishes; does not soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath; invisible under sheer hose. By all means try them. Sold everywhere.



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U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING
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The marriage merry-go-round is in full swing again. Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton trotted off to Yuma to say "I do" and Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, cameraman, also Yuma-ed it—all on the same day.

■ ■ ■

"Not a chance," has become the stock answer Alice White gives news-gatherers who show up on the set. Alice, busily engaged in knitting between scenes, doesn't even look up any more when she's asked, "Knitting baby clothes?"

Incidentally, Miss White seems to bear the brunt of mishaps on the "Sweet Music" set. In one scene, four "takes" were made showing her movie brother attempting to kidnap her. In the first, Alice rated a scratched face; on the second, a punch in the nose and on the third, she was sent spinning by a shove and sprained a leg muscle. Alice was, oh, so careful, on the fourth "take" but Allen Jenkins' foot caught her square on the chin. She went down—and out—and called it a day!

■ ■ ■

When you see a picture of Norman Foster alone, close your eyes and visualize a blonde bit of femininity beside him for, ten chances to one, she's just outside camera range. The girl is Joan Gale, Wampas Baby Star, who wants to keep her yen for the actor-beau a dark secret. At the Sunday Night Ebell Club vaudeville show recently, Joan had our cameraman, Scotty, playing hide-and-seek among the ticket-purchasers trying to "snap" her. When it looked as if the two might be arrested for lunacy, the game stopped and Scotty contented himself with a photo of Norman. However, when the ever-lovin' pair entered the theatre, they were arm-in-arm. Well, maybe no one was supposed to see them there, or were they making out to be ostriches, or what?

Incidentally, speaking of Mr. Foster reminds us of the attractive physician Claudette Colbert is being seen about with these days. No one can seem to learn the gentleman's name.

■ ■ ■

Jack Osterman, Master of Ceremonies, spotted Will Rogers in the audience at the Ebell Show and begged the wit, editorialist, actor to GIVE. But Will claimed it was his night off, his birthday and that vodevil wasn't talking pitchers anyway, and went back to his gum-chewing.

■ ■ ■

Virginia Bruce Gilbert has sorta turned out to be a female Lyle Talbot. All the boys want a date—and a lot of 'em are lucky. But Billy Bakewell, 'twould seem, rates first, which, if rumor holds with us, is said to have made Spencer Tracy *that* sore. Well, youth must be served—to Virginia anyway.

■ ■ ■

The Hollywood Virginia Reel would seem to be on again. You know—time to change partners and all that. Of course, it may have been because Anita Louise was in New York, but anyway Tom Brown took French leave of Francis Lederer's erstwhile inamorata, Steffi Duna. So Mr. L., just to prove he was heartbroken or didn't give a hang (pick your own answer) is going places with some of Hollywood's prettiest.

Lilian Harvey has been signed up by British International Pictures for three (probably musical) films to be made during 1935. However, she will make "Once a Gentleman" for Columbia, before going to England.

■ ■ ■



Margaret Sullavan, divorced from Henry Fonda several years ago, became Mrs. William Wyler recently when they surprised Hollywood and the fan world by eloping to Yuma, Arizona. Mr. Wyler, a nephew of Carl Laemmle, Sr., directed Miss Sullavan in "The Good Fairy."

Reviews

(*Continued from page 55*)

bow as a wicked woman. When you've seen the picture you may just happen to take time out to wonder if her series of self-sacrifices, as depicted, proved her a baddie, just what in the name of heaven and M-G-M *would* make her an all-right gal.

The story is the time-worn one about the woman who struggles and suffers that her little ones may rise above the gutter, which has been her habitat through force of circumstances. Just to heap one more straw on her already overburdened back as she is about to grasp happiness—her past, her conscience and a promise to square herself confront her. Well, fiction writers call it conflict and cruel critics charge it all to that little product which the butchers sell for ten cents a pound, sliced.

Anyway, Miss Christians is very nearly perfect. Her appearance is reminiscent of Ruth Chatterton and her performance excellent; so fine indeed that it rates this picture a B. Jean Parker, Betty Furness and Charles Bickford are among those present, and all doing nicely, thank you.

B: Maybe It's Love

(Warners)

"Maybe It's Love" and maybe it's only hokum, but one thing is certain and that is that this little picture will please the fans despite the fact that it is given a cheap production and the photography is scarcely better than fair.

There is only one situation recognizable as gleaned from the stage play and that is when Big Sister gives Little Blonde Baby lessons on how to land a husband in nothing flat. It seems all one needs is a knowledge of shorthand, a lot of nerve and a stop watch. Of course, the premise that all men are ga-ga will help, too.

Even when the boy has been landed and it is proven to everybody's satisfaction that two can live as cheaply as four—that is, if a lad doesn't try to keep a car *and* her family on the side—the path of true love is punctuated with rocks and boulders.

Granted that the dialogue is frankly wisecracking and aimed directly at the masses; that Joseph Cawthorne, good actor that he is, purposely overplays; that, as a thespian, Gloria Stuart makes a real beauty, and that Ross Alexander is consistently miserable, you're *still* in for some good rowdy fun.



Gloria Stuart and Ross Alexander in "Maybe It's Love," for Warners.



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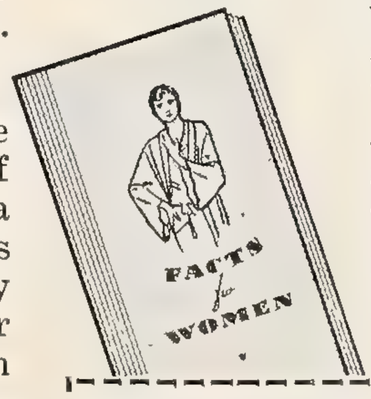
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B: It's a Gift
(Paramount)

Another Fields-Day! Which means red-letter day on any calendar. W. C. is twice as potent as any giggle gas yet invented. One moment he'll wring your heart with his pathetic dumbness; the next, he is endangering your ribs merely by a vague mutter or a shift of the chronic cigar. Kathleen Howard is swell as his martyred (that's what *she* thinks!) spouse, and Jean Rouverol and Tommy Bupp do well as their indifferent offspring. Baby LeRoy seems to have suddenly reached the futility-of-it-all age and is, therefore, rather disappointing.

The story drags a bit in spots, but then, so would any trip from New York to California, especially if undertaken in the dilapidated car in which the Bissonet family is stowed, plus household goods, camping equipment and the family pets.

Here is really an evening's entertainment.

B: Imitation of Life
(Universal)

If you are in the market for a good cry—but a good one, don't miss "Imitation of Life."

The story is a Fannie Hurst yarn with Fanny doing her human document stuff, and when that lady gets around to that type of material, you are bound to witness a woman come through struggles that seem insurmountable and in the end bring home the bacon——financially, romantically, social-successfully, et al.

The picture needs a generous application of the shears. Each sequence—and especially the sobby ones—is drawn out almost to the breaking point. Sentiment, too, is squeezed dry, and situations in general are inclined to be over, rather than under, done.

However, it's very humaneness and tender moments will strongly appeal. There are several fine performances—Claudette Colbert as the business woman and mother who finally loses her heart; Louise Beavers, the suffering and sacrificing Mammy; and Fredi Washington, her wayward daughter. Fredi is distinctly a "comer." Ned Sparks, as usual, proves a laugh-getter in a familiar-to-him role. And Warren William comes through with a good performance.

Yes, there is plenty for you to like about this picture, much of it too intangible to describe.

C: Father Brown, Detective
(Paramount)

Just another one of those mistakes, which *will* happen in the best of regulated studios. Here is an excellent cast, trying in vain to make the best of a bad deal. There are too many lilies and bluebirds in this story of a criminal who is reformed and transformed by the platitudes of a village priest and the honest love of a good girl—though we must admit that Gertrude Michael could work wonders on even the most calloused hearts. Walter Connolly, as Father Williams, strains to put a note of whimsicality into his role, but only succeeds in being pompous. Paul Lukas, as the famous jewel thief, supposedly a dashing, devil-may-care fellow, strives nobly with a part that is inane both in motive and action. This picture is guaranteed to delight the most conscientious censor.

B: The Silver Streak
(RKO-Radio)

For engineers, conductors and anyone interested in railroading, this is good entertainment. However, if you are not a member of this charmed circle, you're apt to find it only fair. The "Silver Streak" is a streamline, aluminum train which an ambitious young engineer (Hardie Albright), has designed. He attempts to sell the idea to a railroad magnate (William Farnum) without success. However, Sally Blane, the R.M.'s attractive daughter, prevails upon a rival firm to finance the idea. Guess why! After an unsuccessful first trial, the new train finally proves its worth with a record-breaking run to save the son of the hard-hearted railroad executive. The lad's life depends upon the immediate use of an artificial respirator. By the time the train arrives, after a series of treacherous turns and narrow escapes from collision en route, the audience, too, could use the respirator. William Farnum and Sally Blane handle their roles capably, but honors for the best performance go to the locomotive.

C: The Curtain Falls
(Chesterfield)

As this picture opens, Henrietta Crosman, a former actress of renown, is dying, alone, forgotten and poverty-stricken. But she suddenly—and startlingly—decides to stage one last act before the "curtain falls." Aha, title clue! With the announcement that she is their long-lost wealthy aunt, she surprises a supposedly happy family. However, it doesn't take long to discover that the household is desperate from financial reverses, intrigues and a baddie son. So Aunt Hetty busies herself with pulling the family out of the "slough of despond" forgetting her own search for happiness.

Sounds sorta Pollyannaish, doesn't it? Right. It is. Henrietta Crosman tries to save the day by a brusque line of wisecracks and hearty back slappings. But there's still too much sweetness and light.

Dorothy Lee, John Darrow, Holmes Herbert and the rest of the cast do well when they have the opportunity to interrupt Miss Crosman's monologue, which opportunities are few and far between, to be sure.

D: The Gay Bride
(M-G-M)

Just another revived gangster film with an alleged new angle which fails to live up to its promise. Indeed, when you see this you're apt to feel as if you're wandering around in a London fog. From all indications, neither the writer nor the cast knew whether to play straight comedy, drama or slap-stick. So slap-stick got the breaks and predominates throughout the picture.

Nat Pendleton, a too dumb boss of racketeers, falls for a chiseling chorus gal who is determined never to go hungry. Carole Lombard calls upon some of her "Twentieth Century" characterization and with hysterics and what-nots manages to marry her way through the gang, winding up with Chester Morris, an honest hombre who longed for nothing more than a little garage in Jersey.

Chester plays a flippant, poorly written role and carries off the cast's first honors. Zasu Pitts is completely wasted, Leo Carrillo does well enough with a small part and Sam Hardy is fair as the boss's double-crossing henchman.

The picture is unworthy of its fine cast and unless you are a staunch Morris-Lombard supporter, you'll be able to say very little for this one.

C: I Am a Thief
(Warners)

"I Am a Thief" and corned beef hash



A scene from "Imitation of Life" with Claudette Colbert and Warren William.

have something in common—everything's in 'em both. Of course the latter hasn't Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor but, come to think of it, that may be what is especially wrong with the hash.

As you might well suppose, even if imagination has not been your long suit, this one deals with the big jool robbery; in fact, the bigger and better jool robbery, for it takes in everyone from insurance agents to gents after the Karenina diamonds who aren't taking up time fooling with premiums and policies, either.

Of course, Mary suspects Ric and he keeps an eye on her—proud and haughty bee-ooty though she be, and Hobart Cavanaugh suspects Irving Pichel—or is it t'other way around—and you suspect the girl whose admission you just paid. No fooling, it's that exciting.

The action takes in a lot of territory; in fact, the entire cast find themselves on the Simplon Express speeding all over Europe. Oh well, let's skip it, after giving Cortez a gold star.

C: Babes in Toyland
(Hal Roach-M-G-M)

It's grand fun, if you have your health and your youth—youth to the extent of being under ten. For, if the producer of this picture had the kiddies and the holidays in mind when he had his cameramen turn the crank, his work and contribution to juvenile jollity has not been in vain. But if he expected the big boys and girls



"Limehouse Blues" with George Raft and Anna May Wong, for Paramount.



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"It's a Gift" with Kathleen Howard, W. C. Fields and the fast-growing-up Baby LeRoy.

to be anything but bored, he's a bloomin' optimist.

Every fairyland character pops up from somewhere in the celluloid and occasionally stays a bit too long. There is Bo-Peep, played by Charlotte Henry, and a sorta sad performance it is, too; and Tom-Tom, essayed by Felix Knight, warbling a few fine notes and a lot of sour ones; and the Three Little Pigs and Mickey Mouse and all the boys and girls of Make-Believe to give the flesh and blood youngsters a treat.

The March of the Toys should have been grand, but it fell quite flat and the bogey men might have scared us, but they merely succeeded in being grotesque, and Laurel and Hardy could have been funny, but they weren't—very often. Well, cutting might have helped, too—say, from six reels to three.

C: Limehouse Blues

(Paramount)

This little number will never reach any great heights in movie entertainment no matter how you look at it, or from where you sit. Set in the musty atmosphere of Chinatown, the action creeps along in the usual slinky manner, revealing shadowy figures with long fingernails and bad intentions. George Raft, aided and abetted by a pair of slanting eyebrows (no more, no less) makes a stiff and rather unbelievable Chinaman. Jean Parker is the

A marriage between Katharine Hepburn and Leland Heywood is practically a sure thing. His wife finally divorced him for the second time, and Hepburn has been free from Ludlow Smith for several months.

■ ■ ■

George Arliss may now be among the honorary nobility of England—that is, if King George includes him on his New Year's Knighthood list this year as is expected.

Eric Linden, in case you've been wondering what in the world has happened to him, is playing in "Ladies Money" on the New York stage. He seems to be firm in his decision to remain off the screen.

■ ■ ■

After the completion of "Vanessa" at M-G-M, Helen Hayes plans to return to the East where she will resume her role in "Mary of Scotland" for a fifteen weeks' tour.

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On Sale at Leading 5 & 10c Stores

Walter Connolly and Gertrude Michael in "Father Brown, Detective" for Paramount.



Sylvia Sidney's latest effort, "Behold My Wife," with Gene Raymond.

White Flower, blooming amidst the grime and dirt of the Chinese underworld, whose love choice is the sweet and unsullied owner of—believe it or not—a dog store, thus giving Raft a chance to do an heroic fade-out. This final sequence is perhaps the redeeming note, if any, of the film, as it affords a little excitement and suspense, both sadly lacking in the first few reels. A rather dull evening among the celestials, if it's anything to you.

C: Successful Failure

(Monogram)

Like the old gray mare, this just "ain't what it otta be." In fact, it isn't even the successful failure which its title implies.

The story involves a middle-class family with the usual complications of too little money and too much bickering. William Collier, Sr., does well in spite of having to pose as a 100 per cent American. That's no mean handicap, you'll admit. Lucille Gleason makes the most of a bad deal and George Breakstone as the twelve-year-old cynic is quite convincing. Russell Hopton, news sleuth, gets the proverbial lily from Gloria Shea, blonde daughter of the house, when the wealthy gentlemen with ulterior motives shows up. Of course, in the end she takes back the ex-B.F.—though one wonders why.

If you aren't getting your quota of family squabbles at home, by all means see this.



Wallace Beery and Adolphe Menjou in "The Mighty Barnum."

A de luxe Dessert..easy!

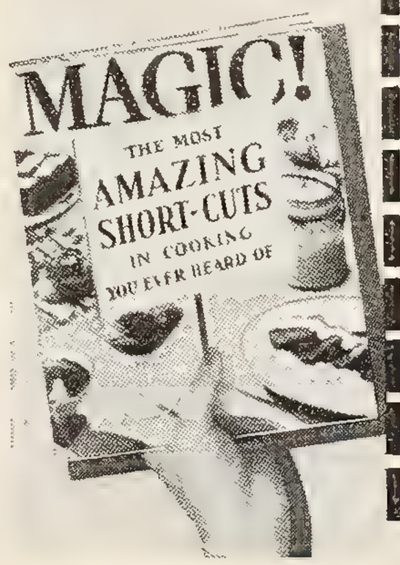


EAGLE BRAND SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

2 tablespoons butter, melted
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups graham cracker crumbs
3 eggs, separated
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
2 cups canned or drained, sieved apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot or cold.

● Tender and moist and delicately flavorous inside, and nice and crumb-y outside—here's a chef's creation. Yet a beginner could make it! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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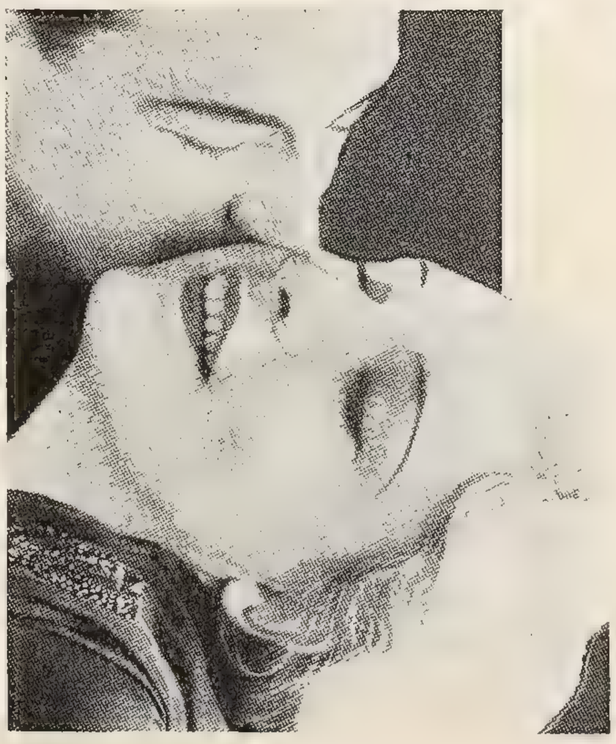
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B: The Mighty Barnum
(20th Century)

This picture, with Wallace Beery in the title role, somehow doesn't quite come off. It is too episodic, which is, perhaps what chiefly lets you down.

Mr. Beery plays the famous figure as a kind of Peck's Bad Boy, a lovable soul who is always in mischief. And so, it is difficult to associate him with a great showman imbued with the spirit of a Steve Brodie. Indeed, Wally has portrayed this character before. As recently, for instance, as in "Treasure Island."

Jenny Lind, Horace Greeley and the poet, Longfellow, contemporaries of Barnum, are all there for you to see. And there are the freaks, a parade, a fire, a banquet for Jenny, during which P. T. thoroughly disgraces himself; well, just about everything and yet it doesn't seem to much matter.

Adolphe Menjou, as Barnum's aide, gives the best performance. Janet Beecher is good in the thankless role of the wife and Virginia Bruce makes a lovely Jenny Lind. When she sings, you'll get a thrill. It shows just how far synchronization has progressed.

However—and not to be a "backer-outer" either, "Barnum" should make money for its producers.

B: Behold My Wife
(Paramount)

Here is a story of hate and love, revenge and sacrifice, dealing with life among the blue-bloods and the redskins. Despite these various elements and castes, the yarn is rather weak and wandering and most of the roles sadly underwritten. Now, having given you in a couple of sentences the "what's wrong with this picture," we'll right about face and mention its good points.

First of all, there are the characterizations; and how the cast rose to and above the occasion! Gene Raymond, as a young man out to get even with his social family upon whom he blames his middle-class sweetheart's suicide, handles his role with real finesse. Sylvia Sidney makes a luscious-looking Indian maiden, who completely captivates the smart set arraigned to laugh at her, and Laura Hope Crews, as usual, gives a fine account of herself.

Of course, if you've been wondering how the "other harf" live, don't take too literally the antics of the "ritzies" in this picture. There is something of the Bowery about them, but then, perhaps they're laboring under the delusion that it's swank to be cruel. At that, after messing up each others' lives in the first part of the story, everyone sort of goes "self-sacrificy" in the last.

B: West of the Pecos
(RKO-Radio)

Out in the wild and woolly West where men are men and women are scarce, lies the locale of this picture. Due to that dearth of damsels, Terrill Lambeth (Martha Sleeper) disguises herself as a boy, when she and her father (Samuel Hinds) leave the destitute South after the Civil War and strike out for the West to seek a living. Complications begin to pile up when Pecos (Richard Dix) joins their party. His introduction to Terrill is a swift kick in the breeches, which necessitates a series of readjustments before the final clinch. Dix is a convincing cowboy, Martha Sleeper is excellent in a difficult role, and the entire cast is uniformly good, while the photography is exceptionally beautiful. There's plenty of shooting, wild Indians, and cattle rustling, too. Indeed, the only missing ingredient is the "Mellerdrammer" touch. In short, it's a Western that even an Easterner would relish.

B: La Cucaracha
(RKO-Radio)

Here's a short that deserves a review! "La Cucaracha" is just the type of picture to which technicolor adds such charm. Director Lloyd Corrigan has captured all the flavor of Old Mexico in this gay, colorful portrayal of an evening in a Mexican café.

The native dances are beautifully done and accentuated by vivid costumes and scenery. Steffi Duna is the fiery, black-eyed chiquita, who uses all her powers of wit, malice and beauty to hold the love of the dashing Don Alvarado.

THE REPORT CARD

Short Reviews of Current Pictures

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (RKO).
You'll love Anne Shirley in the title rôle. Helen Westley, O. P. Heggie, Sara Haden and Tom Brown do excellent work, too.

BABY TAKE A BOW (Fox).
Shirley Temple, Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor in a fast-moving tale.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M).
Don't miss it. Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton and Fredric March.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (Paramount).
Typical Mae West fare. John Miljan, Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown and Katharine DeMille in supporting rôles.

BROADWAY BILL (Columbia).
Horse racing enthusiasts will get a kick out of this. Swell work by Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and Walter Connolly.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
Thrilling mystery. Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Charlie Butterworth.

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA (Columbia).
A fine cast insures good entertainment—Walter Connolly, John Gilbert, Alison Skipworth, Victor McLaglen, Helen Vinson, Fred Keating and Wynne Gibson.

CLEOPATRA (Paramount).
Beautiful DeMille production. With Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon.

THE GAY DIVORCEE (RKO).
Musical de luxe with Fred Astaire's divine dancing. And Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady, Erik Rhodes and Eric Blore.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M).
Jean Harlow as a society-minded chorus girl. With Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Patsy Kelly.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal).
The Charles Dickens' classic superbly enacted by Henry Hull, Florence Reed, Phillips Holmes and Jane Wyatt.

HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National).
Rich girl, Josephine Hutchinson, falls for window-cleaner, Dick Powell. Dick's songs include the hit tune, "Pop Goes My Heart."

THE HUMAN SIDE (Universal).
Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen and Charlotte Henry.

JANE EYRE (Monogram).
Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive in the screen version of the Bronte novel.

JUDGE PRIEST (Fox).
Will Rogers does an exceptionally fine characterization. Berton Churchill, Henry B. Walthall, Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise and Tom Brown in supporting rôles.

KID MILLIONS (Sam Goldwyn).
Another Eddie Cantor special. Ann Sothern, George Murphy, Ethel Merman, Warren Hymer, Block and Sully deserve praise for their work.

LADY BY CHOICE (Columbia).
In which fan dancer, Carole Lombard, adopts a mother, May Robson. Walter Connolly and Roger Pryor here, too.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
Dolores Del Rio in the title rôle of this beautiful production.

THE MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M).
Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier will delight you. Don't miss it.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
A musical-murder comedy, with Carl Brisson and Kitty Carlisle.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia).
One of the best pictures of the year—a triumph for Grace Moore. With Tullio Carminati, Luis Alberni, Mona Barrie, Lyle Talbot and Henry Armetta.

THE PAINTED VEIL (M-G-M).
You'll like the Garbo in her latest effort. Herbert Marshall and George Brent are with her.

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES (Paramount).
Exceedingly interesting film entertainment. With Arthur Byron in the title rôle and Paul Kelly, Andy Devine, Peggy Conklin and Janet Beecher in the supporting cast.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount).
Concerning the Revolutionary Days and the quaint custom of "bundling." You'll enjoy Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in this charming picture.

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN (RKO).
Francis Lederer as an immigrant boy and Ginger Rogers as a chorus girl. It's a swell picture.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN (Universal).
Nice comedy. Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Victor Moore and Esther Ralston.

SEQUOIA (M-G-M).
Beautiful photography and excellent acting by Jean Parker, Russell Hardie and Harry Lowe, Jr., make this a "must."

SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount).
Swellegant comedy. Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle. Bing sings "Love in Bloom."

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
Exceptionally exciting mystery. Myrna Loy and William Powell.

TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M).
The Robert Louis Stevenson tale brought to the screen, with Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger and Lionel Barrymore.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (M-G-M).
The James M. Barrie play superbly enacted by Helen Hayes and Brian Aherne, who, incidentally, will surprise you—he's that good.

THE WHITE PARADE (Fox).
Loretta Young is amazingly good in this hospital tale. John Boles, Dorothy Wilson and Jane Darwell.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE (RKO).
John Boles and Irene Dunne.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO).
Amusing story about a matrimonial agency. Stu Erwin, Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson.

BEHOLD MY WIFE (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney as an Indian gal and Gene Raymond as a blue blood give fine accounts of themselves. Laura Hope Crews here, too.

BEYOND THE LAW (Columbia).
A Tim McCoy thriller. Shirley Grey supplies the feminine interest.

BY YOUR LEAVE (RKO).
Frank Morgan steals the show. Genevieve Tobin, Neil Hamilton and Marian Nixon.

CARAVAN (Fox).
Its gypsy music and lovely settings make it very worth while. Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Phillips Holmes and Jean Parker.

THE CAT'S PAW (Fox).
You'll enjoy Harold Lloyd's latest comedy. Una Merkel, George Barbier and Nat Pendleton with him.

CHU CHIN CHOW (Gaumont-British).
Something decidedly different in musicals. With Anna May Wong and Fritz Kortner.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (United Artists).
Robert Donat and Elissa Landi in Dumas' thrilling story. Be sure to see it.

DESIRABLE (Warners).
Excellent performances by Jean Muir, George Brent and Verree Teasdale make this worth seeing.

ENTER MADAME (Paramount).
Concerning a temperamental prima donna, Elissa Landi. With Cary Grant, Lynne Overman, Sharon Lynne, Frank Albertson and Cecilia Parker.

EVELYN PRENTICE (M-G-M).
Myrna Loy, William Powell, Una Merkel and Cora Sue Collins.

THE FIREBIRD (Warners).
Swell murder mystery. Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez, Anita Louise and Lionel Atwill.

FLIRTATION WALK (Warners).
West Point locale. Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and John Eldredge.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN (Warners).
Concerning the fate of four college boys, Franchot Tone, Ross Alexander, Nick Foran and Robert Light. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Dvorak provide the heart interest.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO).
Exciting courtroom drama. Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal and Dorothy Burgess do excellent work.

HAVE A HEART (M-G-M).
Jean Parker, Jimmy Dunn, Una Merkel and Stu Erwin.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount).
Swell comedy. Jack Haley and Mary Boland.

HIDE-OUT (M-G-M).
Charming little story, with Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan.

IMITATION OF LIFE (Universal).
If you want to weep, this will do the trick. Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Louise Beavers, Fredi Washington and Ned Sparks.

IT'S A GIFT (Paramount).
A W. C. Fields laugh-getter. With Kathleen Howard and Baby LeRoy.

KENTUCKY KERNELS (RKO).
Wheeler and Woolsey do their stuff again, aided by Mary Carlisle, Spanky McFarland and Noah Beery.

TITLE CHANGES

Old Title	New Title	Company
Backfield	The Band Plays On	M-G-M
Back Porch	It's a Gift	Paramount
Bad Penny	The Blind Road	Select
Black Hell	Black Fury	Warner Bros.
Burnt Ranch	The Westerner	Columbia
Casino de Paree	Go Into Your Dance	Warner Bros.
Code of the West	Home on the Range	Paramount
Concealment	The Secret Bride	Warner Bros.
Girl of the Islands	Red Morning	RKO-Radio
I Murdered a Man	Dangerous Gentleman	Universal
Me Without You	One Hour Late	Paramount
Mystery Blonde	The Mystery Woman	Fox
A Perfect Week-End	St. Louis Kid	Warner Bros.
Portrait of Laura Bales	Grand Old Girl	RKO-Radio
The Queen's Affair	The Runaway Queen	United Artists
Racing Luck	Red Hot Tires	First National
Quicksands	Square Shooter	Columbia
Repeal	The Gay Bride	M-G-M
Spring 3100	Jealousy	Columbia
Stake Out	Men of the Night	Columbia
State vs. Elinor Norton	Elinor Norton	Fox
The Wedding Night	Broken Soil	United Artists



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KISS AND MAKE-UP (Paramount).
A burlesque on beauty parlors. Cary Grant, Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton.

LA CUCARACHA (RKO).
A technicolor short that's a sensation. Steffi Duna and Don Alvarado.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount).
A nice little comedy. Cary Grant, Frances Drake, Nydia Westman, Edward Everett Horton and Charlie Ray.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal).
A comedy with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE (Warners).
Lotsa fun here. With Joseph Cawthorne, Gloria Stuart and Ross Alexander.

MENACE (Paramount).
Thrilling murder mystery. Paul Cavanagh, Gertrude Michael, Henrietta Crosman and John Lodge.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins make this very amusing.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess as a gangster. Helen Chandler and Ann Dvorak.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM (Twentieth Century).
Picturization of the great circus man's life with Wally Beery in the title rôle and Adolphe Menjou as his partner. Janet Beecher and Virginia Bruce in supporting rôles.

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM (Universal).
Plenty of action here. Edward Arnold, Phillips Holmes, Mary Carlisle and Andy Devine.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M).
Chills and laughs in this one. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel.

NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount).
Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount).
W. C. Fields at his best.

OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking-United Artists).
Karen Morley and Tom Keene.

PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox).
You'll enjoy Jackie Cooper and Thomas Meighan in this.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts in a mystery with laughs.

READY FOR LOVE (Paramount).
Enjoyable comedy. With Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino, Marjorie Rambeau and Trent Durkin.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO).
Miriam Hopkins does beautiful work in the title rôle. Joel McCrea, Fay Wray, Reginald Denny and Henry Stephenson deserve praise, too.

THE ST. LOUIS KID (Warners).
Lots of pep and some good laughs in this Jimmy Cagney picture. Allen Jenkins and Pat Ellis here, too.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox).
The Janet Gaynor fans will like it. Lew Ayres plays opposite her.

THE SILVER STREAK (RKO).
All about railroads and a new streamline train. Hardie Albright, Sally Blane and William Farnum.

SMARTY (Warners).
Worth while comedy. Joan Blondell, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton.

STAMBOUL QUEST (M-G-M).
A spy story. With Myrna Loy, George Brent and Lionel Atwill.

STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M).
"Professor" Butterworth and Jimmy Durante will make you laugh.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
Warner Baxter and Rochelle Hudson.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten and Fredric March in a talkie version of the silent picture, "Resurrection." See it.

WEST OF THE PECOS (RKO).
A western with a lot of snap. Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper handle their rôles beautifully.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia).
Walter Connolly.

A WICKED WOMAN (M-G-M).
You're going to like Mady Christians in the title role. Jean Parker, Betty Furness and Charles Bickford.

THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox).
Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien head a large cast.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount).
A tale about vaudeville actors. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, David Holt and Helen Morgan.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

BABES IN TOYLAND (Hal Roach).
The kids will enjoy this one. Laurel and Hardy, Charlotte Henry and Felix Knight.

BRITISH AGENT (Warners).
Leslie Howard and Kay Francis in the film version of the popular book.

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON (Fox).
Warner Oland, Drue Leyton and Mona Barrie carry on the latest "Chan" thriller.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot).
A war picture. With Ben Lyon, Sari Maritza and Eric Von Stroheim.

THE CURTAIN FALLS (Chesterfield).
Henrietta Crosman, Dorothy Lee, John Darrow and Holmes Herbert.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M).
Baseball yarn. With Robert Young, Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy.

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (Warners).
Dull mystery. Warren William and Lyle Talbot.

THE DUDE RANGER (Fox).
George O'Brien and Irene Hervey.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO).
Fine periormances by Ann Harding, Jean Hersholt and Paul Lukas rescue it.

GIFT OF GAB (Universal).
Huge cast includes, Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, Alice White, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and a flock of radio headliners.

GRAND CANARY (Fox).
A weak yarn. Warner Baxter and Madge Evans.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lillian Bond.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners).
Dull. With George Brent, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak.

I AM A THIEF (Warners).
Concerning a jewel robbery. Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor in the leads.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton and Adolphe Menjou.

LIMEHOUSE BLUES (Paramount).
Slow-moving tale with a Chinatown locale. George Raft, Jean Parker and Anna May Wong.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warners).
Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell in a comedy.

THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount).
Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, Minna Gombell and Kitty Kelly.

LOVE TIME (Fox).
Concerning the life of Franz Schubert. Nils Asther and Pat Paterson in the leading rôles.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
Trite comedy. Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey.

OUTCAST LADY (M-G-M).
Suffers from censorship trouble. However, Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allen and Ralph Forbes do their best.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (First National).
Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor have the leading rôles in this mystery drama.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
Marlene Dietrich's latest. Rather heavy.

SHE WAS A LADY (Fox).
Helen Twelvetrees and Ralph Morgan try to save a weak yarn.

6-DAY BIKE RIDER (Warners).
The Joe E. Brown fans will like it. Maxine Doyle,

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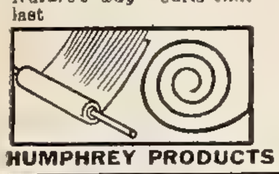
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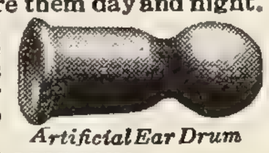
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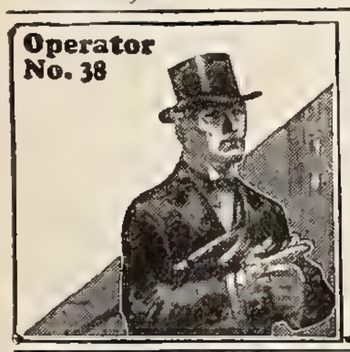


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BEGGARS HOLIDAY (Tower).
Hardie Albright, Sally O'Neill and Barbara Barondess.

BLACK MOON (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Fay Wray in a dull yarn.

THE GAY BRIDE (M-G-M).
The gangster theme again. Chester Morris, Carole Lombard, Nat Pendleton, ZaSu Pitts, Leo Carrillo and Sam Hardy try to overcome a weak story.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden can't put this one over.

THE LADY IS WILLING (Columbia).
Disappointing, in spite of Leslie Howard's presence.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Columbia).
Jean Arthur, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise and Donald Cook. Skip it.

SECRET OF THE CHATEAU (Universal).
Pretty bad. Claire Dodd, Jack LaRue, Alice White and George E. Stone.

STOLEN SWEETS (Chesterfield).
Charles Starrett and Sally Blane in a dull yarn.

We Announce a Contest

(*Continued from page 6*)

compulsory—you can enter the contest without doing this—but *if* you want to try, you can. You stand just as good a chance of winning a prize—even first prize—if you don't write the set of lyrics, but we have arranged for an extra added honor to be given to the person who writes the best set of lyrics.

We have arranged, also, for a worthwhile judge, should you submit the words for a song. A gentleman by the name of Julius P. Witmark, Jr. We know that you have heard of the firm of M. Witmark and Sons, who have published most of the songs for the Warner musicals. Well, Julius Witmark, Jr., who, for many years was connected with this firm, has worked out this contest for you and will judge not only the answers to the various questions, but also the lyrics which you submit. As you can well imagine, with the experience he has had, Mr. Witmark can spot a good set of lyrics. And he will judge yours as carefully as any of the famous lyric writers' he has judged in the past.

We repeat—this isn't compulsory (but don't you think it would be fun?) and you can enter the contest just the same, if this idea scares you. Watch for the opening—in our next issue—dated March. Cheerio!



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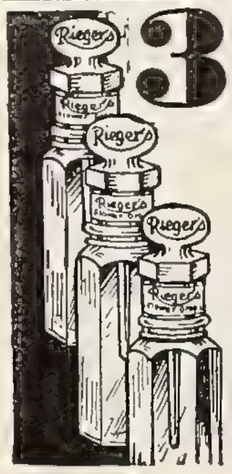


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Modern Screen Dramatic School

(Continued from page 62)

words thrilling if you want to make theatrical work your career, or if you're merely interested in amateur dramatics. Read every word carefully.

Says W. S. Van Dyke, "The first and most important piece of advice I would give to dramatic students is this: drop all expectations of success, cultivate shatter-proof patience.

"Success comes as the result of many factors, luck being an important one of these. By wooing it too hard you're apt to miss it. The best thing is to forget about it and concentrate on work.

"Clark Gable gives an example of this. He'll tell anyone that he never expected success. He became an actor because he liked to act, because he enjoyed it. He never thought about being successful. It never occurred to him and he wasn't much interested in it. But he did want to learn all he could about acting. Today Clark is a reigning star. Was it luck, or what? Ask him. He doesn't know, either.

"Patience speaks for itself. It is an absolute necessity in this business. A scene must often be taken over several times. Then, again and again from various angles. If you become impatient, you lose poise and sureness. You get ruffled. But that's after you're in the business.

"Before this, you need more patience. Patience in rehearsing over and over again. Patience in studiously learning how to stand, to walk, to talk, to enunciate—in short, learning how to change yourself from a mere individual into a highly polished reflector of the playwright's or scenario writer's mood, emotion, feeling.

"People often enter the dramatic field with an 'arty' point of view. Vaguely they seek self-expression through dramatics. They pretend to an abhorrence of commercialism, wanting to be something 'artistic.' This is a major mistake, and no one who continues with this point of view can possibly succeed. Although the motion picture industry is in the business of manufacturing shadows and illusions, it must be practical and down-to-earth. And so must its actors.

DON'T misunderstand me. I don't say there's no place for art in films. It's what the industry needs. But art is not 'arty'; instead it is the result of hard work, patience, observation, intelligence and more hard work.

"If you wait for 'inspiration,' you'll wait until you grow grey. It comes but rarely and then means nothing if you're not prepared for it. You must have the groundwork of technique and experience to know how to direct inspiration, if it touches you.

"Acting requires the same thing as any job, including a talent for it, and including the factor of luck. Luck is important. Many good actors are starving; luck just didn't come along. But again, the important thing is to be ready for it in case it does. You can only study, work, observe—train, train, train—then hope for the best.

"In general I advise all prospective students to be careful of the dogmatic dramatic school. There are some very excellent schools but other schools sometimes do more harm than good and few of them have kept pace with the times. Acting now is much different from what it was twenty years ago, but many schools don't seem to have noticed this.

"Some schools teach how to 'read' lines, while lines, as a matter of fact, are no longer 'read.' They teach stereotyped precision gestures and technique. If a potentially good actor imbibes this at a formative age, it may take him years to learn differently when he reaches professionalism. It may even make him a bad actor for life.

"Today actors don't act; not, at least, as much as the audience does. Plays and film stories are more psychological. There is far less ranting and running about.

"All good actors have found that repressed emotion is far more pointed than the extravert kind. A mere quick dilation of the eyes is apt to be more effective than a scream. Real people don't thrash about in the dramatic moments of their lives. And neither do actors any more.

"Remember, too, that the audience is always a step ahead of you. Usually they know what you're going to do or say before you do or say it. Thus you must be quick, be fast, don't drag, hurry to keep up with them—or be ingenious enough to fool them.

"Being ingenious comes only from training. In general the following is true: Figure out how you would naturally do a thing, then do it naturally some other way. It sounds like a puzzle but I believe it to be sound advice. It's a method of fooling the audience, keeping them interested by being 'fresh' about your slightest movement.

"Here's an example. Say you have to respond to a knock on the door, cross the room and open it. Do it as you would naturally. You'll find it would make a humdrum, uninteresting scene. You open doors all the time, doing it automatically, uninterestingly. Now studiously do it some other way. You'll find you're thinking of your every movement, and thus each movement has a sparkle and freshness. The audience will be more interested. If you're ingenious and, possibly, stop at a table to pick something up on your way to the door, the audience will be even more interested.

"Fearlessness is important—learning to be afraid of nothing and not to care a hoot. You'll have a grace and a swing instead of the frozen technique of too-carefulness. It's a psychological factor that affects every word and movement.

"Joan Crawford has taken that stand on this new picture, 'Forsaking All Others.' It's a swift comedy and she's playing it swiftly, disregarding any conventional 'staginess.' The result is that she's turning in a swell performance.

"Think what a job an 'arty' actress would have with that role. Think what would happen if she tried to get literary, blank-versy or read-y. The audience would run away with the situations while the actress stopped to emote.

NATURALNESS is the new kind of acting and it is here to stay. In real life people don't begin speaking precisely when some one else has finished. They interrupt and overlap, and that's what good actors do now. They can't stand stiffly, or studiously regard their position. They must move about naturally and speak naturally and laugh naturally.

"Now about those questions which some of your readers have asked you. I'll do my best to answer them.

"Crying before the camera is an individual thing. Some actresses must get angry to cry at all. Some do it with music. Some can sit and think themselves into the mood. It all depends, and you must work out your own salvation.

"If you have poise you can face any camera or audience without fear, but poise is the direct result of experience and sure-



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ness. It can't be put on.

"Memorizing is also an individual matter. Some learn lines by reading the whole play or script over and over again, learning it all in a lump by some subconscious process. Some say their lines aloud until they know them. Some have naturally good memories, some naturally bad.

"And now one final word. Don't worry about 'types.' Nobody would have taken Charles Laughton for a type. A type is whatever the individual creates. No matter what you look like, first learn to act! Let all other considerations follow afterwards."

Thanks a thousand times, Woody. And you'll be surprised at how many thousands appreciated your talk. Mark my word, the letters of thanks will come pouring in.

And now you kids, don't forget this is your department. Its purpose is to teach you everything possible to teach about dramatic art. A lot of the boys and girls have founded little dramatic clubs and are having grand times with MODERN SCREEN as their guide. So write to me!

Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(*Continued from page 8*)

were one Jesse Lasky, one Samuel Goldfish (who later took the name of Goldwyn) and Arthur Friend, a lawyer. These young men had hired as their director an actor, stage manager and playwright named Cecil B. DeMille. Dustin Farnum had just made a success on the stage in "The Squaw Man." The new group had decided to make a film version of this with Farnum in the title rôle.

Remembering all this, Brunton dashed to the Alexandria Hotel and presented himself to the dynamic Goldwyn. Brunton was a man of few words.

"I know the perfect place for your studio," he said.

Goldwyn was no person to waste words, either. "Does it cost much?"

And that is how Hollywood was made.

THE barn and the land did not cost much—only a few hundred dollars an acre—and in a few weeks the deal was completed and the Lasky Studio which was later to know such great stars as Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Dalton, to name but a few of that bright galaxy, began its operations in the barn on Sunset and Vine Streets.

The success of this venture led other producers to turn their eyes westward. Southern California was the ideal movie climate. The sun, as the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce will tell you today at the drop of a hat or during a cloudburst, shone continually and since all scenes, even those supposedly indoors, were taken without artificial light, this was perfect. Besides land was cheap, there were many old barns available, lumber could be purchased for next to nothing and wages were about half what they were in New York.

By 1916 Hollywood was the center of the movie universe and with a few exceptions all of the biggest producing companies were located there. And in a very few more years the eyes of a great part of the world were turned toward the little subdivision where Robert Brunton had discovered a barn which he thought would make a good cinema workshop.

People from the stage were taking a serious interest in the films. Mary Pickford's mother had persuaded the producers to give Mary terrific salary boosts, which paved



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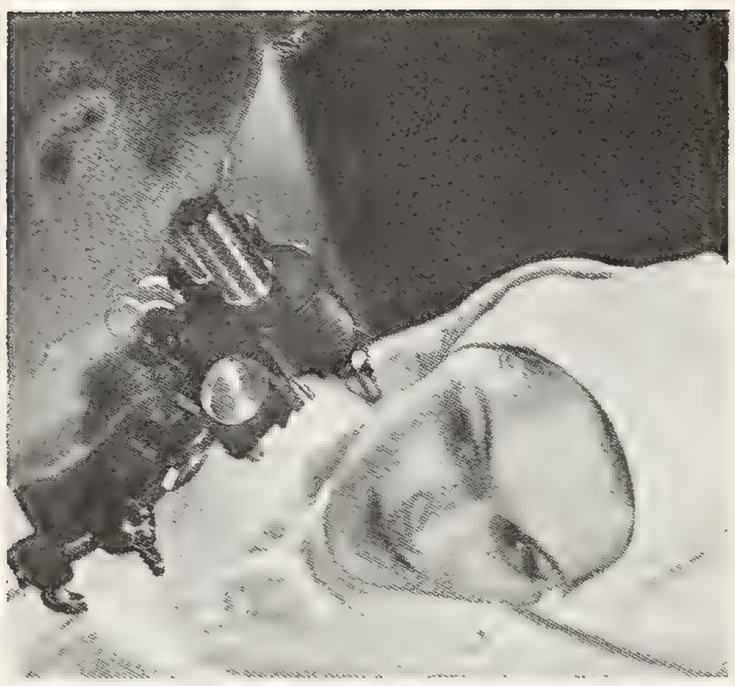
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Lu Anne Meredith, 1934 Wampas Baby Star

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the way for other stars to make salary demands. Thus obscure boys and girls, unknown men and women became rich and famous overnight.

There came May Allison, a beautiful girl from a tiny town in Georgia, who, co-starred with Harold Lockwood, achieved terrific popularity. She was one of the great Metro stars, yet, she remained as simple and unaffected as if she had never even heard of Hollywood.

But there also came Nazimova, a tempestuous Russian woman whose presence gave Hollywood some of its first real glamor. These two, May Allison and Nazimova, were at opposite poles of temperament. Hollywood is like that and has always been. The type is never standardized. It takes every sort of person to make the movie world.

There came a rotund fellow from Smith Center, Arkansas, named Fatty Arbuckle who was destined to make the world laugh. There came Viola Dana, one of the three Flugrath girls from Brooklyn, whose poignant little face brought tears and laughter to the picture fans of that day. And then there came the great stage star Alice Brady, a smart, sophisticated girl from New York. And there was Mary Miles Minter of Shreveport, Louisiana, and Mabel Normand from Atlanta, Georgia, and Dorothy Phillips of Baltimore, and Ruth Roland of San Francisco and hundreds more.

Oh, it was a bright firmament which shone, so short a time ago, yet only Alice Brady is on the screen now. But what wonderful stories they wove into the pattern of Hollywood.

Nazimova, the great artiste, guided the destinies of her own films. She had elaborate sets built, she wore elaborate costumes and introduced the fantastic note into her productions. She was so assured, so brilliant that everyone thought she lived for her art alone and that the sufferings of the human heart could not touch her. But everyone was wrong.

She came to Hollywood with Charles Bryant. It was taken for granted that he was her husband. And then a cruel thing happened. The announcement of Bryant's marriage to another woman appeared in the papers. And there was no record of his ever having divorced Nazimova. So they were not married after all!

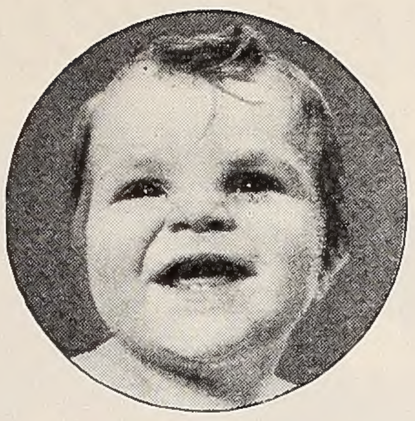
The gossip buzzed from coast to coast but no one believed that Nazimova would in any way be affected by it. No one, that is, but Paul Bern, whose soul was greater and whose heart was more understanding than any man's in the picture business. He realized that the aloof, ambitious Nazimova was suffering.

She was in New York at the time that the story of Bryant's marriage "broke" and she was so humiliated that she left an order with the hotel where she stopped that she would see no one or take any incoming calls. Paul tried to reach her. He could not. At last he bribed a bell boy to let him into her room and he appeared before her with a gorgeous corsage in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other.

"See here," he said, "you cannot hide like this. You must not let the world know that you're hurt. Put on your loveliest evening gown. You and I are going to make the rounds of all the gay places in town. We're going to be seen by everyone. And you, for the sake of your own courage, are going to look the world in the face!"



Film celebrities out to make the annual Screen Guild Ball at the Biltmore Bowl a success. Bob Montgomery and Chester Morris with their wives seem set for a lot of fun.



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She did it, too, and held her chin up as she entered every night club where her very presence caused a hum of whispers and a buzz of gossip. It was a courageous gesture, courageously made.

On the same lot with Nazimova worked a kid named Rudolph Valentino. There was also Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry and Mae Murray.

Charles Ray was one of the great favorites of his day. A country boy, himself, he brought something infinitely sweet and fine to the screen as the bashful, timid lad. Having achieved tremendous popularity, Ray decided that he wanted to throw away the battered straw hat and overalls and play a part which contained real depth and drama. His experience has been repeated so often in film history that it bears telling here. And again I must hark back to my original theme that the movies belong to you and that you make and break stars.

YOU were crazy about Charlie Ray as a country boy and you didn't want him any other way—just as you love Janet Gaynor in sweet and simple roles, today, and no matter how rebellious she grows and how capable she feels of doing adult characters, you won't let her. But at that time Charlie didn't know what a supreme dictator his audience was. He determined to make a great and lasting picture. He organized his own company, invested his own money in it and began the film version of the well known "Courtship of Miles Standish."

He put not only his money but his heart into this picture. Determined to have it accurate in every detail he hired the best research experts and historians available, it was an ambitious production but Ray had no doubts of its artistic value. It was artistic but the public was shocked at seeing their beloved country boy all decked out in Puritan garb. They put thumbs down on the picture. The venture cost Charlie not only his money but his popularity. Years later he attempted a comeback with M-G-M but he could not regain what he had lost. He wore a silk hat and was starred in a film called "Paris" which was notable only because a vivid girl, one of the M-G-M stock actresses, played the role of an apache. Her name was Joan Crawford. The old and the new order were combined. There was Charlie Ray struggling pitifully to make a come-back and Joan Crawford struggling just as hard to rise to heights. He didn't and she did. Now he's playing bit parts.

You see, the picture business is so highly personal, its stock in trade being personality, that once the public learns to love a star and think of that star as a certain type almost nothing can be done by star or producer to change the star in the fan mind. Think it over for yourself. Janet Gaynor is sweet, so you won't allow her to go sophisticated. And Golly! what a howl you would raise if Garbo decided to toss mystery aside and play light comedy. You have always been that way and, from all present indications, you will continue like that through all the years of film history.

And there I go, getting ahead of my story as usual. Well, next month I'm going to try to give you the real flavor of the Hollywood of 1919. It has sparkle, verve and glamor, I assure you; yet the meaning of the word "glamor" was probably not known by more than ten citizens in the whole town.

See Joan Crawford's Gorgeous New Clothes In Our March Issue

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COMPLETE DETAILS IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Listen to "Hollywood Highlights" reported by Sam Taylor for SCREEN ROMANCES over WMCA and Associated Stations every Monday and Wednesday evening at 6:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

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